WINONA ECHOES

1932

Addresses Delivered at the
WINONA BIBLE CONFERENCE

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Notable Addresses Delivered at the
Thirty-Eighth Annual

Bible Conference

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Opening Prayer Of the Bible Conference

By Rev. William Edward Biederwolf, *D.D.*
Director of the Conference

Almighty, everlasting, and ever-blessed Triune God, Father, Son, and Holy Spirit, full of grace and truth, we render unto Thee the unfeigned worship of our unworthy but grateful hearts.

Forgive our faults and our follies and deal with us not according to our sins, but "in wrath remember mercy" and cause Thy face to shine upon us. Fill our hearts with a longing for Thee greater than the longing of those who wait for the morning, and cause us by Thy grace to know out of a real experience the thrill of a holy life.

It is our supreme desire, O God, in thus coming together, that Jesus Christ shall be greatly honored, and to this end we beseech of Thee that this Conference may be so permeated with the mind and spirit which was in Him that every song and every prayer and every sermon shall add another touch of lustre to His glorious Name.

So do Thou, Holy Spirit of God, anoint with heaven's unction those who "have been chosen to stand before the Lord" in ministry unto His people, and baptize Thy waiting servants with that clearness of spiritual vision which shall make very real, indeed, Thy presence here.

And thus may all who are privileged to be in attendance during these wonderful days be edified and the more firmly established in Thy most holy Faith, and may it be ours to go down from these hilltops of holy experience to live in our daily walk and conversation the things we shall hear, and so grow in grace and in the knowledge of our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ that when we nightly pitch our moving tents we may be a day's march nearer home. In our Redeemer's Name we ask it.

Amen.

Opening Remarks

The Thirty-Eighth Annual Winona Lake Bible Conference
By REV. WILLIAM EDWARD BIEDERWOLF, D.D.

Thirty-seven years have passed—think of it; gone, each one of them, "like a tale that is told"—thirty-seven years since a little group of some thirty-five men met here in this same auditorium on a night in August of 1895 while the rain came down in torrents and brought into existence this Christian assembly whose name is now known and whose influence is now felt around the world.

How very natural that we become reminiscent at a time like this. It is, indeed, true that "we are compassed about with so great a cloud of witnesses." Thousands on earth and in glory are looking this way and are expecting from us no uncertain sound in these uncertain times.

But I am thinking especially of those who were here in yesteryears, who have gone out into God's eternal tomorrow and whose memory lingers with us like a hallowed benediction; of Solomon C. Dickey, but for whose contagious optimism and unfaltering faith and Herculean labors it would have been impossible to realize what we do today; of J. Wilbur Chapman, the inspiration of whose masterful messages is with us yet; of E. O. Excell, the mighty singer of Israel; of Marion Lawrance, so much loved; of sweet-spirited Dr. Moorehead, and dear old Major Cole; but we cannot continue, for the list is far too long. How we thank God for them all!

Winona is not only a beautiful and a restful place, but it is a hospitable place. Here you will find it easy to make friends. We want to say "Welcome" with our whole heart to all of you;

You from the east with your reputed intelligence and cultural kindness—we welcome you.

You from the west with your aggressiveness and your big-hearted handclasp—we welcome you.

You from the north with your rugged dependability and your open-handed friendliness—we welcome you.

You from the south with your warm-heartedness, your gladsomeness and your grace—we welcome you.

The one who cares for the numberless details of a ten days' Con-

ference like this would like to feel that he has your sympathy and your prayers that he might be given the courtesy, the patience, and the wisdom so much needed for such an undertaking. If you have desires of your own, or suggestions to make, or any sympathetic criticisms, take them to Mr. Heaton, our efficient General Manager, or to our splendid President, Mr. W. P. Carmichael, or bring them to me, and we will work with you for even a greater and a better Winona in the days to come.

And then Winona is a Religious place. You will hear here the Gospel in fidelity to the great central facts of the Christian Faith.

Winona is not controversial, although it is to be hoped that she may never forget to "contend earnestly for the Faith once for all delivered to the saints." But her spirit is not a belligerent one. She believes in God and so has no difficulty with the supernatural. She believes in and proclaims the Old Faith of our fathers and she does not have the slightest anxiety as to its invincibility.

If any one can bring her a better creed than the one she has she will gladly and gratefully accept it, but until then she wants the whole world to know that she glories in that ancient statement known as the Apostles' Creed, which I am now going to ask you to rise and recite with me as printed on the program you hold.

THE APOSTLES' CREED

I BELIEVE in God the Father Almighty, Maker of heaven and earth: And in Jesus Christ His only Son our Lord; who was conceived by the Holy Ghost; born of the Virgin Mary; suffered under Pontius Pilate; was crucified, dead, and buried; the third day He rose again from the dead; He ascended into heaven; and sitteth on the right hand of God the Father Almighty; from thence He shall come to judge the quick and the dead.

I believe in the HOLY GHOST; the holy Catholic Church; the Communion of Saints; the Forgiveness of sins; the Resurrection of the body; and the Life everlasting.

—Amen.

The New Paganism

By REV. WILLIAM EDWARD BIEDERWOLF, D.D.
Evangelist, Author and Director of the Conference

Text—"If my people which are called by my Name shall humble themselves and pray and seek my face and turn from their sinful ways, then will I hear from heaven and will forgive their sin and will heal their land."

When Clarence Darrow, the notorious Atheist and equally notorious criminal Lawyer, stood before the judge and the jury and made his celebrated defense of young Leopold and Loeb, the brilliant but brutal murderers of the Franks boy, he said:

> "Your honor, if these boys are guilty, where did they get the philosophy which in their minds seems to justify their crime? Your honor, it does not meet with my ideas of justice to hang a nineteen-year-old boy for a philosophy of life which has been taught for the last twenty-five years in practically all the great universities of this land."

This is a rather serious charge, and a charge concerning the truth or falsity of which every good citizen ought to be intelligent.

Historic Christianity has always been under fire. It always will be. But its enemies have never been more thoroughly organized and more determined in their assault than they are today.

The Old Paganism was content to train its artillery on the fundamental doctrines, the creed of christendom, Christianity as a system of thought and belief. It tolerated very largely some concept of a Supreme Being and admitted quite generally the value of Christian ethics. Like George Eliot, the old pagans lauded the Christian ideals of life but wholly repudiated the supernaturalism of its creed.

But the New Paganism has lifted its battle cry against the whole holy triumvirate of the Christian faith; its God, its creed, and its morality. It repudiates not only the distinctive doctrines of the Christian religion, but it attacks the very idea of a god of any kind, and makes blatant and blasphemous mockery of the holy ideals of conduct set up by Christianity as its standard of moral behaviour.

This is the essential difference between the Old Paganism and the New. Our fathers were not called upon to make any defense of the

Christian system of ethics. Everywhere their superiority was admitted. Today it is quite otherwise.

Here are two comparative statements that will put the matter clearly before you. One is by John Stuart Mill, the distinguished rationalist and English philosopher, in his day, and the other by Frederick Nietzsche, the German philosopher and chief apostle of modern rationalism.

> Mill said, "It would not be easy, even for the unbeliever, to find a better translation of the rule of virtue from the abstract into the concrete than to so live that Christ would approve our life."
>
> Nietzsche boasted that he had "torn the mask from Christian morality, and said of it, "It is the most malignant form of all falsehood that has ever corrupted mankind. It is the actual Circe of humanity."

Nietzsche has been followed by a whole brood of essayists, self-styled philosophers and university professors, like Samuel Schmalhausen, and Bertrand Russell, and so-called psychoanalytic physicians, like Sigmund Freud, and Alfred Adler and Carl Jung and others of their ilk, as drastic in their strictures as the notorious Nietzsche himself. Then, we have others like Ben Linsey, H. G. Wells, Bernard Shaw, and Walter Lippman, who may express themselves a bit more mildly, but as plainly repudiate the ethical teachings of Christianity as they do the creedal foundations upon which it rests.

And so it has come to pass that the literature of the day is saturated with pernicious teachings of the aforesaid sort. The market is flooded with books and booklets on Psychoanalysis, and Behaviourism, and Pyschopathic Inferiority and other phases of so-called Dynamic Psychology, many of which we regret to say are grossly godless and nauseatingly corrupt.

Here is certainly something to busy ourselves about if we would safeguard the purity of our youth and the really respectable ideals of marriage and the home.

The so-called "emancipated" younger generation, it would seem, are finding less of interest in the organized form of religion, and are not only all uncertain about its foundational truths, but are somewhat in rebellion against many of its restraints which were one time considered holy and altogether necessary to the best and highest ideals of virtue.

It will be interesting and profitable as well, to investigate the charges made by Clarence Darrow, and see if our institutions of learning are to be held as largely responsible for it as some, in fact many, would have us believe.

I. Take Atheism. Unwelcome as the information is, it is folly to shut our eyes to the results of investigation such as has been made by the various questionnaires of recent years. Take, for instance, that now much exploited questionnaire by James H. Leuba, professor of psychology at Bryn Mawr College. From a book entitled "American Men of Science," he selected the names of 1,000 of the most prominent and he tells us that according to their own answers more than one-third of them deny the existence of a personal God and disbelieve also in personal immortality.

Professor Leuba questioned the students of nine of the leading universities of the land with practically the same result. The largest percentage of believers he found in the Freshman class and the smallest in the Senior class. To quote the professor:

> "The student statistics show that young people enter college with the beliefs still accepted in the average home of the land and that as their mental powers mature a large percentage of them abandon the cardinal Christian beliefs."

If this is true, then something of a rather serious nature is happening to our youth while they are in college. "It shows," says the Toronto Globe, "either a woeful lack of helpful direction for pliant minds or a deliberate effort to inoculate their minds with destructive germs."

The editor doesn't leave us long in doubt as to what, in his own mind, is the real reason for the deplorable situation, for in a second editorial he says,

> "It takes but slight familiarity with the teachings rife today in most college and university class rooms to have convincing proof that instructors and professors are constantly going out of their way to throw doubt or ridicule upon the teachings of the Bible, with the result of shattering faith on the part of students. The 'Globe' has called attention to the alarmingly serious aspect of the fact that Atheism plays a larger part in collegiate education than is generally realized and that it portends the breaking down of all worthwhile institutions."

This was said in response to an article that came out in the "Varsity," the student publication of the University of Toronto, in which the bold statement was made that Atheism was rampant in the university and that a majority of the students were "practical Atheists." "This is not," says the "Varsity," "an indictment on our part; it is a simple, straight-forward statement of fact."

The University of Toronto forms no exception to the general situation today. Many of the students of our colleges and even of our

high schools are organized into Atheistic Clubs with definite programs for the propagation of their pernicious principles.

These Clubs owe their origin very largely, if not altogether, to the American Association for the Advancement of Atheism, commonly known as the 4As.

It is regrettable, indeed, that a nation like ours, founded as it was, upon the everlasting Word of God, should grant a legal charter to any organization whose published purpose is to deny the existence of God and to defy His Lordship, but in 1925 the Association just mentioned was chartered in the New York Supreme Court by Chief Justice John Ford.

The President of this American Association for the Advancement of Atheism is one Charles Smith, one of whose boasts is that he "persuaded his mother, a pious Methodist, to become an Atheist."

The 4As has taken for its slogan, its battle-cry respecting Christianity, the American translation of Voltaire's "Ecrasez L'Infame,"—Kill the Beast!!

In their published "Ten Demands" they demand among other things that we take "In God We Trust" from our coins; that the Bible be excluded from our public schools; that marriage be secularized, with divorce upon request; that we stop running the Cross above the Flag; that Church property be taxed and all Chaplains be dismissed from public service, and so on with a number of other equally presumptuous, immoral and godless requests.

They began at once flooding the country with atheistic literature. High schools and colleges were circularized and Atheistic Clubs organized in many of our institutions of learning. I am told they are known by such titles as "The Damned Souls," "The Society of the Godless," "The Legion of the Damned."

A Junior Department has been organized with a Miss Christine Walker as National Secretary, whose particular duty it is to work among the students of our high schools.

Do we make a mistake when we sound a warning note against this increasing blasphemy? Everywhere it is rampant and blatant. If the 18th century had its David Hume, the 20th has its John Dewey. If they had their Paine and their Voltaire, and later their Ingersol, we have our Menckens, our Smiths and our Darrows.

The situation is one about which we cannot afford to be indifferent. History is replete enough with warning that comes out of the disastrous experience of nations where God has been denied or forgotten and driven out of the nation's life.

We think of Russia with her "Procession of the Gods" some thirty effigies including one representing the Supreme Being, and all burned after the parade as a protest against religious faith of every kind; the most impious ceremony of which history gives any account.

Russia, where Atheism and Materialism are systematically taught in the schools; where churches are closed by order of the Soviet government; where store windows display atheistic decorations, and newspapers print daily cartoons ridiculing God and everything which decent people respect. (We think of Russia as the hotbed of Atheism, the "Pergamos" of the cult, "where Satan has his seat";) but we need to contemplate with deep anxiety our own America where such things as those aforementioned are seemingly true, and where President Charles Smith has printed across the big front window of his office in Little Rock, Arkansas, "God is a ghost; the Bible is a lie." It is time for America to awake.

Now, we wonder if with the denial of God and the Christian Creed there does not follow consistently a denial of the Christian standard of morals. Huxley and Spencer and Tyndall and others equally conspicuous for their unbelief in the century past, did not seem to think so. They denied the supernaturalism of Christianity but did not count themselves as enemies of the moral ideals for which it stood. Nietzsche seems to have reasoned a bit more thoroughly. To him Christian ethics were as corrupt as its Creed was foolish.

But anyhow, whether we owe it in any degree to Nietzsche philosophy or not, we are confronted today with a very popular code of ethics which is an utter denial of the Bible standard of holiness and an utter repudiation of the pure and wholesome ideals of conduct which we have heretofore held dear as the only source of any real and abiding peace for one's own soul, and as the only safeguard of the security and happiness of our homes, of society and of our national life.

II. It would be interesting, as in the case of Atheism, to see how far this sort of philosophy has found its way into our institutions of learning and how far they are responsible for inoculating the minds of our students with it.

The situation in many, and I fear in most of our larger universities at least, can perhaps best be sensed by reading something that comes from the desk of the president of one of our State Universities. I refer to President Glenn Frank, of the University of Wisconsin. Listen to this, he says:

> "I suggest that young men trying to decide upon a profession should read Bertrand Russell's Education and the Good

Life, for a vivid picture of the kind of education that seems to me worth fighting for, for the kind of education that able young men might well dedicate their lives to bringing about. It is an education that shall rescue sex from the slime of sentimentality and sniggering, and bring it into the sunlight of sincerity and sense."

Now what does Bertrand Russell have to say about "rescuing sex" in this sublime volume which this noted college president so warmly commends? Mr. Russell may speak for himself. I quote:

"In teaching my own children I shall prevent them from learning a moral code which I regard as harmful. I shall not teach that faithfulness to one partner through life is in any way desirable, or that a permanent marriage should be regarded as excluding episodes."

And this is only one paragraph out of many equally nauseating. And this the book that a college president commends to his students and to the youth of our land!

But this, you say, is certainly an exceptional case! Would that it were so! But the fact is our country is flooded with literature foul enough to make Casanova blush with shame—books written very largely by college professors, recommended to the student body, copiously supplied by the college library, sold in the college bookstore and many of them used as text-books in the college class-room.

They claim to have discovered some new principle for redeeming life and making it really worth while. They call it the "New Psychology," and talk glibly of "Psychoanalysis" and "Behaviourism." Like Bertrand Russell they tell us that fidelity to the marriage vow, belongs to an ethical code that is out of date. License before marriage they not only condone but actually recommend.

Questionnaires concerning such license, fit only for the minds of "filthy dreamers," are being put to your daughters and your sons by these advocates of the new educational standard in our colleges and universities. Witness the one put to the Senior Class in Smith College for young women, concerning which one indignant father said he felt like shooting the professor who perpetrated it. If it were not for my high regard for your own sense of decency and my respect for the holy place in which I stand I would read for you questions 3, 10, 12, 16, 17, 18 and 19.

Being in a position of authority a short while ago in connection with a certain college, I called one of the professors into my office and read to him from one of the books he had strongly recommended to

the students of his class, and asked him what he meant by it. He became highly indignant, said young people should know these things, that it was none of society's business unless a child was born, and wound up by asking me if I had ever read Shakespeare. I told him I thought I had heard his name mentioned once, but that people who knew him consider him a paragon of virginal excellence as compared with the moral filth and character blasting putrefaction being handed to our student youth today by his own unworthy self and other professors like him.

Of course, the literature referred to is not all equally outspoken, but it is all equally destructive of every worthy ideal of virtue and decency, and of the best interests of the individual, the family and the nation, while much of it is so vile we wonder how it escapes the censorship of the United States mail.

Sigmund Freud seems to have started the whole thing by his "Interpretation of Dreams," followed by his "General Introduction to Psychoanalysis." All dreams find their origin and their meaning in sex. Sex repression is responsible for all our trouble. "Sounded interesting," says Dorsey, in his volume "Why We Behave Like Human Beings," and Freudism became a fad; then a cult; but now it is a disease and ought to be put out of its misery.

Some of Freud's statements are so vile that we wonder how any mind other than one morally perverted could have produced them. The same thing is true of Schmalhausen's "Why We Misbehave," and Havelock Ellis's "The Task of Social Hygiene," and Bertrand Russell's "Principles of Social Reconstruction," and Sherwood Anderson's "Dark Laughter," and John Ford's utterly nauseating narrative of Giovanni and Arrabella, whose title no decent person cares to take upon his lips.

We might mention "Social Psychology," by Allport, "Principles of Sociology," by Ross, "Behaviourism," by John B. Watson, "Outlines of Psychoanalysis," by Van Teslaar, "Anthropology," by Kroeber, who advocates experiments in breeding human beings and "The Conservation of the Family," by Popenoe, who advocates birth control by clinics on Contraception and enforced sterility by surgical operation.

Concerning such books, and many others like them, "The Baptist Witness," the official organ of more than 100,000 Baptists in the State of Florida, has said in an excellent editorial,

> "The wonder of it all is that men and women can be found in the teaching profession who would even handle such books, much less teach them. Well may we ask whither are we tending? If such matters are to be taught to our girls our civilization is doomed."

The young men and young women in our schools and colleges are soon to be our citizens influencing our politics and making the laws that govern our country. What is to be the trend of our future policies in our homes, in society and in the life of our nation if those who are to make them have no belief in God, no belief in a hereafter, and that one is to gratify every desire of this life because it is the only life there is, and the truly educated individual will get all he can out of it.

Would you like to live where this so-called "New Psychology" is the dominant philosophy of life? Would you like to rear your children in such an atmosphere? Do you think that public officials who have no belief in God, and no belief in any hereafter will as a rule stand the test when pressure is brought to bear upon them?

What we need in this country more than anything else is a great sweeping revival of religious faith. I mean the old-fashioned religion of our fathers. No other has any power in it. The new Paganism cannot last. We have found ourselves facing serious conditions before. But the arm of the Lord was not shortened. Neither is it today.

They tell us that in 1872 in Princeton there were but two students who professed to be Christians; at Bowdoin in 1807 there was but one. The college church at Yale in 1873 had but five members and when Lyman Beecher entered Yale as a student he found that most of the senior class were infidels and called one another by such names as Voltaire, Rousseau, D'Alembert, etc.

If this is true conditions were worse then than they are today. That is, so far as Atheism goes, but they were not sufficiently educated in those days to know anything about this "New Psychology," with its "libido" and its license, that esteems virtue lightly and would make a mockery of the holy ordinance of wedlock.

And yet in 1802 Yale experienced a revival of religion. One-third of the student body professed conversion and one-half of these became ministers. What happened at Yale happened at other colleges. At Williams in 1806 the famous Haystack Prayer Meeting took place where revival forces were born that moved the world. What happened in colleges happened everywhere. People turned again to God. Atheism was checked, the church took on new life and power, and the things of God became uppermost once more in the minds and lives of men.

I believe it may be so in our day. There are those who say we are on the eve of some such great revival now. But this I know—in spite of the atheistic tide in our universities; in spite of the poisonous psychoanalytic philosophy that threatens the very moral fiber of our youth; in spite of the present-day wide-spread unbelief, I know that in

answer to agonizing prayer and earnest importunity we have a right to expect, and we ought to expect, a gracious outpouring of God's Spirit, that will mean the shackles of doubt and of darkness broken and the bringing of our students and people in general by thousands and tens of thousands into the light and liberty of the glorious Gospel of our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ.

It was when a great spiritual decline had laid hold on the church, and religion had almost died out of the hearts of men, that God answered with the revival of the Seventeenth Century.

It was when the writings of Hume, Voltaire, Rousseau and other infidel giants had swept over England and America, and in the words of Samuel Blair, "Religion lay a-dying and ready to expire its last breath," that God answered with the Great Awakening of 1725.

It was in a time of appalling moral and spiritual decay following the Revolutionary War, with our land fairly deluged with a wave of French atheism and German infidelity that God answered with the revival of the nineteenth century.

It was when wide-spread business depression due to the financial panic of 1857, and when for almost half a century the people religiously were in a truly deplorable state, that God answered with the mighty revival of the days of the Fulton Street Prayer Meeting.

Is it too much to believe that He will do so again? Has He not said, "If my people which are called by my Name, shall humble themselves and pray and seek my face and turn from their sinful ways, THEN, will I hear from heaven and will forgive their sin and will heal their land."

Where is this revival to begin? I wish it might begin in me. It might, perhaps, begin in you, if you were willing. It must begin with the people of God.

The Christian Walk

By REV. J. OLIVER BUSWELL, JR., D.D.
President of Wheaton College

Text: (Ephesians 4:1)—"I, therefore, the prisoner in the Lord, beseech you to walk worthily of the calling wherewith ye were called."

Theme—Is Christian conduct a proper subject for Christian preaching?

In my personal experience the great preachers of the Gospel to whom I have learned to look up have been men who devoted most of their emphasis to the clear, doctrinal, winsome declaration of the plan of salvation, but who spoke frequently, fearlessly and in detail in regard to the moral evils of the time, warning their people of sinful or dangerous practices and customs in contemporary life. I have in recent years experienced something of a shock in finding that some of our conservative brethren, even some of those who are called Fundamentalists, seem to feel that Christian conduct is not a proper subject for Christian preaching. I know of a church in which a group of people desired to establish a dance hall. When the pastor preached against worldly amusements some of the elders advised him only to preach Christ and the great doctrines which Paul preached and to omit all discussion of specific moral problems. It was stated that the discussion of such things is legalistic and pertains to the Old Testament dispensation, that in the dispensation of grace the preaching of grace without mention of specific moral problems is all that is necessary. Conduct, it was said, will automatically adjust itself to Christian standards without detailed instruction in applied Christian ethics.

To these arguments this pastor replied, "I have no Christ to preach except the Christ of the Bible. I know no better way of preaching Christ than the way which Paul actually employed as reflected in his epistles. The Christ of the New Testament announced Himself as the only object of saving faith, and specifically denounced the sins which keep men from Him. The Apostle Paul, the great exponent of Christian doctrine, gives us many extended passages of detailed instruction concerning Christian conduct on the basis of our salvation." I believe that one who will examine his Bible will find these statements to be true.

Let us first take up the theoretical problem and consider the re-

lationship of the Old Testament Scriptures to the Gospel as Paul sets the matter forth. The discussion of this point will be based upon the tenth chapter of Romans. After examining these passages we may have time to consider the practical question of the practical ethical teaching to be found in Paul's letters as exemplified particularly by the Ephesian and Colossian epistles. Please follow the tenth chapter of Romans in your Bibles.

Paul discusses first of all his desire for the salvation of Israel. He states that they have "a zeal of God, but not according to knowledge," that they "being ignorant of God's righteousness" attempt "to establish their own righteousness," that is through works of the law, but that they "have not submitted themselves unto the righteousness of God."

In the fourth verse of the chapter, Paul begins the detailed discussion of the righteousness of the law as contrasted with the righteousness which is of faith. He says, "For Christ is the end of the law for righteousness to everyone that believeth." This verse may be taken in two ways; first, "Christ has put an end to the law as a means of righteousness." This interpretation harmonizes well with Paul's other teaching. The first century Pharisees considered the law as a means of justification sought by good works of the law to become righteous or to be justified in the sight of God. Christ has put an end to first century Pharisaism, has revealed its futility. He is the end of the law in that respect. A second interpretation is perfectly possible, namely "Christ is the end, goal, purpose, or objective of the law as a means of righteousness." This interpretation is also in perfect harmony with Paul's other teaching. He tells us that the law is like the slave whose duty it was to take the child of the Greek or Hellenistic home to the teacher. When we read in English (Galatians 3:24) "The law was our schoolmaster to bring us unto Christ that we might be justified by faith" the word "schoolmaster" gives us the wrong impression. The "paedagogos" was by no means a teacher, but only the slave who brought the child to the teacher and took him home again when the hours of instruction were finished. Romans 10:4 may therefore be interpreted as meaning that Christ is the purpose or objective of the law, the "paedagogos" as a means of righteousness. The function of the law was not intended to be salvation but the law was intended to compel us to seek salvation by faith in Christ.

Although both of these interpretations are possible, I believe that it is the second one which the Holy Spirit, inspiring the Apostle Paul, intended us to understand.

Consistent with either of the suggested interpretations of verse four, we find Paul going forward in verse five to describe the righteousness which is of the law. He says, "For Moses describeth the

righteousness which is of the law, that the man which doeth those things shall live **in** them." In the King James version we read "shall live **by** them" and in the American Revised version "shall live there**by**." This seems to suggest that a man might have eternal life by means of the law. I do not find any other Scripture which can properly be interpreted as teaching eternal life by means of the law. Christ's explicit statement is that when we have hypothetically done all things that are required of us we are still "unprofitable servants" and by no means children of God. It would be an act of grace apart from the law for God to make a perfectly law-abiding individual a child of His. "By works of the law shall no flesh be justified." We should therefore be very cautious in regard to the interpretation suggested by the English version of this verse. When we look into the Greek we find that the preposition is "en." The Hebrew from which this is quoted by Paul (Leviticus 18:5) is the preposition expressed by the proclitic letter "beth" with the appropriate pointing. Both of these prepositions, the Hebrew and the Greek, carry the primary meaning "in." The meaning "by" or "by means of" is only a derived meaning. In the third chapter of Galatians, verse twelve, we find that the same Greek preposition "en" based upon the same Hebrew quotation (Leviticus 18:5) is translated "in" in both versions. It is hard to say why the translators of our English versions used "by" in Romans 10:5 and "in" in Galatians 3:12 in translating the same word as quoted from the same Old Testament reference. We take the liberty therefore of reading Romans 10:5 as suggested above. Moses describes that kind of righteousness which can result from law. The man who does those things which the law teaches must live in them,—they must constitute his round of existence or we might say his cultural background.

Turning to the reference in Leviticus from which Paul is quoting we see that this is exactly the thought suggested in the context. The Jews had come from Egypt with its laws, customs and civilizations, every part of which was impregnated with idolatry, polytheism, and heathenish practices. Moses says, (Leviticus 18:3) "After the doings of the land of Egypt wherein ye dwelt shall ye not do." The Israelites were now a nomadic people. They were going into the land of Canaan in which they would become an agricultural people. As Kautsch, in his article on the religion of Israel (HBD ext. vol) says, the Israelites who failed to drive out their heathen neighbors would naturally learn agriculture from the Canaanites. Agriculture at almost every point was interwoven with heathen idolatrous worship. Planting, cultivating, and harvesting crops was mingled with customs repugnant to the laws of God. Moses therefore says "and after the doings of the land of Canaan whither I bring you shall ye not do, neither shall ye

walk in their ordinances." The people of God must seek their round of existence, their cultural background, their civilization, not from the heathen world round about them but from the laws of God. (Lev. 18:4-5). "Ye shall do my judgments and keep my ordinances to walk therein. I am Jehovah your God. Ye shall therefore keep my statutes, and mine ordinances; which if a man do, he shall live **in** them: I am Jehovah." The law is able to establish a type of cultural background or a sphere of existence. This is as far as law can go. Neither Moses nor Paul had the remotest idea of teaching that the law could give eternal life. What they said was that if God's people were to live consistently they must make God's laws their sphere of existence, must "live in them."

In the sixth verse of the tenth chapter of Romans Paul proceeds to set forth "the righteousness which is of faith." He says "But the righteousness which is of faith speaketh on this wise." (At this point he introduces a quotation from the thirtieth chapter of Deuteronomy.) "Who shall ascend into heaven? (that is, to bring Christ down from above:) Or, Who shall descend into the deep? (that is, to bring up Christ again from the dead.)" Moses had said (Deuteronomy 30:11-14, ARV) "For this commandment which I command thee, this day, is not too hard for thee." Moses went on to show that the relationship which God seeks to establish between Himself and His people is not a matter of strenuous endeavor as though one had to sail over the sea to find a difficult commandment to observe, or climb up to heaven to do the same. God seeks to establish a relationship of the heart, in order that His people in the olden day as well as in the age of grace might be "justified by faith."

Paul continues, "But what saith it" (the righteousness which is of faith). It says, (quoting again from Moses' words) "The word is nigh thee, even in thy heart." This ends Paul's quotation from the thirtieth chapter of Deuteronomy. Paul goes forward to declare that what Moses said to Israel as recorded in Deuteronomy "is the word of faith which we preach," (Romans 10:9-10) "that if thou shalt confess with thy mouth Jesus as Lord, and shalt believe in thy heart that God raised him from the dead, thou shalt be saved. For with the heart man believeth unto righteousness; and with the mouth confession is made unto salvation."

In other words, God has only one plan of salvation for any people at any time. No portion of Scripture can be correctly interpreted as teaching justification by good works. Justification by faith is God's only plan of salvation for any people in any dispensation. Paul taught that Moses' instruction to Israel (Deut. 30:14) is the word of faith which we preach.

The rest of this tenth chapter of Romans confirms what we have said. When Paul wishes to elaborate his theme of justification by faith he quotes from Isaiah 28:16, Isaiah 49:23, Joel 2:32, and other Old Testament passages.

If we turn to the third chapter of Galatians we find the same situation. No one can or ever could be saved by works of the law. Paul's great text "The just shall live by faith" (Galatians 3:11) is quoted verbatim from an Old Testament prophet (Habakkuk 2:4). Paul has just said, with the greatest possible emphasis, that there is only one Gospel. He now declares (Galatians 3:8) that **the Gospel** was preached unto Abraham, that Abraham was justified by faith, and that "if ye be Christ's, then are ye Abraham's seed, and heirs according to the promise."

That the law was not intended as a means of eternal life is abundantly verified by Old Testament references. The ritual and ceremonial law is obviously to be regarded as Messianic prophecy. The "ministration of the law," that is the Levitical system of worship, looked forward to Christ and is fulfilled in Him and therefore no longer to be observed in its outward form, although Christians have always found edification in the study of the ritual law which brings out the meaning of the work of Christ as no other interpretation can.

Now if the ritual law is to be regarded as Messianic prophecy, we suppose that the moral content of the Old Testament law is intended for the guidance of God's people **on the basis of His redeeming grace** foreshadowed in the ritual law. The ten commandments are prefaced by a strong reminder of God's grace (Exodus 19:4) "Ye have seen . . . how I bore you on eagles' wings and brought you unto myself." Exodus 20:2: "I am the Lord thy God which have brought you out of the land of Egypt out of the house of bondage." The whole spiritual basis on which the law was intended to be understood by Israel is suggested in Deut. 15:15: "And thou shalt remember that thou wast a bondman in the land of Egypt and the Lord thy God redeemed thee; therefore I command thee this thing today."

All that Paul has to say in regard to punctilious observations of Jewish forms, ceremonies, and religious festivals, can be paralleled in passages from the Old Testament, particularly the prophets. God's people were abundantly warned that they were never intended to take the law as a means of eternal life.

In the third chapter of II Corinthians, Paul describes how the glory of the ministration of the law was a glory which faded away, whereas the glory of the ministration of the spirit continues. The law can only establish a righteousness of outward circumstances and back-

ground. The spirit, through the principle of justification by faith, establishes a righteousness which continues forever.

In spite of the fact that Moses and the prophets and the entire Old Testament are distinctly anti-legalistic, Israel was prone to take a legalistic attitude toward God's revelation. First century Pharisaism, from which Paul was converted, was the most extreme phase of Jewish legalism and was, as Paul clearly recognizes, utterly contrary to the real spirit and teaching of justification by faith as taught in the Old Testament. We must understand Paul's use of the term "law" as referring not to the religion taught by the Old Testament so much as to the **legalistic attitude** toward the Old Testament.

Paul never intended to teach that we need not observe the moral laws of God as taught in the Old Testament, for in the sixth chapter of Ephesians he quotes one of the ten commandments as a commandment binding upon Christians.

Our conclusion from the study of Paul's statements concerning the old and the new dispensations as found particularly in the tenth chapter of Romans, as well as elsewhere, is:

(1) No part of the Bible, Old Testament or New Testament, when correctly interpreted can be made to teach justification by works under any circumstances.

(2) Justification by faith in Paul's epistles is regularly confirmed and verified by quotations from the Old Testament and Paul declares that "the word of faith which we preach" is identical with Moses' statement found in the thirtieth chapter of Deuteronomy.

(3) The "ministration of the law" (see II Corinthians 3:6-16), that is, the Mosaic or Levitical ritual, being in the nature of Messianic prophecy, is fulfilled and superseded in Christ, so that its forms and ceremonies are "done away."

(4) I can find no word of Paul's which can in any way be so interpreted as to imply that Christians are not expected to be guided by the law of God as set forth in the Old Testament.

I had intended, by way of concluding this argument, to run hastily through the Ephesian and Colossian epistles, noting the specific teaching of the Apostle Paul in regard to Christian conduct or what is commonly called applied Christian ethics. Such a study will not be difficult for anyone who is willing to read these epistles with pencil in hand, checking the great number of verses bearing on the point. I am sorry that this study would occupy too much time for this morning hour. Let anyone who is in doubt about the point begin with the third chapter of Colossians and then turn back to the fourth chapter of Ephesians. As your eyes are opened to the rich content of Paul's applied Christian

ethics, enlarge the scope of your study to include all parts of these two epistles, then turn to the epistle of Titus, making the same kind of analysis, then read first and second Timothy. You will surely be convinced that the Apostle Paul, the great exponent of doctrine, the one who steadfastly opposed legalism or any slightest departure from the principle of justification by faith apart from works of the law,—you will surely be convinced that Paul gave us the example of specific ethical instruction for Christian converts.

Christianity in America is facing a crucial time. The moral conscience of the general public has sunk to the lowest depths. In the Gospel of our Lord Jesus Christ as set forth in the Bible we have the solution of every problem. Moral reform without the Gospel of regeneration can only establish an outward righteousness at the best. On the other hand, the Gospel of regeneration without a distinctive testimony in regard to moral questions is not the kind of Gospel which Paul preached. The advocacy of the repeal of the eighteenth amendment is only one of the great issues before our people. If the church fails in this hour to give its testimony on this and on all other questions of the time, the church will have lost an opportunity which may not come again in this generation. Puritanism without the fundamentals of evangelical Christianity is sterile. On the other hand, Fundamentalism without Puritanism is only a caricature of New Testament Christianity.

Why I Believe in Theology

By REV. J. OLIVER BUSWELL, JR., D.D.

Text: I Peter 3:15 (American Revised Version)—"But sanctify in your hearts Christ as Lord: being ready always to give answer to every man that asketh you a reason concerning the hope that is in you, yet with meekness and fear."

Our text must be taken, as always, in its context. Peter is addressing Christian people who are in the midst of the ordinary conflicts of life. As a general principle he asks (I Peter 3:13), "And who is he that will harm you if ye be zealous of that which is good?" He immediately recognizes, however, that Christians have been and are sometimes persecuted for being zealous of that which is good. He therefore adds (verse 14) "But even if ye should suffer for righteousness' sake, blessed are ye, and fear not their fear, neither be troubled." Our text then is given with a view to the ordinary and extraordinary circumstances and trials of the Christian life. We are to be ready to give an answer in all such cases.

The apologetic which is given most emphasis in this context is not theological argument but consistent Christian living. One must read the entire chapter to appreciate this argument. A consistent Christian life, in view of hostility and persecution on the part of the outside world and even on the part of non-Christian members of the immediate family, Peter says, is a most valuable apologetic and one which every humble Christian can use effectually.

The introductory clause in the verse which is taken for our text brings out a familiar contrast between "religion" and "theology." Peter does not say that theology is of secondary importance if only we believe in the Lord and center our hearts' affections upon Him. He does, however, introduce his great statement in regard to the value of apologetic theology by reminding us that we must "sanctify the Lord Christ in our hearts." If religion without theology is liable to all manner of error, theology without religion,—without consecrated hearts in which the Lord Christ is cherished above all things,—is dead.

Beginning, then, that religion and theology are inseparable, and observing Peter's emphasis on the apologetic value of good living, we must neverthless point out that the primary emphasis of our text is theological. In fact, the original statement of our text is stronger

than that of our English version. We read, "Being ready always to give an answer to every man that asketh you a reason concerning the hope that is in you." The word "answer" is literally "apologetic." We might translate literally, "Being ready always to give an 'apologian' to everyone who asks you for a 'logon'." "Being ready always for delivering an apologetic to everyone who asks you a word." The answer which we are to be ready to give is expressed in the word which means a formal argument on behalf of a person or a cause. We are to be ready to state our case, to define our terms, to explain our theology. The ordinary Christian faced with ordinary and extraordinary problems of life is to be versed in apologetic theology.

It would seem unnecessary to dwell upon a text like this, and to emphasize the value of theology were it not for opposite tendencies in Christendom.

I was once invited to lunch with an elderly professor, a graduate of one of our eastern universities, holding his post-graduate degree from one of the universities of Germany and occupying a chair of philosophy in one of our prominent eastern colleges for many years. This professor, a man over eighty years of age, called me "old fogy" for my theological ideas. He was, in fact, a rather peppery old gentleman and became quite vehement in the course of our conversation. At one point he burst out with an exclamation, "I have just one thing against you conservatives. You are too sure of yourselves!"

I was not in the least offended by this remark, for there are some things of which I am very sure. But I asked the professor whose guest I was to let me try to illustrate, if I could, his point of view, which I did as follows:

I enjoy good music. During my student days at the University of Minnesota I used to usher for the Minneapolis Symphony Orchestra concerts and I count this experience as a very valuable part of my education. I am not a technical musician. I do not always understand elaborate music. I am not familiar with the correct traditional interpretation of many of the great symphonies, but I am able to feel the stimulus and experience the thrill of it all.

When I had described this attitude of mine to my friend the aged professor, he became quite enthusiastic. "That is it exactly," he said. "If we could have a religion like that we should all get along beautifully." He elaborated on the suggestion of a religion of esthetic and ethical stimulus, in which there should be no dogma, no formula, no creed, no theology. "Let us all feel the stimulus and impulse and thrill of religion apart from theology and all will be well in the church."

Now, it is not in opposition to esthetic and ethical stimulus in

religion that I speak. There is all of that and much more in the simple Gospel story. I do feel strongly, however, that the religious impulse is not enough. A plain man cannot live for long in the psychological state of mind produced by a symphony concert. We need a religion which is true regardless of our feelings. In the ordinary bread and butter problems of the world, men who bear burdens wish to know whether God has said anything which is reliable which can be put down in black and white with a reasonable degree of definiteness and certitude. We never can reduce all of our religious experience to theological statement, but the great fundamentals of evangelical Christianity, by which men may live and die and face eternal eventualities, must be made theologically clear and explicit if they are to sustain us in times of temptation and depression.

We frequently find ecclesiastical leaders seeking to make a distinction between "believing in Christ" and "believing something about Christ." I confess that this distinction is too sharp for my mental grasp. I am suspicious of those who use this phrase. I feel that they are trying to make a distinction where there is no difference. I cannot believe in anyone without believing something about him. Faith in a friend must have a logical content whether that content is analyzed or not. Faith in Christ must be capable of theological analysis, and if that faith is attacked, as it always is, that analysis must be elaborated. One who does not believe **that** Jesus is the Christ, the Son of the Living God, **that** He died for our sins and rose again for our justification, simply does not believe in Christ. We cannot deny the essential things about Christ and claim in any true sense to believe in Him.

One of the chief opponents of theology in our modern church life is that philosophy which is sometimes called pragmatism (in the religious field), which Professor Machen characterizes as "anti-intellectualism," or which may be designated as "liberalistic mysticism." I once listened to a course of lectures on the Gospel of John. I delight in the critical investigation of the fourth Gospel because I firmly believe that the apostolic authorship of this work is clear on the basis of fact. In the course of lectures to which I now refer, however, critical investigation was abandoned and a mystical attitude was assumed. The lecturer took it for granted (in spite of the results of critical investigation) that the fourth Gospel is the product of relatively late Christian theology and that it is not historically reliable, but he urged the use of the Gospel of John in Christian worship and urged that critical problems be ignored.

On one occasion he read an expurgated account of the Eleusinian mysteries and proceeded to compare the same with the record of the resurrection of Lazarus in the 11th chapter of John. His conclusion

was to the effect that since both of these stories, the Eleusinian mysteries and the resurrection of Lazarus, are esthetically beautiful and (he said) morally edifying, they should both be used in Christian worship without the raising of any critical problems as to their historicity. A young minister in the group taking this course of lectures raised a question. "A man in my church," he said, "has recently asked me 'Do you believe that Jesus raised Lazarus from the dead or not?' Now what shall I answer him?" The professor, a noted liberal advocate of the anti-intellectual liberalistic mysticism now under discussion, replied, "There is just one way to handle that situation. Ask the man 'What do you think about it?' Then agree with him and change the subject."

If the function of the Christian ministry is to push forward a sociological movement or to conserve and oil the works of an ecclesiastical machine, then this philosophy may be considered effective whether it is honorable or not. But if the Christian ministry is concerned with the eternal salvation of immortal souls, I submit that we dare not base religious experience upon mere esthetic stimulus. The resurrection of Lazarus, and of greater importance, the resurrection of Christ, are historically true and verifiable.

We preach a risen Lord not to stimulate men's religious nature but because we believe that our Lord is able to perform the miracle of grace and to save men's souls. "If Christ be not risen from the dead, then is our preaching vain and your faith is also vain" in spite of the fact that the story of the resurrection stirs a religious impulse in our hearts.

It is not only from the ranks of non-evangelicals that arguments against Christian theology emerge. Some of our good orthodox brethren have greatly erred in picking up popular catch phrases to the disparagement of theological learning. Such phrases as "No creed but Christ, no law but love," are found in the literature of rescue missions and evangelistic campaigns. We can only be thankful that users of these phrases frequently do not govern their policies in accordance with them, and probably do not understand their destructive meaning. My observation is that evangelism in America at the present time is distinctly theological and that when we find souls being saved, we always find that the underlying dynamic is an earnest conviction of sound Christian doctrine. I do believe, however, that many of our good brethren who are winning souls and do believe in the essential doctrines of evangelical Christianity have been misled and are seriously injuring their effectiveness because of a false idea of the value of theology.

How many popular errors among conservative Christian laymen would have been prevented if their pastors had been earnest students

of theology! Historical theology, with its marvelous record of the conflicts and trumphs of faith, apologetic theology with its revelation of the ancient and modern enemies of the faith, and systematic theology with its integration of those doctrines which are essential and its perspective concerning those points which are of secondary importance,—if our conservative Christian leadership were better prepared in these branches of learning, how many errors and futile strifes could have been avoided!

To speak very frankly, conservative Christianity in America is faced with a serious problem of amateurism among its leaders. Our institutions of learning, including those which prepare the ministry of the church, have temporarily been swept into an anti-evangelical position. Many conservatives have made the tremendous mistake of answering this problem by glorying in a lack of learning. We should not discourage any Christian man in these days from catching up the weapons he happens to have at hand and going forth to battle for the Lord, but we do believe that we should have a larger number of fully armed soldiers. Some battles have been won by armies ill-clad and almost barefoot. How much better, however, for us to urge our young people, particularly candidates for the ministry, to "put on the whole armor of God" and to have their "feet shod with the preparation of the Gospel of peace."

Consider the spectacle with which we are frequently confronted. Unbelieving critics not only deny the authority of the Word of God but the incarnation, the resurrection, and the cross. To meet these attacks Christian leaders, some of them in places of considerable responsibility, hurl forth such ineffective missiles as are found in catchy pamphlets on allegorism or Bible numerics. Had these men (undoubtedly possessed of real consecration and ability) been trained in theology they would know the foolishness of much of the argument which, with the best of motives, they give forth.

We are now in a strategic position. Theologians of a few generations ago had relatively little critical scholarship. Criticism arose as an attack upon the Bible and the essentials of our great historic faith. However, contrary to the expectations of the critics, the result of the past two generations of conflict in the Biblical sphere has been the vindication of the Bible and of the essentials of the faith.

Sir William M. Ramsey went to the Orient as a student of classical literature, supposing that the Acts of the Apostles was a product of the late second century A. D. By the simple honest investigation of the facts he became convinced that the Acts is a genuine historical document of the Apostolic Age. Dr. Kyle recently spoke in a parlor meeting in Chicago. After describing his excavations at Kirjeth Sepher,

he took his Bible between his hands and with deep earnestness said, "Ladies and gentlemen, This book is true. I have lived with it in the very cities of ancient Canaan, and have found it to be true at every point."

Dr. Kyle's remark might be multiplied many times over in the experience of modern theological scholars. Is it not time now for us to press forward and occupy the field? It ought to be clear to our leaders that the facts of history, archaeology and all that group of learned subjects, within the field of theology,—all the facts, are on our side. Now is the time for us to emphasize theological learning and careful preparation and training on the part of those who are to be the leaders of the church. The study of theology is not fruitless. This is no time for a retreat into mysticism. Away with such phrases as "Religion without dogma." Let us "sanctify the Lord Christ in our hearts," and at the same time be always prepared to give a full, reasoned, explicit theological statement, backed up by historical evidence, to those who ask us a reason for the hope that is in us.

Ridding the World of Leprosy

Fifteen Points for Consideration and Encouragement

By MR. WILLIAM M. DANNER
General Secretary, The American Mission to Lepers

You all may have heard about the welcome Moses is reported to have given Woodrow Wilson when he entered Heaven. The story is that when Moses greeted Woodrow Wilson, he said, "I am glad to see you up here. How did you get along with your fourteen points down below?" Woodrow Wilson is said to have replied, "About the same as you did with your ten."

I bring you for your consideration at Winona Lake today, FIFTEEN POINTS, and trust your imagination to amplify these points. My chief reason for appearing here today is to express my thanks to Dr. Biederwolf and his associates and to the many friends of Winona who have participated year after year in these gatherings; and may I indulge the hope that the seeing and hearing today will stimulate all hearts to continued and even increased interest in the work of helping the lepers. And now may I remind you that there are—

I. FIVE REASONS WHY WE SHOULD HELP THE LEPERS

1. Christian Responsibility.

We are only good Christians as long as we obey ALL of Christ's commands—not just those that are easy for us. The Master said "Cleanse the lepers" just as truly as He said "Preach the Gospel."

2. Suffering Humanity.

No man can ignore the appeal to human compassion of the most pitiable and helpless of all sufferers—the lepers.

3. Self-Protection.

Every man wants to protect his own, even if he is not inspired by Christian principles and human sympathy. Every one of us comes in contact every day with people from other countries, and as long as there are 3,000,000 lepers in the world, our own people are not safe. It is estimated that there are 2,000 lepers in the United States, most of whom have contracted the disease in other countries.

4. Economic Waste.

The leper can never be a self-supporting citizen—until he is cured.

The product of leper labor can never be sold in the open market. Even in our own country, $1,000,000 of the people's money was spent for the Carville Leper Home and over $300,000 a year goes to the support of the lepers in the United States. We must not only solve the problem in our own country, but help other countries to solve theirs, in order to rid the world of leprosy and thus eliminate this great waste in human life as well as money.

5. "Greatest Challenge to Non-Christians."

That is what Gandhi said of the work of the Mission to Lepers in India. In non-Christian lands lepers are usually neglected outcasts. When these people of other religions see what Christians do for the leper, they realize that Christianity must be good. Missionary work among the lepers helps not only in foreign lands to convert the non-Christian, but it stimulates our own people to see the truth and value of missionary endeavor.

II. FIVE THINGS WE CAN DO FOR THE LEPERS

1. Preach the Gospel.

A missionary to the lepers for twenty years recently said that if nothing else were done for them but take them the Gospel, all the effort would be worth while. Because the leper has been so despised by his own people, he is the most ready of all non-Christians to accept the Christ who teaches His followers to love **even a leper.** In a Buddhist hospital for lepers in Japan, the Buddhist superintendent said he was glad to have Christian teaching there because the lepers are so much better patients after they become Christians. Their mental distress and bitterness are healed with the love of the Great Physician of souls.

2. Relieve Their Terrible Suffering.

Through modern medical treatment, many lepers have become free from all symptoms of the disease. But the relief of their suffering applies not only to their physical ills, but also to their mental distress; for who suffers more than the one who is looked upon as an outcast? In the homes of the Mission to Lepers, the patients are self-respecting and self-governing human beings.

3. Supply Their Simple Wants.

It takes so little to do this. Only $40 provides complete care for a year, supplying food, clothing, shelter, as well as curative treatment and Christian teaching. What other investment yields such large returns in the relief of human suffering? We are able to support them for such a small amount because they do their own work, raise their

own food, and even build their own houses. Moreover, their wants are very simple. Meat every six months is looked upon as a great treat by a thousand Korean lepers.

4. Protect Their Children.

As leprosy is not inherited, the children of lepers are protected from contagion by being raised in separate homes.

5. Rid the World of Leprosy.

The 150 Leper Homes in 40 countries, aided by the Mission to Lepers, are **examples** and **incentives** to governments to assume their rightful responsibility toward these outcast sufferers.

Let us rid the world of leprosy by the human sympathy route; not by getting rid of them, as did a governor in China who ambushed the lepers, shot them down, dumped them in a big trench, poured kerosene oil on them, and thus got rid of them in wholesale fashion; but by the early diagnosis of the disease and by medical care, by healthful food and hygienic living conditions, by proper occupation of body, and by peace of mind.

III. FIVE CAUSES FOR ENCOURAGEMENT

1. Lepers are Being Cleansed.

Witness the procession of parolled patients coming out of the various leper hospitals: 75 from the National Leper Home at Carville; 2,000 reported as parolled from the Philippine Leper Hospitals; and smaller groups from hospitals in other lands. Every mail brings added information as to the patients leaving the hospitals, demonstrating the fact that the Master's injunction to "Cleanse the lepers" is at last being heard, and religion and science are being blended for the leper's benefit.

2. More Agencies are Enlisted Today.

Not only is the church active, and more active than ever, but other agencies are working for the relief of the leper.

(a) The British Empire Leprosy Relief Association, with its slogan "Rid the British Empire of leprosy."

(b) The Health Committee of the League of Nations, representing 52 nations in a movement to arouse governments to action.

(c) The International Leprosy Association, with its emphasis on standardizing medical treatment and disseminating scientific information.

(d) The Wood Memorial, with its emphasis on research and aid to the lepers in the Philippines.

(e) In addition to these secular organizations, branches of the Mission to Lepers are being developed in many countries, including China, Japan, the Philippines, France, India, Canada, Australia, New Zealand.

All these agencies are working in their own fields to rid the world of leprosy, but even so, the surface has scarcely been scratched.

3. Out-patient Stations.

A rather recent development is the growth of out-patient clinics and traveling dispensaries, now established in different parts of the world. Thousands of leper patients are thus receiving suitable treatment while remaining in their own homes.

4. Popular Attitude of Mind has Completely Changed.

In many localities the attitude toward the leper is no longer one of banishment, but one of sympathy and intelligent aid.

5. Willingness of the Press to Aid.

Rather than seeking to emphasize the gruesome horrors of the disease and pandering to hysterical fears, the press is learning to deal with the relief of suffering lepers as an attractive topic of humanitarianism. This is an important factor in bringing about the new day of hope for those who were formerly without hope.

CONCLUSION

And now, with this organized work touching 150 centers in 40 countries, with France and Great Britain, the United States, Japan, China, indeed with South America and portions of Africa, and Siam and India—all rejoicing in the contacts with these methods of caring for lepers,—

TO WHOM SHALL WE LOOK FOR THE NECESSARY INCENTIVE TO MAKE THIS WORK REACH ITS ULTIMATE GOAL?

To the leaders in the church, the men who educate head and heart, to ministers in their relationship as pastors, as leaders of Christian thought and Christian activity!

If the world is finally to be rid of leprosy, the Christian ministers must take a large part in blazing the trail for leper relief. The initiative thus far has come, and still must come, from Christian people everywhere.

FOR WHAT HAS ALREADY BEEN ACCOMPLISHED the greatest credit is due the host of **volunteer workers**; not to the few peo-

ple who have given large donations. They of course have helped greatly; but the real credit should go to the people who have been known as "pig ladies" or "representatives"; to the volunteer helpers whose sacrifice of time and comfort as well as money has brought forth results in some cases far beyond any one's anticipation.

Who would have supposed that a busy housekeeper could start with a group of twelve little pig banks and have her herd grow to 400, and turn in checks of $2000 at the end of the year with the remark, "You have no idea how much fun we are having."

The great strides in this work of relief could never have been made without the help of this army of volunteer workers.

A local representative in each church is desired as a connecting link with the Mission to Lepers. Ask for special folder "For Representatives," describing this relationship.

SPEAKERS INTERESTED ARE REQUESTED TO ASK FOR

Today's Solution of an Ancient Problem (A brief summarized statement for the use of speakers).

Leprosy and Government Policies (Address given by Dr. Victor G. Heiser, President of the International Leprosy Association, at Annual Meeting of the American Mission to Lepers, Oct. 15, 1931).

Uncle Sam's Largest Leper Colony, by Lois Elizabeth Danner (describing a visit to the Culion Leper Colony, Philippine Islands).

Stories and other information.

American Mission to Lepers, Inc.
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The Missionary's Avocation

By REV. SAM HIGGINBOTTOM
Foreign Missionary at Allahabad for twenty-nine years, working under the Presbyterian Board of Foreign Missions

"And behold, there came a leper and worshipped him, saying, Lord, if thou wilt, thou can'st make me clean. And Jesus put forth his hand, and touched him saying, I will; be thou clean. And immediately his leprosy was cleansed." Matt. 8:2-3.

During the Christmas vacation of 1903 I was sitting in a Mission prayer meeting in the Mission house at Katra at Allahabad. The missionaries were planning for and praying about their work. One of the older missionaries turned to me and said, "It is always the custom for the new man to have charge of the blind asylum and the leper asylum in addition to his regular work, so, Higginbottom, there is your job." He smiled and spoke with a great deal of confidence. If I had answered him on the spur of the moment it would have been without the smile, but no less confidence, and a flat contradiction. I did not think that caring for lepers was my job. I remembered my first Sunday evening in Calcutta, after having placed my goods in the hotel from the boat, I went out and stood on the corner of one of Calcutta's main thoroughfares and while I stood almost entranced by the wondrous surging tide of oriental life, to me so new and strange, passing before me, I was interrupted by hearing a thin, squeaky voice saying, "Bakhshish, Bakhshish, Sahib." I turned and close up to my face were a pair of stumps of hands. Instinctively I knew it was a leper. I had the idea that the greater the distance between us in the shortest possible time the better for me. I had not thought of lepers as belonging to our modern world. I had heard of them in the Old Testament days and in the time of our Lord. I thought they were something that the world had outgrown. So to be told that caring for these people was to be part of my work was somewhat of a shock. As I sat there in the prayer meeting and thought the thing through, I had to admit that there were lepers in this modern day, that leprosy was an awful disease, that being lepers they were sick, and as sick needed somebody to care for them. If somebody must care for them why not I be that somebody? So before the prayer meeting was over I said, "All right, if you think I am fit for that job I am willing to tackle it."

I went to the blind asylum and saw fifty blind and helpless cripples that were being cared for at the rate of one dollar per month each. I looked after them for four years but could do little for them. The blind asylum has been turned over to the Mission. India has a great many blind and no class of people in India is having less done for them than these poor unfortunates. There is urgent need that somebody or some organization take up their cause.

A few days after the prayer meeting Dr. Arthur H. Ewing said to me, "Well, have you got your nerve with you?" I said, "Yes, I think so, why?" He said, "Well I think you will need it because we are going over to the leper asylum." We jumped on our bicycles, rode out of the college campus, across the Jumna bridge. About a mile beyond the end of the bridge, upon that sun-baked Indian plain, he pointed out a lot of ram-shackle, tumble-down mud huts. He said, "That is the leper asylum." As I caught my first view of it I thought of all the unprepossessing institutions I had ever seen that was surely the worst. It was only a few minutes until we were in the asylum and Dr. Ewing was showing me around, introducing me to the inmates and explaining my work to me.

What I saw on this first trip through the Leper Asylum was so awful and overwhelming that I had fully made up my mind to tell Dr. Ewing that I did not feel cut out for the job, that I considered the task would be very much better done if he continued to do it rather than turn it over to me. When I got back to the gate I took hold of my bicycle and was taking what I thought was my farewell look into that unlovely place, when I happened to catch sight of an old man lying flat on his back in the dust in the shadow of a tree. He had on only a very small loin-cloth. You could see every rib. His breath was coming with very great difficulty. What were left of his hands and feet were all festered and unbandaged and the flies were thick-clustered on the open wounds. He was altogether the most loathsome and repulsive human being I had ever seen. Yet as I looked at him, it came over me that, after all, he was my brother; in that unlovely, broken body there was a heart that would respond to love and sympathy as would any human heart, and more than all that, in that poor old disease-rotted body there was a soul for which my Lord had shed His blood, and who was I, that I should leave him just because his need was so desperate? So I never told Dr. Ewing that I would not care for the lepers. I took hold of the job and found that the asylum was supported by the Allahabad Charitable Association, an organization trying to do a great work on entirely insufficient funds. It was responsible for the blind, and the cripples in their asylum, for a number of indigent Indian Christian widows, for a number of poor European and Anglo-Indians; altogether

too much for its meagre income. The result was that the lepers were living in houses not fit for human habitation with insufficient food and clothing. Everything the leper got had to come out of one dollar a month for each leper, food, clothing, medicine and attendance. The result was that if any leper had feet enough left to walk on and strength enough to walk he considered that he could do so much better begging than he could in the asylum that he went out to beg in the Bazaar. I decided that, in the condition it was, the institution had no right to exist. It should either be mended or ended.

There is an organization that is known as the Mission to Lepers, founded in 1874 by a missionary to India, Mr. Wellesley C. Bailey. The operations of this mission have gradually extended until now it has charge of asylums in every continent, about eighty in all. The Mission to Lepers came along and said to the Charitable Association, "Turn the asylum over to us and we will be entirely responsible for it and spend more money than you are able to. We will also rebuild and give habitable quarters to the lepers." The transfer was made and the Mission to Lepers asked the Presbyterian Mission if I might continue as Superintendent. The Mission gave its consent. The Mission to Lepers asked me what my plans were. I went to study the best asylums in India, got a number of ideas from each one and laid out a scheme for the rebuilding and management of the asylum. As these asylums are all voluntary it is essential that the management be such as to make the asylum more attractive to the leper than begging or wandering about the country. The leper can not be treated as a criminal and be put on prison diet. The lepers so often have said to me, "Sahib, we are not criminals, we are only unfortunate." The food for a leper, who is a sick man, must be better than the food for the prisoner in jail. When the Mission to Lepers took over the asylum we started our building program and immediately displaced the miserable old mud huts with brick and mortar structures having good roofs with iron battens instead of bamboos, and good French pattern tile instead of the small country tile. The hospital was built with two wards for men and one for women and a dispensary properly equipped, a store room, two large tanks in the asylum for the washermen to wash the clothing. Heretofore the washermen had taken the lepers' clothing down to the river to the regular "Dhobi Ghat" where all the city clothing is washed, much to the danger of the general public. When the lepers were comfortably housed and the hospital built and running, we next secured, about a mile away, a home for the untainted children of the lepers where the children could be kept apart from their parents, trained, educated and given their chance in life. An Indian widow gave the site. After this the next building to be built was the church and in-

stead of having beautiful, stained-glass windows we have great big arches with chicken-wire screens. This is to make certain that the ventilation is good. My wife and I like to be present for the Sunday morning services. With a congregation of from three to five hundred lepers, unless the ventilation is good, one is apt to be in distress.

The Mission to Lepers placed at my disposal twenty-five dollars a year for each adult leper and twenty dollars for each child. Out of that, all food, clothing, medicines, servants, had to be provided. Even with the enlarged sum of two dollars per month for each leper, I had my troubles in keeping the lepers reasonably well fed, and decently clothed with proper medicine and service. So many of the lepers have lost all their fingers, sometimes the whole hand clear back to the wrist, that it is obviously impossible for such a man to do his own cooking, so I get some other leper to do the cooking for this one and pay the cook about seven cents a month for his extra work. Each man gets four yards of cotton cloth, forty inches wide, which costs about sixty cents, a year for clothing. This is his morning suit, his afternoon suit, if he has any evening engagements, it is his glad rags, when he goes to bed at night it is his bed sheet. Among the lepers of India it costs more to correctly gown a lady than it does to clothe a gentleman, for, in northern India, in order to conform to social custom a woman must have her head covered. So instead of four yards of cotton cloth it takes six yards for her. This she winds around, making a skirt of it, then brings it up over one shoulder and under the opposite armpit, making a shirtwaist out of it, and then it goes up over the head making the "Chaddar" or head covering. With this one piece of cloth so arranged she is dressed, ready to go anywhere. With so little clothing it is very difficult for the men and women to keep clean and I am therefore deeply grateful to the many friends in Scotland, the United States, Canada, Australia and New Zealand who have at various times sent us bundles of shirts for the men and middy blouses for the women, and mufflers and socks for both. These we give out at Christmas and always feel sorry that we don't have enough to go round. Several times my wife and I have been threatened to be mobbed by the disappointed ones who failed to receive a garment at the Christmas treat. A blanket which now costs about two dollars is issued every second year. Medicines and bandages will average about thirty cents a month for each leper. The wages of the doctor, the compounder and hospital assistants, servants, washermen and the sweepers or scavengers use up most of the rest of the money. I used to issue all food to the lepers. I soon learned that I knew so little about Indian food and what the people liked that I was in constant trouble. After talking it over with the lepers, it was decided to give each leper about a pound of grain a day.

Some prefer wheat, some rice, some millet and some a mixture of barley and peas. Whatever they preferred, they had. At their request I built in the asylum a little country store and one of the lepers was put in charge as storekeeper. In this store was kept the many different kinds of pulse, spices, curries and condiments that make Indian food so wondrously tasteful and so marvelously indigestible. After having provided clothing, medicines, servants and the grain ration, it worked out that there was about eight cents a week left for each leper to spend at the store. This was given to him on Saturday morning and he could spend it in any way he liked—buying any luxuries that his fancy dictated and that could be bought at the rate of one cent per day. It was one of the social events of the day for the leper to go and do his shopping. One cent in North India does not buy any more than one cent in North America but Indian merchants are in the habit of selling smaller amounts of commodities. The anna, value two American cents, breaks up into twelve "pies" so that with one American cent a person could buy six different things. Of course it was only a half-teaspoonful of sugar, a soup-spoonful of salt, a head of garlic, a few red peppers or other spices. The amount of ghee or clarified butter that they could buy for one-sixth of a cent was so small, I often thought that if any of them should have been so unfortunate as to lose it he would have to borrow a magnifying glass to find it again. Before any money leaves the Asylum to go out into circulation it is carefully sterilized.

In the early days when I went over to the leper asylum I would be surrounded by a lot of the lepers, fighting, wrangling and squabbling, asking me to decide between them. They would complain that some one had stolen their food or their clothing or their cooking utensils. I am sure that if I had as little of these as the lepers had, I should not have felt very badly at acquiring a little more, even at the expense of my neighbors. I had a great deal of sympathy for the thief, but I had a little more for the man or woman who had lost his dinner, and what is more, I had to provide him with a new one which often put me into serious difficulty. As I studied this quarrelsomeness among the lepers I found that most of it was due to the fact that there were twenty-four hours in every day and the leper had nothing to do but think about himself and his own trouble. He was bound to be into mischief of one sort or another. The leper is the greatest traveler in India. He is constantly going from one shrine or holy place to another, from one "Mahatma," a man claiming to be divine, an incarnation of one of the gods, and, if divine, able to heal all manner of sickness and disease, to another. I have seen one of these Mahatmas sitting on the banks of the Ganges clothed in the four directions, that being sufficient clothing for a god, having wrapped up in a dirty little towel, correspondence

with women, society leaders, in some of our American cities whom he had known when lecturing as a Swami to American audiences. He was telling our students what fools they were to let missionaries teach them the Bible, as it was not taught in America any more. I do not blame the leper for traveling so much, since his quest is in search of health, but it made my work among the lepers very difficult. It seemed as if I were running some sort of a transient hotel where the lepers could come in for a day or two, pull themselves together and out again. In those early days at least ninety-five per cent of the lepers in the asylum on the first of January were off again on their travels before the thirty-first of December. I conceived that the duty of a superintendent of a leper asylum is two-fold. First, he is to care for the leper, and obey Jesus' command to cleanse the leper. Secondly, he is to protect the public from the menace of the leper at large.

After studying a number of occupations, recognizing the physical limitations of the leper, realizing that nothing made in the leper asylum could be sold outside, but must be consumed in the asylum, and having seen the wonderful results of Colonel Hudson's garden in the jail I decided that we would have gardening in the leper asylum. When I announced this to the lepers they said, "But that is work, is it not, Sahib?" I said, "Yes, it can be so considered." They said, "If it is work we don't want anything to do with it." I had to bribe them to take to the work. I gave seeds of fruit, vegetables and flowers to as many as I could persuade to take them. I offered prizes beginning with five rupees, four, three, two, one, down to two annas. With nine months practically rainless every year it is necessary to provide some irrigation. The government very kindly bored deeper the well which gave us an unfailing supply of water. The well cylinder was ninety feet deep and boring was continued another seventy-five feet, a four-inch tube sunk, when we struck an underground stream of water. The usual method of raising water from wells in India is by means of oxen and a big bucket, a long rope, and a pulley wheel set on pillars over the mouth of the well. I followed the custom of the country and bought my first pair of oxen. I paid fifteen dollars for them. I felt quite proud of my bargain. To think of actually buying two live oxen, each one having a head, tail and four legs, for fifteen dollars seemed a great bargain. After these oxen had been at work for some time I made a very interesting discovery. I learned that this pair of oxen could not draw enough water out of that well, to irrigate enough ground, to grow enough food to feed themselves, let alone irrigate enough ground to grow enough food for the lepers. I solved this problem by cabling Montgomery-Ward and getting out a steam boiler and engine, bought a pump, and then the lepers had an abundant supply of good water; gardening was pos-

sible. The first prize that year was won by a woman. I never saw her stand up. She literally had nothing to stand on, but crawling out on her hands and knees with a short length of barrel hoop she played and worked and loved around her little plot until she had a beautiful and productive garden. When the lepers learned that whatever they grew they could have for themselves, that I did not take it from them, gardening became more popular. Their fear had been that I was going to get them to grow the stuff and then take it away from them. We planted out a lot of mango, guava, orange, and lemon trees, papitas and bananas. Imagine I have given a man or woman a banana shoot about eighteen inches high. He plants it and waters it and in that rich soil and sunshine it is soon up ten to twelve feet. The big heart-shaped purple flower appears like the knob of a shepherd's crook and as each petal falls off, out shoots a little green finger-like banana. It is not very long until there is a great big beautiful bunch of bananas. About the time it is ripening I notice a little wooden bed at the foot of a banana plant and I say to the man or woman on it, "Hello, have you taken to living the simple life, do you find that sleeping in the open air improves your complexion?" "O, no, Sahib, it is not that but that my friends and neighbors have become so interested in this bunch of bananas that they are sampling them and if I want any for myself I must stay pretty close by." Or imagine a man with a cauliflower patch or potatoes just about ready. It does not matter what a priest or Mahatma a thousand miles away says about curing leprosy, the man with the garden patch says, "I planted it and watered it and before I leave I am going to taste the fruit thereof." So with the good hand of our God upon us, gardening has been a great blessing to the asylum. It has given the leper something to occupy his time, something more to eat, has made discipline easy and has been of the greatest service in keeping the leper in the asylum. Ninety-eight per cent of the lepers in the asylum have come to regard it as their permanent home. They do not wander, they do not want to be driven out as they have established themselves in their little houses and are as happy as people can be suffering from such a terrible disease.

When the church was about finished a number of the lepers came to me and said, "Whose church is this?" I said, "Well, the ladies in Ireland who sent out the money to build it, said it was to be for lepers, so as far as any church can belong to man it is yours." They said, "Well, if it is our church we would like to have some part in it." I said, "Well, I don't see what you can do, you have no money." They said, "But, Sahib, have we not been praying for this church for years, and if we were praying don't you think we were saving up?" I said, "Well, you get so little that I don't see what you could save out of."

They said, "Well, we have saved and we have got money and we would like to have some part in the church." So they bought the pulpit Bible, the largest the Bible Society puts out in the Hindu language. They also bought a clock and a bell so that they could be prompt in their attendance at service. They give regularly to all the Presbyterian causes. They give to the Bible and Tract Society. During the war they took up two collections a year for comforts for the wounded Indian soldiers, giving in some collections over thirty dollars. I can not go before this leper asylum congregation and tell them of any worthy cause or needy individual but what they say, "Can we not help?" I feel that if there is any person on earth that I could forgive, and forgive gladly, for being selfish and self-centered it is the leper. When one thinks of the misery and the pain of the disease and the mental attitude induced by the suffering, I would not blame the leper for saying, "I get so little that all I get I want for myself," and yet I have known leper men and women, when something appealed to them, to put the whole eight cents into the collection plate at once, denying themselves the pleasure of going to the little country store to do their shopping; living a whole week on bread made without raising of any kind, just meal and water mixed together, in order that their eight cents might go to the spreading of Christ's gospel. To these lepers Christ seems so real, His treatment so practical, that there is an intimacy in the way they speak of Him that shows a depth of faith seldom found.

Fifteen years ago in the American Mission Famine Orphanage at Lalitpur was a girl of seventeen, Frances by name, sweet, attractive, a general favorite, engaged to be married, one of the most capable girls in the institution. There came on her hands, round the joints of her fingers, some sores that refused to heal in spite of the application of every remedy the lady missionaries possessed. An English physician was called in who said the girl was suffering from leprosy and should be removed at once from the orphanage. The lady superintendent wrote to me to ask if the girl could be admitted to the Naini Leper Asylum. I wrote back asking her to send the girl. A few days later while I was seated at breakfast, the arrival of callers was announced. It proved to be Frances and her brother, who had just been graduated from the Methodist Episcopal Theological Seminary at Bareilly. I told them to drive on over to the asylum and I would catch up with them on my bicycle. After finishing my breakfast I rode over and caught up with them just before reaching the asylum. We walked in together. It was not into the new asylum with its fine buildings and well laid out and flourishing gardens, but into that old unspeakable place. Leprosy so often makes me think of strong drink. It is bad enough when it gets control of a man, but infinitely worse when it gets control of a woman.

What the leper women looked like in the early days when I first took charge of the asylum is hard to describe. They were so dirty, so careless of their personal appearance, their faces so hopeless that it did not seem right to call them women, and one strove in vain for a word that adequately described them. Frances, dressed in her beautiful, white flowing garments as for some gala occasion, walked with her brother and me into that awful place. She caught sight of some of those creatures who sat gossiping under the shade of the neem trees. Frances took one look, then she threw her head on her brother's shoulder and sobbed as though her heart would break. "My God," she cried, " am I going to become as they are? Is that what is in store for me?" Her brother had to go back to his work and I had to go back to mine and we must leave her in the Leper Asylum. Frances was so distressed that I was afraid she might attempt to destroy herself so I asked several of the old men to guard the well and to see she did not get into it. A few days later my wife and I were over at the asylum. I said to Frances, "I deeply sympathize with you, I know words are poor things to express what I feel for you in this awful affliction. Yet in spite of it all, is this not true? In that orphanage those American women brought certain things into your life that have made it richer and fuller and better than the lives of the other women in the asylum?" She assented. I then continued, "How would it be for you to try to bring some of those things out of your richer life and put them into the lives of these other leper women and children?" She promised to try. My wife fitted her out with supplies. She started a little school. She taught the women to sing, the children to read and write. She had learned to play the piano in the orphanage. So I got a friend to buy for her a little folding organ. This was a great joy to her and helped her in her work. Gradually there came a transformation over the women's quarters. The houses were made clean and neat and tidy. The women also improved in appearance. They washed their clothes, combed their hair, and tried to make themselves attractive. When the very hot weather came, my wife had to take our little baby daughter up to the mountains. I went to our Women's Hospital and said to the lady in charge, "Dr. Binford, the leper women do so miss the visits of my wife, if you would go over to the asylum some afternoon you would cheer them greatly. They are very grateful for the visits of an American woman." She promised to go and a few days later with Miss Alice Wishart and another lady missionary she drove over. On their way back they drove through the college campus where we were playing tennis. After our game I strolled over to their phaeton. Dr. Binford said, "Mr. Higginbottom, Frances opened her heart to me today. She said that when she first went into the asylum she could not believe that there was a God, or if there were a God, she did not see how He

could be a God of love and afflict anyone as He had afflicted her, but Frances went on to say that now she could see it all. God had a work for her to do, ministering to the other lepers. If she had not herself become a leper she would never have discovered her work, so she said every day I live now I thank Him for having sent me here and given me this work to do."

For fifteen years I have known Frances. I have seen her work. I know that greater than anything she says is the witness of her own life. That first heartbreaking cry I can never forget. Her face is furrowed with pain and suffering. The disease has worked its way in her. The little organ is carefully dusted and polished, but it is never open, she plays it no more. So many of the joints of her fingers have rotted off that she cannot touch the keys. But her face is always radiant, a smile plays about that pain-wrought face. No word of complaint, ever a word of cheer for him that is weary. Most of the women in the asylum are now Christians, after having confessed their faith in the God and Savior they have learned to know through Frances. I know of no human life into which there has come a heavier cross than has come into the life of this Indian leper girl, nor do I know any other human life that has taken its cross and borne it more bravely or with such unflagging courage. And after associating with such Great Hearts as some of the leper Christians I too thank God for having driven me into the leper asylum, having forced upon me a job I did not want and was not looking for, but a job that has provided me with the richest and deepest spiritual experiences of my life.

When I said good-by to the lepers (temporarily, I hope) on the thirteenth day of August, 1919, there were nearly five hundred lepers in the asylum, although the accommodations were for about four hundred, the extra hundred squeezed in on verandahs, under trees, some sleeping on the floor of the church. In the place of the ten acres of land there were nearly one hundred and twenty in a high state of cultivation. There were dairy cattle, silos, and beautiful gardens and orchards. A little over a mile away was one home with nearly forty girls, children of lepers, but untainted, and another home for boys with a like number. These children are being trained and educated. The older of the girls, my wife is training as Bible women and nurses; the older of the boys are being taught modern farming, and all these little children handicapped by such parentage are getting their chance in life. As I look over all that God has wrought in this institution, I thank Him for having allowed me to work among these poor, sorely afflicted people whom Jesus bade His disciples to cleanse.

In February, 1920, there was a conference of leper asylum superintendents held in Calcutta. At this Sir Leonard Rogers, a great author-

ity on tropical disease, read a paper on the progress made by medical science in the treating of this awful disease. It looks as though, in some cases, definite cures had been effected. About forty-two cases in our asylum are receiving his treatment with very great benefit. There is reason for high hopes that this disease can be stamped out with the help of segregation and the medical treatment now being followed. I am frequently asked how it is that my wife and I are able to go among these people as much as we do without contracting it. There is undoubtedly danger. We take every known precaution. We do not believe it right to tempt God by carelessness. We do recognize that if He has given us this work to do it is better for us to do it, even at the risk of contracting the disease, than it is in dodging His will. Fortunately the bacillus of leprosy does not live very long out of its host. Leprosy is nothing like as contagious as small-pox or measles. If it were, pretty nearly everybody in India would have it. The government officials of India from the Viceroy and Lady Chelmsford down, British and Indian, are one and all helping the Mission to Lepers by giving sites for asylums, contributions toward new buildings, grants-in-aid toward the maintenance, so that today the government practically covers every dollar of mission money with one dollar of government funds. As no money is spent for the salaries of superintendents (they all give their services and are supported by their respective missions) it is easy to see that a great deal can be accomplished in caring for the lepers for a small investment of money. The leper that sat by the roadside and, as Jesus passed by, said unto Him, "Lord, if Thou wilt Thou can'st make me clean," is often in my mind. The record tells us that Jesus stretched forth His hand and said, "I will, be thou clean," and immediately his leprosy was cleansed. The leper had been thrust outside the camp, was outside the pale of human society, and Jesus by that touch brought him back into the human family. And I take it that the work of the Mission to Lepers is conceived in the spirit that Jesus showed, of bringing this poor unfortunate, that man despises, back into the human family.

Experiences in India

By REV. SAM HIGGINBOTTOM

Text: Joel 2:21-28—The prophet suggested that after the people have returned to God, He will bless them with a measure of material success and **afterward** a spiritual revival.

I went to India in 1903, a layman, commissioned by the Presbyterian Board of Foreign Missions to do evangelistic work among the low caste people of the Etah district of the United Provinces of Agra and Oudh.

Upon my arrival, my missionary brethren, over my protest, sent me to teach in the Christian college at Allahabad. They did not ask me what I was prepared to teach, or would like to teach. They told me what I had to teach. The subject was Economics. I knew very little about it; I had not been interested in it. The students were Indian, doing their studying in English, a foreign language to them. The text-books were English, or American. There were no illustrations of economic principles drawn from Indian life. So to try and relate the subject to the life about us, we went to find Indian illustrations for economic truths. This brought us to the villages south of the Jamna, near Allahabad. Here I came face to face with something I had not before associated with India. I had thought of India as a rich land, but found the people in the villages more poverty stricken than any I had ever seen. As our group studied this poverty, I saw that such poverty was degrading and debasing, robbed manhood, womanhood, and childhood of all that was best, and most worthwhile in them. I saw that India could never rise in the scale of nations as long as one-third of her population were held in the vice of this poverty. So, I asked missionary educators, and government officials what they were doing to rid India of its poverty. Their answers were unconvincing.

Agriculture is India's main industry. A large majority of the people are engaged in it. I made such a nuisance of myself to my missionary brethren, that finally they said, if you think missions ought to be teaching agriculture as a means of ridding India of its poverty, you go to America and study it. Get a degree in it. See if folk in America will back your faith with their money. So in 1909, with my wife and two children, I returned to America and studied for two academic years, and the summer term, and in 1911 was graduated from Ohio State University with the degree of B. Sc. in Agriculture. Friends in Amer-

ica gave over thirty thousand dollars to begin with, and ever since that time, they have continued their support. This bought about 264 acres of poor land on the banks of the Jamna, just opposite the Christian College. The land was poor and badly gullied, and eroded, infested with bad and unprofitable grasses which the Indians, with their little plows could not eradicate. Much of it had not been ploughed within the memory of man.

The seasons at Allahabad are:—the cold weather, November to early March, for these four months, I know of no more delightful climate. During this season are grown the wheat, barley, peas, flax, mustard, cauliflower, tomatoes, celery, beets, beans, lettuce and potatoes, guavas, bananas, oranges, etc. The temperature during March gradually increases till by April 1st, it is usually over 100° F. From the middle of April till July 1st, is known as the hot weather. Shade temperatures up to 118° F. Sun temperatures up to 179° F. During the hot weather, sugar cane and cotton are planted. During the nine months of the cold weather and hot weather there is an average of less than two inches of rainfall. The monsoon lasts from about July 1st to about October 1st, and gives on the average of about 38 inches of rain. This rain often falls in heavy downpours. I have known of seven or eight inches of rain in as many hours. Any loose soil is likely to be washed away. Crops of the monsoon are sorghum, millet, lady fingers, eggplant, and fodergrasses rice.

To rid the mission farm of these bad grasses, we plowed with an American plow ten inches deep during the hot weather. This dried out these grasses, roots and all. Because we had no caste, we could use manures, which many of my caste neighbors could not use. We did not burn cattle manure, we used it for fertilizer. After some years, this land that had been so poor that we could not rent it for sixteen cents an acre per year, was yielding such crops that if all the cultivated acres of the United Provinces of Agra and Oudh were producing in like manner, then the United Provinces would be perhaps the richest agricultural district in the world.

We have a growing season of twelve months in the year, and can keep the land almost continuously under crop. We get 10 to 14 cuts of alfalfa a year. 30 to 35 long tons of green alfalfa; 20 cuts of guinea grass; 70 to 80 long tons per acre. 4 cuts of Napier grass; 120 long tons per acre per year. Napier grass is the best fodder grass I know.

I thought that all I had to do to rid our part of India of its poverty was to learn how to grow bigger crops more economically, and then my neighbours would copy, and have all they wanted to eat and a surplus to sell. In this I was mistaken. For various reasons my neighbours could not or would not copy our methods. There was caste. There

was the belief in the veneration of the cow. There was the doctrine of reincarnation. There was the doctrine of fatalism, there was the doctrine of Ahmisa. It was the social customs and religious beliefs of my non-Christian neighbours that prevented them taking advantage of the marvelous resources God had given them, and thus in the midst of potential riches, they are the poorest people on the face of the earth.

The people of India are a fine people. I love them and they have taken me to their hearts. They are wonderful friends. They have a great heritage. They had been bold thinkers. They have made invaluable contributions to the life of the world throughout the generations. Most of the things mentioned above as causes of their poverty had an economic and logical and rational origin, but in many instances human life has moved on and out-worn these customs and beliefs.

> "—Our little systems have their day
> They have their day, and cease to be,
> They are but broken lights of Thee,
> And Thou, O Lord, art more than they."

I have not time to indicate fully how caste, veneration of the cow, reincarnation, Ahimsa, fatalism, etc., are the greatest causes of India's poverty. Caste places in the social and economic scale every human by birth. No inheritance of capacity or intellect, or body can overstep the narrow limits of caste. If a man is born of low caste, in spite of a strong body and mind, almost without exception he is compelled to stay in ignorance and poverty. Caste does not permit him to make his best contribution to society. He is limited in what he can do and thus production is limited. Hence, society is poorer. My good friend, Mr. Gandhi, holds to the veneration of the cow. So does almost all Hindu India. Because the cow is worshipped everything of the cow family that is born is allowed to live. The cattle of India are outgrowing the fodder supplies. Hence, many cattle are underfed and the quality is deteriorating. There are millions of surplus and uneconomic cattle in India today that cost India more to keep than the government pays to maintain the fifty thousand British soldiers, and the two hundred thousand Indian soldiers. Mr. Gandhi says he believes in the doctrine of reincarnation because it brings out the eternal justice of God. That is: every being goes through countless incarnations and thus experiences all the bitters and all the sweets of existence till life loses its self-consciousness in Nirvana. Because of this doctrine of reincarnation, and the doctrine of Ahmisa, (non-violence to any living thing) all life is held to be sacred. Thus animals, reptiles, birds and insects harmful to man and to the crops he grows are permitted to multiply, are not destroyed, and today constitute the greatest single cause of India's poverty.

The doctrine of fatalism cuts the nerve of human effort. Man who accepts it ceases to struggle against adverse circumstances. It prevents progress, takes away moral responsibility from the individual, is the most deadly and devastating and enervating doctrine clamped upon humanity.

The lovely, fine people of India have bound themselves with these fetters of custom, and belief, and unaided seem unable to break them.

The Royal Commission on Agriculture has gathered the greatest mine of information ever gathered together regarding Indian agriculture. They point out its marvelous possibilities, but say these possibilities will not be realized until the Indian farmer undergoes a change of attitude toward his customs and beliefs that are now inimical to his prosperity. Nicodemus came to Jesus by night and said, "Rabbi, we know thou art a teacher sent from God." Jesus seems to ignore the introductory remarks of Nicodemus, and says to him, "Except a man be born again, he cannot see the kingdom of God. Nicodemus asks:—How can a man be born again when he is old? I am glad Nicodemus asked this question, and I am glad Jesus answered it, for it forever removes one cause of misunderstanding. "No," Jesus replied, "You who are socially prominent, honored of your fellows, respected by all good men, you will walk about in your accustomed haunts and your friends will recognize your body, but when born of the spirit from above, so profound will your change of attitude be toward Me, and therefore to all your world, that your friends will listen in amazement to you, when you open your mouth and speak and marvel at your changed way of life. For you, Nicodemus, will be a new creation in Me."

The Royal Commission on Agriculture is right. The Indian farmer needs a change of attitude so profound that it will change the centre of his being. Jesus Christ is the only one who is able and willing to bring about this new birth and until India experiences this vital relation to Christ, her most cherished desires will remain unfulfilled.

As a farmer in India I have an increasing appreciation of the Old Testament. It is hard for me to get the view-point of the few preachers in America who disparage this great and holy library, which was our Lord's Bible.

I begin with Genesis. The first two chapters lay down every principle, and the only principles, upon which a continuing progressive human society can exist. This is the most important document, outside the New Testament.

The first command given by Almighty God to man says:—" . . . shall have dominion over the fowl of the air and over the fish of the sea and over every living thing that moveth upon the earth."

Hinduism says, I will not accept this. I will venerate the cow, build temples to the monkeys, worship the snake, the peacock, the elephant. I will not destroy animal or bird or insect-life that spoil my crops. They are entitled to their share. The price that India pays for disobeying this first command of God is that, in the midst of potential plenty, she is the poorest country on God's good earth.

As I go about America, I am surprised at the changed attitude towards foreign missions. A minister recently said America should give nothing to foreign missions as long as there was unemployment and hunger in America. I greatly regret the unemployment and distress in America, but the remedy is not to cut foreign missions off. Many folks talk regarding the Foreign Missionary enterprise as an optional subject in the Christian life, a fifth wheel, something to be taken up last when everything else is taken up. I do not believe this position is Scriptural.

Others say why should America be interested in missions in India. Nearly every one of the 750,000 villages of India lights itself with an American made lamp. The Singer Sewing Machine has almost a monopoly in India. The Remington Typewriter, Palmolive Soap, Standard Oil are there. About 90% of the motor cars of India are American. Also tractors. All these are good things and benefit both India and America. Are they the best that America can send? When Mr. Gandhi boycotts Lancashire Cotton Cloth, many ask what that has to do with the United States. Just this: Most Lancashire Mills use American cotton. When Lancashire calls for fewer American bales of cotton, the Southern farmer is in trouble. And soon the whole United States shares in the depression.

In India I am face to face with civilizations that deny practically everything that Christianity affirms of God, and His nature, and this relation to His world of mankind, and his relations to God, and to His fellows in the home and in society. Of the end of life and the hereafter. Of man's relation to his material world.

Now the best America has either for home consumption or for export is Jesus Christ: He, alone, is able and adequate to all the needs of every man, everywhere, in every department of life. So, I plead with you to reconsider your duty and obedience to Him who said to His disciples, "Go ye, into all the world."

Who Kidnapped and Killed the Lindbergh Baby?

By HON. CLINTON N. HOWARD, D.D.
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One of Four Addresses Given at the Winona Bible Conference

An appropriate text from the New Testament for "Who kidnapped and killed the Lindbergh Baby?" is found in the words of Simeon, in the Gospel according to St. Luke, when he took the Child Jesus up in his arms and blessed God, and said, "Lord, now lettest thou thy servant depart in peace, according to thy word, for mine eyes have seen thy salvation." And to His mother he said, "Yea, a sword shall pierce through thine own soul also." The nails pierced the hands and feet of her first born Son; but a sword pierced through the soul of His mother.

There are few of human kind that that sword has not pierced. That sword has pierced the soul of the Lone Eagle who has become the idol of the nation and the hero of the world. By the side of an empty crib sits a young mother of sorrows, soon again to become a mother, whose soul has been pierced through with that same pitiless sword.

No deed since the assassination of Abraham Lincoln has filled the heart of the nation with such righteous indignation as the abduction and murder of Charles Augustus Lindbergh, Jr. It was the most stupendous crime against childhood, motherhood and the home, since Herod slew the innocents of Bethlehem.

When the mutilated body of that bonnie baby was recovered with its skull crushed, a hand missing, a leg gone, identified by the curly hair, a row of baby teeth and an overlapping toe, that sword went through the soul of the world.

In the book of Judges there is the story of an unspeakable outrage committed upon a wife by the sons of Belial, whose body, after her death, was cut up into 12 pieces and sent into all the coasts of Israel. And it was so, that all that saw it said, "There was no such deed done, nor seen from the day that the Children of Israel came up out of the land of Egypt unto this day."

"And all the Children of Israel gathered themselves together as one man from Dan even to Beersheba, and the Elders of Israel said, Tell us how was this wickedness? And all the men of Israel were knit together as one man."

A shocking, unbelievable, unmentionable crime had knit the nation by its horror, sent 400,000 men into battle and purged the land of its guilt at a cost of 100,000 souls.

From that day to this no crime has so knit a nation together as one man in righteous indignation as the kidnapping of the curly-headed, dimpled Lindbergh baby.

Tell us, how was this wickedness? In what country and what state could such a horror happen? Not in Mexico. Not in Russia. Not in China. Not in Turkey. Not in the black hole of Calcutta. In the United States of America, in the Commonwealth of New Jersey, in this year of our Lord 1932. The blood of that murdered baby like the blood of righteous Abel, cries from the ground.

I have been almost crushed by its enormity. More than once my emotions have mastered me. I understand now better than I ever did the significance of the words that Simeon addressed to Mary when taking the child Jesus up in his arms he said, "Yea, a sword shall pierce through thine own soul."

I know how deep is their wound. Our first born daughter was taken from our home when a child by a tragedy from which her mother never recovered. Our first born son made the supreme sacrifice in the World War air service, and his body was never recovered from its grave in the sea. Another boy bound to me with chords of love and blood, paid the full measure of devotion in the American Engineer division. His body was ground to powder by the first drive of the German tanks against the Allied line. Not a bone in his body was recovered. "I bear in my body the marks of Old Glory," and a sword pierced the soul of their mother also, until the Angel of death in mercy dried her tears and took her to that house not made with hands eternal in the heavens where "there shall be no more death, neither sorrow, or crying, neither shall there be any more pain."

In profound sympathy for Charles and Anne Lindbergh, millions could cry with the Psalmist, "All night long make I my bed to swim, I water my couch with my tears." A picture of that curly-headed bonnie laddie, dressed in the cover-all sleeping robe in which he was stolen from his crib, hangs on the wall of my room, with an appealing expression which goes straight to the heart of any father or mother who has stood, like Mary, at the foot of the Cross of her first born son.

For more than three months there has gone up a bitter cry from the heart of the nation. "Who kidnapped and killed the Lindbergh baby?" It will not down. It will not die. Who stole Charley Ross has survived half a century. Who kidnapped and killed the Lindbergh Baby will be asked by a world unborn. The responsibility for the unspeakable crime goes back further than the conscienceless criminals who committed it. There were accessories before and after the fact who must share with them the full responsibility. Crimes of this character are not alone the result of individual depravity; they are the expression of the mass immorality as reflected in the social, civic and political life of the state. New Jersey in its open and official disregard for the supreme law of the land, is the chief conspirator and accessory before the fact.

Milton said, "The state is a person and has a soul." If that be true, the soul of the State of New Jersey is smeared with guilt of the theft and murder of the Lindbergh baby before the judgment bar of God. For God is the Judge, and "before Him shall be gathered all nations."

Perhaps in no other environment in the United States, if indeed in any other civilized country on earth, could such a crime be perpetrated, except in a state that has flaunted law and trampled the Constitution under its feet as has the State of New Jersey.

New Jersey absorbs the moral sewage of the underworld of New York on the north and west, of Philadelphia on the south and east. It is the No Man's Land of the moral world. The ten million population of New York and Philadelphia spew their submerged human sewage across the Hudson and Delaware Rivers into the dens and dives and dance halls which operate in violation of the laws and the Constitution of the United States. It is the Tia Juana of America, a veritable highway of hell.

And off its coast has been seen the smoke by day, and the lights by night of the rum pirates of the world, waiting to dump their cargoes of high-powered poison on a soil already saturated with the putrefaction of vat and still, permitted to operate openly in violation of the laws of the state and the nation. This is not a careless statement. It is confirmed by official records.

The most capable, conscientious and effective Prohibition Administrator in the Government service is Commander John D. Pennington, who has supervision over the third federal district, which embraces New Jersey, with headquarters in Philadelphia. Prior to his previous appointment to the Pittsburgh District he had thirty years' service in the navy. He is as fearless as a lion robbed of her whelps. He did a good job in the Pittsburgh District, and was promoted to "corrupt and con-

tented" Philadelphia and the lost tribe of the House of Israel—New Jersey, when prohibition enforcement was transferred to the Department of Justice.

Open Insurrection

Commenting on conditions in New Jersey in the New York Times, November 1, 1931, Commander Pennington said: "The present extent of illegal brewing in New Jersey, protected by the espionage system, controlled by racketeers, gunmen and the underworld, guided by disreputable attorneys in their nefarious operations, protected in many instances by corrupt Federal and State officials and permitted to exist by an apathy, impossible to understand, on the part of citizens, is leading to almost open insurrection against the laws of the state and nation."

As an example of this open insurrection against the Federal Constitution there appeared under the head of "business opportunities" on August 15th last, the following advertisement in the Bergen County Record: "For Sale, Saloon doing $40,000 a year business. A live wire can clear at least $20,000 yearly. Never any liquor difficulties. Old People want to retire." This ad was placed by the Bergen Business Brokers, Hackensack, N. J. The Sheriff of Bergen county interviewed by the New York Herald Tribune said that he had listed 540 such places for investigation but that they were not to be disturbed by his deputies "except where the law was violated in their presence!" That condition continues unto this day. On June 16th, 100 agents entered 14 resorts in Hoboken, 9 of them in one block, confiscating $20,000 worth of liquor, and furnishings valued at $45,000, were dismantled. A steadily growing crowd followed the Federal officers from place to place jeering as the intoxicants were being carted away. Judges and juries alike scorn the Constitution. Speaking before the Citizens' Federation of New Jersey, Commander Pennington said: "It is little wonder that we have lax enforcement in this area, when the Assistant Attorney-General of New Jersey is attorney for the Camden Brewery; when a Deputy Attorney-General is attorney for the Union City Brewery, and when a Congressman represents nearly all the gunmen and narcotic peddlers of this entire area."

The official report of the Federal Prohibition Commissioner for the third district for the fiscal year 1931-32 shows 370 stills seized. On January 30th, one 10,000 gallon steel still was seized in Hoboken, N. J., with the following equipment: two 150 high power boilers, two electric oil burners, one steam pump, twelve 10,000-gallon wooden vats, four 5,000-gallon wooden vats, three 200-gallon vats, two 1,000-gallon receiving tanks, two 1,000-gallon copper dephlegmators, two

1,000-gallon copper condensers, two 40x48 copper columns, three electric motors, pumps, miscellaneous hose and fittings. 33 stills were seized during the month of January. Other large seizures included: Newark, two 15,000-gallon stills; Orange, 25,000-gallon stills; Garfield, two 15,000-gallon stills; Bayonne, two 25,000-gallon stills—two months later two 50,000-gallon stills; Newark, two 18,000-gallon stills; Passaic, two 14,000-gallon stills; New Brunswick, two 25,000 gallon stills; Bergin, one 10,000-gallon still; Newark, two 60,000-gallon stills. This plant, which had been in operation within the city of Newark for six months, had an average daily capacity of 30,000 gallons of alcohol. While the raid was being made the motor of the federal car had been smashed and the tires cut to ribbons. In eight months prior to March 1, 1932, 1,807,647 gallons of beer were seized, including 344 truck loads, 63 passenger cars and 49 freight car loads.

Recently, a New Jersey jury in Federal Court acquitted a score of men charged by the Government with operating a fleet of rum ships out of St. Pierre and Bermuda, with bases stretching along the New Jersey coast from Atlantic City to Sag Harbor, with radio connection and airplane fleets operating in collusion with local officers. The ring was rounded up by 130 Federal agents, and 50 of the conspirators were indicted. When the Government lost the case in Federal Court sitting in Newark, according to the New York Times report, "There was a burst of laughter and applause among the defendants." Government witnesses were jeered in open court. The gang gave the Government the laugh and walked out of court, just as the gang in New York cheered the wise-cracking "tin box" Mayor Walker when the Seabury searchlight exposed his corrupt administration. Tammany New York and Gangland New Jersey are the political Siamese twins of perdition.

"Political Connections"

"In a subsequent address at Atlantic City, Commander Pennington said: 'Disloyal, dishonest and incapable officials, frequently controlled by political connections which profit by the existence of the underworld' were responsible for the crime breeding in New Jersey." He blamed laxity on the part of officials for the existence of a counterfeiting plant in which the great seal of the State of New Jersey was counterfeited, the operation of the Micky Duffy gangsters, the escape of persons who set off a bomb in a Trenton building which injured four federal agents and killed an innocent man, and the murder of a federal agent in a raid on a brewery at Elizabeth. The Federal Commissioner concluded: "If what I have said of New Jersey is treason, they may shoot when ready and make the most of it."

Candidates and political parties vie with each other in their abject

surrender to the spirit of lawlessness that has made a scrap of paper of the most sacred obligation upon the soul of the state to enforce its laws and uphold the Constitution of the United States. From Sheriff to Senator, from Constable to Chief Magistrate, the one qualification to public favor, appointment or election, has been a willingness to condone the breaking of the highest law of the land.

No office was too high, no public trust too sacred, that candidates of both political parties were not willing to make its nullification and repeal their chief claim to the support of the voters. All must bear the image of the beast upon their foreheads and fall down and worship King Alcohol as the price of their nomination and election.

Democratic Edwards rode into the governor's chair and into the United States Senate on a platform "to make New Jersey as wet as the Atlantic Ocean" despite the Constitution. He met a tragic end and died by his own hand. Republican United States Senators Edge, Kean, Barbour and the high-minded Dwight W. Morrow, the grandfather of the kidnapped baby, proved no exception.

United States Senators from New Jersey subservient to the liquor outlaws, are being used as their tools to secure the separation of that state from the Third Federal District to escape the vigilance of Prohibition Commissioner John D. Pennington, and set up a sovereign district of their own, free from "outside interference," as they designate the Philadelphia Federal Office.

"We are a populous State," Senator Kean said, "and we pay enough of the taxes to have our own prohibition district apart from outside interference." This "outside" interference is the Constitution of the United States. They demand that the United States shall respect the sovereignty of New Jersey on the liquor question as John C. Calhoun and Jefferson Davis demanded that the United States should respect the sovereignty of South Carolina and Mississippi on the Slavery Question. This recognition of New Jersey's sovereignty is demanded on the ground that the activity of the Federal Commissioner has made it more difficult to obtain campaign contributions for Republican candidates.

An argument prevailed at Chicago at both national conventions when the millionaire wets refused to make campaign contributions unless both parties abandoned prohibition and adopted wet platforms, so that they might shift their income taxes to the shoulders of the beer drinking workers.

Even the high-minded Dwight W. Morrow, the grandfather of the kidnapped baby, proved no exception.

The first campaign speech of Senator Morrow on his return from the Peace Conference at London, which I heard in Newark, was a

complete surrender to the organized nullifiers, and was cheered to the echo by the rabble who occupied the reserved front rows. You would regard it as a gross exaggeration if I should repeat now what I witnessed on that occasion. Death draws the veil.

There was a primary campaign on in New Jersey. The Democrats had nominated a mediocre and wet candidate. The drys pinned their hopes to Dwight W. Morrow, the capable, clean, and total abstaining Christian Republican. Among over 100 mass meetings which I addressed in New Jersey was one in Englewood, his home city, where he was held in highest esteem. I was held to a strict accountability by the pastors for even expressing a doubt about what would be Mr. Morrow's stand to be announced in his opening address on his return from the peace conference at London. His grocer, the superintendent of his estate, the architect who built his home, and the family nurse, for years a member of the Morrow household, all vouched for him.

But I knew the power of the political organization. I had seen it take more than one eminent and worthy man up into an exceeding high mountain and show him all the kingdoms of the political world and the glory of an election, and instead of saying, get thee behind me Satan, fall down and worship the organization.

This invisible hand has reached all the way to the White House and a President recalled from his message to Congress strong words in support of the Eighteenth Amendment after they had been released and were in the hands of the daily press. And more recently we have seen a President of the United States, the idol of every Christian voter within his party, surrender to the clamor of the wet wing of his party and agree to a plan for the abrogation of the Eighteenth Amendment by a vote of the states, which Senator Borah says would result in Constitutional chaos and endanger the very life of the Union.

It began with the surrender of Senator Morrow to the Great Red Dragon of the Revelation, with seven heads and ten horns, that stood before a woman great with child waiting to devour her baby as soon as it was born, and culminated in the kidnapping and murder of the Lindbergh baby. I was an eye witness to that surrender by the honored grandfather of the kidnapped child.

Having urged Mr. Morrow in my address in the Presbyterian Church at Englewood and in written appeals, which he acknowledged in his own hand, to "stand by the Constitution, the national Republican platform and the President," I went over from New York to attend the opening mass meeting of his campaign on his return from London, on Thursday night, May 15, 1930. I was among the first arrivals, occupied a front seat, and listened to the conversation among the managers and the orders given by the ushers.

I pledge you my word that I never saw such a gang of hoodlums in any public gathering, low browed, bullet headed, weasel eyed, leather lunged, lumpy jawed, white and black denizens of the gangland world as were brought into that auditorium and marched to the front rows reserved for the organization gang. Noise producing contraptions were brought into the hall to add to the din. When Mr. Morrow made his surrender to the demands of the wet mob, when he came out for the repeal of the 18th Amendment and for states rights for liquor, pandemonium reigned. I never saw or heard its like,—band, sirens, bells, whistles, horns and screeching human voices mingled.

Mr. Morrow, startled and embarrassed by the explosion, went white as a sheet, his articulation faltered, his tongue stammered, his hands fluttered to stem the violent outbreak. "No, no, no, no!" he cried, and amid the confusion, he fled from the platform without finishing the manuscript he was reading and which had already been released to the press. He continued his wet campaign, and Mrs. Morrow, grandmother of the kidnapped baby, became the honored guest at wet banquets held by the Women's Association for Prohibition Reform.

It was an encouragement to the bootleggers and law breakers of the state, and by that surrender to the demand of the underworld to repeal the law they became accessories to the kidnapping of their own grandchild. In more than one hundred mass meetings held, I warned them of righteousness, temperance and judgment to come, as Paul reasoned before Felix. I quote a paragraph from my address:

"When the profit from bootlegging the Constitution is not sufficient to satisfy their lust for gold, their greed for gain, the underworld will turn its attention from the Constitution to your children and substitute babies for beer. They will invade your home under the cover of night and steal the sleeping babe from the crib as Herod sought to kidnap the Christ Child from the manger of Bethlehem."

But they turned a deaf ear. Mr. Morrow was triumphantly nominated and elected by over 250,000 majority by the voters of New Jersey. From that day his power, his prestige and his influence waned, and soon after his election he went to sleep in perfect health and woke up in eternity, without once having his voice heard on the floor of the Senate. "God moves in a mysterious way, his wonders to perform; He plants His footsteps in the sea and rides upon the storm."

"For thus saith the Lord, Lift not up your horn on high; speak not with a stiff neck. For promotion cometh neither from the east, nor from the west, nor from the south. But God is the judge, He putteth down one and setteth up another. For in the hand of the Lord there is a cup, and the wine is red; it is full of mixture and he

poureth out of the same; but the dregs thereof, all the wicked of the earth shall wring them out and drink them." (Ps. 75:5.)

Is it any wonder that out of this soil, saturated with sedition against the Constitution, surrendered to the drink outlaws for a mass of political pottage, should grow to maturity and its perpetrators defy discovery, the most appalling crime against childhood, motherhood and the home, in the annals of civilization.

And before this invisible empire of criminals, the police power of New Jersey, itself the creature of that empire, lay prone and prostrate, incapable either to detect the kidnappers or to recover the body of the murdered child, lying exposed within five miles of the crib from which he was stolen. The distracted father, on the advice of his attorneys, turned to gangdom as a more dependable agency than the state of New Jersey for the recovery of his son. It was a breakdown of civilization in New Jersey. It was a national humiliation.

Who Kidnapped and Killed the Lindbergh Baby?

It does not require a stretch of the imagination to believe that the bootleggers of the outlaw state of New Jersey kidnapped the Lindbergh baby, cracked its skull and concealed its body to obtain a pirate's ransom and as a lever to bring back legalized liquor. Even the monumental liar and arch deceiver Curtis was a builder of rum runners; and confessed his treachery while the guest in the Lindbergh home by the arrival of a bootlegger who had threatened to take him for a ride, as reported in the press.

We do not know the names of the persons who kidnapped the Lindbergh baby, but the outlaw state of New Jersey stands branded with the responsibility for the crime before the bar of God. Shall we Jerseyize the nation in the coming presidential election? God save America from making any compromise with the murderers of the Lindbergh baby! If drink comes back the childhood of the nation will be kidnapped both body and soul. Millions of them will be damned into the world from the hour of their drunken conception.

Who kidnapped and killed the Lindbergh Baby? New Jersey, Thou art the man! Thou art weighed in the balances and art found wanting. But New Jersey is not alone responsible. "Suppose ye that those Galileans whose blood Pilate mingled with the sacrifices, were sinners above all the Galileans, because they suffered such things? Or those eighteen upon whom the tower of Siloam fell, and slew them, think ye that they were sinners above all men that dwell in Jerusalem? I tell you, nay, but except ye repent, ye shall all likewise perish."

Who kidnapped and killed the Lindbergh Baby? Let him that is without sin cast the first stone at New Jersey. New Jersey is not the

only state that has nullified and bootlegged the Constitution of the United States, Massachusetts, Rhode Island, Connecticut, Maryland, Pennsylvania, Ohio, Indiana, Illinois, New York—Thou art the man.

Uncle Sam, thou art the man.

You have sown the wind and you have reaped the whirlwind, and there is more to follow, as John Brown said on the way to his execution when the slave power had its hour of triumph, "the end of this is not yet!" "Judgment also will I lay to the line, and righteousness to the plummet."

Abraham Lincoln said: "I see the storm coming and I know that God's hand is in it. For every drop of blood drawn by the lash another must be drawn by the sword. The country has temporized with this evil of slavery until now the cup of inquity is full, and the vials of divine wrath will be poured out." They were poured out, and they will be poured out again if we restore the legalized liquor traffic.

The kidnapping and killing of the Lindbergh baby is only the natural fruit of the tree of lawlessness which the people of that state have planted and nourished to maturity. They have been bitten by the viper that they have taken to their bosom, and the viper struck the most vital part of the state, the very heart of our civilization, the crib in the nursery. Like Moses, the Lindbergh baby was a "proper child" and no one may know the price that the world will pay for the murder of that baby boy.

The curly-headed son of Col. and Anne Lindbergh is a martyr to the truce which the American people have made with the god of passion, the greed for gain, the lust for office, the appetite for alcohol, the avarice of the underworld, and the outcry against the Constitution. And God will require it at their hands. "Shall not my soul be avenged on such a nation as this?" For whatsoever a nation soweth that shall it also reap. If it sows to the flesh of the flesh it shall reap corruption. We cannot survive if we bootleg the Constitution; we cannot build this republic on a rock that leaks; we cannot preserve America in alcohol. America is doomed and damned if it returns to the legalized saloon.

Let the drink dragon get his nose under the Constitution and the last state of this country will be worse than the first. We can say in the words of St. Peter, it has happened unto America "according to the true proverb; the dog has turned again to his own vomit, and the sow that was washed, to its wallowing in the mire." We are on the brink of an impending disaster. We have become the most lawless nation in the civilized world. Crime is the second largest industry in the United States. Over 3,000 kidnappings have occurred in the last three years. We invite the scorn of the civilized world. When the

body of the dismembered Lindbergh baby was recovered the press of Europe called us a Kingdom of kidnappers, a Republic of Racketeers and Rum Runners, the money mad moron among the nations, and prophesied our early decay and dissolution.

The wets have tried to make capital out of the monumental crime of kidnapping the Lindbergh baby to bring back beer, and with it the bar, and with them the bums, by charging it up to prohibition.

As well blame our annual crop of 10,000 murders and 15,000 suicides and our army of thieves, robbers and adulterers on the Ten Commandments! One would suppose that none of these crimes existed in this country and that kidnapping was unknown, until after the adoption of the 18th Amendment. We know better!

How about the kidnapping of Willie Whitla, from Sharon, Pa. How about the kidnapping of Edward Cudahy, who was stolen from Omaha, Nebraska. How about Charlie Ross who was stolen from Philadelphia, when I was a boy.

That was before Prohibition. They even attempted to kidnap and kill the boy Jesus, "And an angel of the Lord appeared unto Joseph by night in a dream and said, 'Arise and take the young child and flee into Egypt, for Herod will seek the young child to destroy him'." That was before Prohibition. And the boy Joseph was kidnapped by his wicked brethren and sold for ransom to the Midianites and carried captive into Egypt. And that was before Prohibition! The bootleggers and their patrons and their apologists cry, Look what Prohibition has brought upon us! Prohibition has failed, they cry! No, Prohibition has not failed; Prohibition has been betrayed.

The bad conditions complained of are not the result of prohibition, they are, as Henry Ford says, the result of liquor.

The remedy is not to repeal the law but to enforce the law. Prohibition has failed, the wets cry. No, prohibition has not failed; it has been betrayed. Like our Lord it has been betrayed in the house of its friends. It has been crucified between two political thieves.

After twelve years of political betrayal and shameless non-enforcement at the hands of its enemies, after it has been defied by drinkers, bombed by bootleggers, hanged by hijackers, raided by rumrunners, juggled by juries, treated with contempt by the courts, prejudiced by the press, profaned by presidents, satirized on the screen, ridiculed by the radio, taken for a ride by the railroads, reviled by Republicans, damned by the Democrats, Wickershammed by the Wets, put on the spot by the politicians, canonaded by Canada, submarined by the states, and fired upon by the pirates of the seven seas, flying the flag of friendly nations, we are asked by its violators to consent to its nullification,

its modification, its repeal, to haul down our colors and enlist under the black flag of piracy, mutiny and treason, and crucify the Constitution.

They Shall Not Pass

What is our answer? "They shall not pass." "The same day there came certain of the Pharisees, saying unto Him, 'Get thee out and depart hence; for Herod will kill Thee.' And Jesus answering said unto them. 'Go ye and tell that fox, behold, I cast out devils'."

We cast out Beelzebub, the prince of devils, when we cast out the legalized liquor traffic, and having put our hands to the plow, we do not intend to look back until we have cast out all its surviving satellites, scofflaws, rumrunners, bootleggers, kidnappers and booze politicians and make this country in fact what it is in principle, a town wide, city wide, state wide, nation wide, rock ribbed, bomb proof, bone dry, never leak, and never die Prohibition nation to the salvation of humanity and the glory of God. This is the American Alcoholic Armageddon to be fought out in the next presidential election.

It must needs be that offenses come, but woe unto that party by whom the offense cometh. Good were it for that party that a millstone were hanged about its neck and it were cast into the depths of the sea.

The World's Blackest Assumption

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"IF Christ be not risen, THEN"—I Cor. 15:14.

"But now is Christ risen"—I Cor. 15:20.

If the Bible were a "spacious firmament on high" and each "if" in the Bible were a star—what a bewildering and dazzling multitude of constellations we would have. "Ifs" everywhere in the Bible—like birds in a forest. "Ifs" everywhere—like flowers in a garden. "Ifs" everywhere—like mysterious stars in a strange sky. "Ifs" here and there—like vari-colored windows in a house. "Ifs" everywhere—like furrows in a field. "IF ye have faith." "IF any man drink." "IF ye do whatsoever I command you." "IF a man love me." "IF ye ask anything." "IF any man hear my voice." "IF I go." "IF we confess our sins." "IF a son, then an heir." "IF the world hate you." "IF it be thou." And so on—"if," "if," "if."

What royal roads "IF" opens up for us to travel! What palace doors "IF" throws wide! What treasure chests "IF" unlocks! What light "IF" radiates! What darkness "IF" maintains! What sweetness! What bitterness! What music "IF" creates! What moans "IF" starts! And what pain! And what joy! What Niagaras of glory "IF" unveils! What Mammoth Caves of terror it explores! What wild oceans "IF" voyages on! What unknown continents "IF" discovers! What glorious affirmations "IF" declares! What black assumptions "IF" shouts abroad!

But of all the terrors "IF" introduces, of all the dire assumptions "IF" sets forth, not one is as terrible and as black and as bitter as the black assumptions in the sentence "IF Christ be not risen, THEN." Fasten your eyes upon the midnight gloom of that dark assumption. Hearken to the shrieks and frightful mutterings of despair in that dire supposition. Walk with me along this cold and flowerless road—"IF Christ be not risen." A road it is filled with stones and not one smooth spot, girt with fatal pits and dread abysses of woe. A road of night. A road of plight. A road of blight. A road where summer sun never shines. A road where icy blasts reign with sullen and relentless fury. A road where horrors of horrors assail us. A road where the concentrated terrors of all despairs surround us. A road where woeful

sorrows rule ever, where blessed joys rule never. A road it is where no wayside well refreshes us, where no table is prepared for us in the presence of our enemies or friends, where no bed is spread for our rest—"if Christ be not risen"!

If Christ be not risen, then

"Our Preaching Is Vain"

Vain—all our preaching. Empty—all our preaching. Deceitful—all our preaching. Void of reality our preaching. What a horrible statement—"our preaching is vain!" If Christ be still in the tomb, our preaching, even **all** preaching, is a pathetic fiasco. All the preaching of all the centuries is just century-long drought with no refreshing rain. All the preaching of all the ages from Noah till this hour is age-long famine with no food. All the preaching done by martyrs with rattle of chain and with arm of fire is age-long fury with no quieting—age-long darkness with no light, age-long pain with no palliative.

"Our preaching vain!" Then all preaching has become the base prostitution of philosophic finery and skeptical speculation which has gone through the **heaven**—and told us that there is no gold. And through **hell**—and told us there is no **fire** there. And through the **Cross**—and told us there is no **sacrifice** for **sin** there. And through **Christ**—and told us there is no **God** there. And through **Olivet slopes**, with its sweet farewell memories—and told us there is no **truth** there in the promise to return again. And through the **future**—and told us there is no **meeting** there. And through all **sorrow**—and told us there is no **comfort** there. And through all **providence**—and told us it is all an **idle dream.** And through all **prayer**—and told us it is a useless **exercise.** And through all **sin**—and told us there is **no forgiveness** there. And through all **farewells**—and told us they are forever and ever.

"If Christ be not risen," all our preaching is worse than stupid bickerings, worse than the noisy hawkings of a circus vendor of trifles, worse than bombastic blabber, worse than puny and petty prattle, worse than idiotic chatter. "If Christ be not risen," our preaching is no more than silly scrofula on the face of intelligence, no more than a ghastly eczema that has spread from pulpit to pew on the face of a weeping world—nothing less than sheer blasphemy. "If Christ be not risen," then our preaching is a lamp gone out, and we shall not see it lit again. All preaching is the peevish whining of a feverish child, "if Christ be not risen." If Christ be yet in His shroud, all our preaching is frost and ice and barrenness instead of summer glories and autumn fruitage. "If Christ be not risen"—guilty are all the preachers of all the centuries of giving dry bones for meat, of giving muddy batter for bread, of giving scorpions for eggs, and serpents for fish. "If Christ be

not risen"—my preaching, your preaching, the preaching of all poets and pulpiteers and apostles and hymn writers is no more than the monotonous tom-tom at a maddening barbaric dance in the jungle. No balm in any preaching for torn spirits. No hope in any preaching for aching hearts. Vain is all preaching! Empty! Void of reality!

Start from now and travel back across the centuries! All the preaching of flaming evangelists is in vain! All the preaching of **Talmadge,** when tens of thousands crowded the streets as he played on a harp of a thousand strings—is vain. All that **Spurgeon** said through many years when he preached to thousands every Sunday—is vain. **Whitfield,** riding the country over, crossing the ocean many times—preaching on land and sea, but all in vain. **Jonathan Edwards,** throwing revival torches everywhere could have spent his time better twirling his thumbs. **Moody,** taking one continent in one hand and another continent in another hand and rocking them both toward God—but it was all vain. **Wesley** carried his proclamation on wings of flame to every part of his native land. He proclaimed the Gospel to the miners of Northumberland, to the privileged students of Oxford, to the poor and underprivileged peasantry of Ireland. He went across seas and proclaimed it on the unfamiliar soil of Georgia. But what vanity—"if Christ be yet dead." Truett opened fountains of penitential tears with wooing preaching. Carroll, theological juggernaut, crushed opponents of truth with mighty preaching. Dement, as gentle dew on flowers, preached with power. Joe Parker preached till men became unaware of their surroundings. Robert Hall, in his most impassioned moods, drew men out of their seats with his preaching. Christmas Evans stirred the land as when a storm hits it. William Carey, preaching with pen and word of mouth, opened the blind alleys of ignorance into endless highways of wisdom for millions of people. Adoniram Judson's preaching turned the wilderness into a garden, uprooted the thorn tree, and planted the cedars of God. To many others who preached with tongue of flame and heart of fire, men listened as slaves to an emancipation proclamation, as children frightened at the roar of a storm, as soldiers to a call of the bugle.

But "if Christ be not risen," all that Beecher and Broadus ever preached, when all the bells in their belfry rang for God, is empty chatter. All the preaching that caused white haired penitents to kneel at the throne of Grace with little children is noisy squawking. What was called Divine fire becomes just jack-o-lanterns—"if Christ be not risen." The days when the fire of God was borne to the ends of the earth is just a dream. All the preaching that brought heaven down to earth, that brought the glory of God to communities where vice and wickedness walked naked and unashamed, that put a stop to drunken-

ness and blasphemy, that made restitution to the utmost an eager joy, that revived family worship—all such preaching is vain, "if Christ be not risen."

Try to feel the irony of it! "IF Christ be not risen." Suppose when the Emancipation Proclamation went forth—just when the slaves were beginning to stretch their limbs in deliverance—that there had come the news that it was not so, that the heralds had been deceived, and that the Emancipation was a delusion, that grim bondage still held the field!

Suppose after you had watched all the night by the bedside of a sick loved one, the doctor should say that the loved one was better and stronger and on the road to recovery! Then he should tell you that it was all a mistake, that your loved one was worse—that your loved one was dying.

Suppose your house is on fire—while you are in a distant city. And you knew it. And then the news came that the fire was out and all your precious treasures had been saved. But immediately the news came that it was not so—that your house and your treasures were ashes.

Suppose news came of a dreadful shipwreck. News came that all on board were saved—including your beloved children. And then, on the heels of that, should come the stark announcement that all were drowned—and your own dear ones were in ocean's deep sepulchres.

Suppose there were three hundred men in prison, and a man came and announced a pardon for all of the three hundred. And then, just as they were taking off the prison garb and just as they were looking out to the great outdoors, the news should come that it was not a pardon. What irony! What a cruel disappointment!

That is how Paul felt about his own great proclamation—if Christ were still in that Syrian grave. Think of Paul taking empires off their hinges—with his preaching in the power and demonstration of the Spirit. Think of him facing hostility, facing persecution, facing suffering, facing shame, facing the menace of death in order to sound this proclamation in the public ear. In Antioch, in Ephesus, in Phillippi, in Athens, Corinth, he shunned not to declare the whole armour of God. He went to all the great world centers to tell this great news. He stormed the capitals of proud empires in the name of Jesus. But it was all in vain if Christ were still in the tomb, even as all the preaching that ever comforted human hearts and led eyes to the light is in vain! All vain! All void of reality—"if Christ be not risen!"

"If Christ be not risen," then

"Your Faith Is Vain"

Let us look upon and think upon another black and horrible assumption.

"If Christ be not risen"—"your faith is vain." Faith—empty. Faith—an empty bubble. Faith—a tawdry trinket. Faith's anchor chains are broken. Faith's fires are out. Faith's courage is worse than cowardice. Faith's hope is despair. Faith's flowers are frost killed.

Someone has said: "All music is not for the ear. A master painting, the colors all harmonizing one with the other, is music on canvass. A grand cathedral, every part harmonizing with every other part, is music in stone. A garden of flowers, filling the air with sweet odors that please, is music in perfume. Words, written or spoken that thrill our souls, harmonizing with conscience and truth, are music in thought. Sometimes the emotions of the soul, too deep for utterance, make music that we can not express. Various Christian graces are really music. Hope is music in harmony with the faithfulness of God. Obedience is music in harmony with the authority of God. Prayer is music —harmony with the will of God. Righteousness is music—harmony with God's truth and holiness. Gratitude is music—harmony with the love of God. And Faith is music—harmony with facts, not just a blind trust in an unknown quantity." But, "if Christ be not risen," our faith as music is a mournful monotony of jangling inharmony, no more than a raucous cat cry of dawdling.

To whom is the Apostle Paul writing? To a little company of believers. And where does this little company of believers live? In Corinth. And what kind of a city is Corinth? A city, gay, shallow, wild, wicked, materialistic—a boiling cauldron of manifold iniquity. With what did they have to contend in this evil city? With falsities, with evasions, with ambiguities, with sophistries, with mean expediencies, with illicit compromises, with corruption housing itself in a white lie, with the world and the flesh and the devil. And from what had these believers separated themselves? From the fond attachments of a life time. They severed themselves from venerable roots, for Christ. This made them strangers in their own home, their trust in Christ had made them foreigners in their native land, their loyalty to Christ had made them pilgrims in their own country, their experience and environment made them tropical plants in an arctic zone. They had listened to His preaching—had put their trust in the Christ of God. Christ was the harbor in which they had anchored their souls. By faith they went about Corinth quietly, rejoicing under the banner of the Saviour's love. By faith they faced anything—faced **every**thing. By faith they dared anything—dared everything. By unshaken faith in Christ, they achieved

greatness, manifested heroic achievement, rendered helpful service. And yet—and yet—"IF Christ be not risen"—their security was a nightmare, "IF Christ be not risen," their faith was rooted in delusion. "If Christ be not risen," their faith house had a foundation laid in fiction. "If Christ be not risen," their faith had nothing about it of eternal reality and truth.

So now—apply this to yourself. "If Christ be not risen," **your** faith is just the wild nightmare of a disordered brain—just the frightful ache of a heart doomed to despair. "If Christ be not risen," **your** testimony is just the frightful mutterings of a man doomed to insanity. "If Christ be not risen," **you** walk with aimless feet, with no God to guide in your gloom, with no God to help in your hazards, with no rod and staff to comfort you.

Moreover, to go back, "if Christ be not risen," then Abel's offering of a more excellent sacrifice than Cain—is all a myth. Then Enoch was not translated that he should not see death. Then Noah, preparing the ark, was just manifesting a mad freakish stubbornness. Then Abraham was a fool when "he went out knowing not whither he went." Then Moses chose foolishly when he chose "rather to suffer affliction with the people of God, than to enjoy the pleasures of sin for a season; esteeming the reproach of Christ greater riches than the treasures of Egypt: for he had respect unto the recompense of the reward." (Heb. 11:25-26). And the whole house of Fame in this grand recital in Hebrews, the eleventh chapter, is a wreck, and it falls upon those within as the house of Dagon fell on Samson. And the men Christ sent out to capture fortresses with no weapons save their bleeding fingers and their prayers—went out in vain. And the disciples who met the stone, the club, and the sword with forgiveness and the martyr's courage—did so all in vain. And all the martyrs of the Christian centuries, who rolled their psalms to wintry skies, were inspired by a faith which really had its ultimate springs in a sealed and undisturbed grave. And our churches, too, are founded upon vanity—a fog bank, not rock. And the goodly fellowship of Christian hymns is mournful chatter—meaningless. And our prayers are only vapory sentiments. And our sacrifices and worship are flashes of deceptive fires blowing over the gloomy reign of death.

"If Christ be not risen"

"We Are Found False Witnesses of God"

Not **mistaken** witnesses, but **false** witnesses. That stung Paul—wounded him to the quick. Paul was proud of his honour. He had done enough to be recognized as a lover of the truth, and a defender of the truth. He had lost his last article of property—for Christ. He

had been stripped naked—for Christ. He had been left in cold and hunger, in nakedness, in thirst. And yet he was a false witness—and knew it. He suffered much—all to be a liar. A false witness he—"if Christ were yet dead." And that about God. He attributes Christ's resurrection to God. If the dead rise not—he has lied about God. What imposture more iniquitous could he conceive?

Paul never surrendered a fact. He said that he had met Jesus on the Damascus road and that he was saved then and there. In their desperation to make a myth of Jesus, some have suggested that Paul's conversion and vision of Christ were due to epilepsy and a thunderstorm. I agree with the one who said: "If I knew the brand of epilepsy he had and the kind of thunder storm he encountered, I should pray God that He smite every unbeliever with an epileptic attack and shake the world with perpetual thunder." I would.

In the case of Paul and his fellow witnesses, there was no innocent artifice, no excusable hallucination. It was simply a matter of plain testimony—plain testimony given by many intelligent, reliable witnesses to an external concrete fact. Either Christ rose from the dead OR they lied in saying He did. But liars are not ethical teachers. And body-stealers and tomb-breakers are not martyrs. Vandals are not evangels. Was there, with Paul and his fellow witnesses, a motive for such a falsehood? Had they anything to gain by such a lie? Were they profited anything in any way by declaring the resurrection of Christ, if Christ did not rise from the dead? What fruit was there in such a lie? What harvest could grow on such barrenness of thought? Their interest, as others wiser than I have said, all lay the other way. The testimony that Christ had risen meant loss of property. Such testimony meant the crucifixion of every worldly ambition. Such testimony meant buffeting, such testimony meant homelessness, such testimony meant persecution. Such testimony meant that they would be reviled, such testimony meant that they would be defamed, and counted the offscouring of the earth.

Think of what it meant to Paul to give the testimony that Jesus had risen from the dead. He was in danger of his life in Damascus. He was coldly suspected by his fellow believers in Jerusalem. He was stoned in Lystra. He was assaulted in Iconium. He was beaten with many stripes in Philippi. He was attacked by a lewd and envious crowd in Thessalonica. He was pursued by callous enmity in Berea. He was despised in Athens. He was blasphemed in Corinth. He was exposed to the fierce wrath of the Ephesians. His life was endangered by shipwrecks, by robbers, by rivers, by sleepless nights, by hunger, by cold, by starvation. All this to be a FALSE WITNESS? A conclusion contrary to all REASON. Only a crazy man would endure such hard-

ship and hazards to propagate a lie. "I count all things but loss that I may know him and the power of His resurrection and the fellowship of His suffering!" He was standing on a fact when he said that.

"If Christ be not risen"

"Ye Are Yet in Your Sins."

What an oppressively black assumption! Poor slaves we are—just dreaming of flashing fountains, awaking to find ourselves suffering with intolerable thirst. Burden bearers—just dreaming of rest, awaking to find ourselves crushed to the earth and panting underneath our crushing load. We had been believing we had come into Christ's freedom, gladness, and light. But it was just a dream, and still we are in bitter bondage, sorrow, and night. We had been believing we had come into Christ's health, and wealth. But it was a lie, and still we find ourselves in our sickness and poverty. We had been believing that we had been emancipated and our imprisoned feet had been brought into a large place—a liberal place. We had heard each other in great choruses of confirmation sing of our glorious liberty. But, "if Christ be not risen," it is only a fanciful freedom. We had been thinking that our feet had been taken out of the miry clay and placed on the solid rock—that a new song had been put in our mouths and our goings established. But "if Christ be not raised," we are pitiable victims of a collossal delusion. All our sins, like blood thirsty wolves, howl around us, robbing us of joy. All our sins, like hissing serpents, wrap themselves around our feet and keep us from walking in paths of peace. All our sins, like snarling tigers, pounce upon us and wound us with many wounds. All our sins, like poison adders hid in cups of wine, rise up to smite our mouths, saying that all our testimony is false! All a lie—"if Christ be not raised."

"Let the wicked forsake his way and the unrighteous man his thoughts; and return unto the Lord, and he will have mercy upon him; and to our God, for he will abundantly pardon." (Isa. 55:7). What a lie—"if Christ be not risen." "All that the Father giveth me shall come to me; and him that cometh to me I will in no wise cast out" (John 6:37). What a lie—"if Christ be not risen." "Wherefore I say unto you, all manner of sin and blasphemy shall be forgiven unto men: but the blasphemy against the Holy Ghost shall not be forgiven unto men." (Matt. 12:31). What a lie—"if Christ be not risen." "Sins cast behind his back." "Sins removed as far as east from the west." "Sins remembered no more." All a lie—"if Christ be not risen." With unforgiven sins, we are of all men most miserable—miserable and in grip of a dread disease. A man with all the pollution of all diseases on his body knows not half so much misery as a man with the stain of sin on his soul.

I have read of a man swept through a great underground sewer with rats in the water biting his face. I have read of men pulled apart on torture racks. I have read of men rotting in filthy prisons. I have read of men in deserts with tongues swollen in mouths hot like an oven. But what is such physical torture in comparison with the soul torment of being yet in our sins? To speak fully of the misery of being yet in our sins one would have to have in his voice the moan of all heartaches, the shriek of all maniacs, the hiss of all serpents, the madness of all perverts, the fury of all storms, the rumble of all devastations. Perpetual pain, and no ease. Scorching sun, and no shade. Tormenting thirst, and no water. Ceaseless toil, and no rest. Merciless arraignment, and no advocate to make a plea. That is but a feeble description of what it means for a man or woman to be yet in their sins!

"If Christ be not risen," then

"They Also Which Have Fallen Asleep in Christ Are Perished."

"Asleep in Jesus! blessed sleep,
From which none ever wakes to weep!
A calm and undisturbed repose,
Unbroken by the last of foes.

"Asleep in Jesus! O how sweet
To be for such a slumber meet!
With holy confidence to sing,
That death hath lost his venomed sting."

Those whom we love, redeemed by Christ's blood, have gone from us. They thought they were going to sleep. And so did we! But they were falling into ruin. They thought they were going from a stormy sea into a harbor of peace. And so did we as we watched them go. But they were driven to wreckage on the rocks. They thought they were going from the fear and dread of the tomb into the light and joy of God's home. And so did we, as we heard their dying gasps. But they are in bondage still, in chains that never can be broken—"if Christ be not risen." Comforted by what seemed to be Christ's presence and supported by the promises of the Gospel, they thought they were sleeping to wake again. And so did we, as we closed their eyes with fingers clumsily gentle. But in all these things they were cruelly deceived. And we, too. Entering the flood they found no everlasting arms underneath. Passing through the valley, they found no rod and staff to comfort them. The clock that struck the hour of their going was a dirge, not a paean. They went from darkness to thicker darkness—perishing. All the redeemed who have marched on toward eternity by companies of ten, by

companies of one hundred, by regiments of one thousand, by battalions of ten thousand, by multitudes of millions—all have perished! There was, after all no beauty in their departure, no light of hope, no prophecy of heaven—"if Christ be not risen." "Perished!" They leave all sunshine behind them—and go forth to shadow. They put their harps on the willow and trudged away into everlasting captivity. They quit the presence of bird and bloom and went away unbeckoned and unwelcomed. They went from a bower into an awful equinoctial gale. No funeral bell can toll one-half the dolefulness of their condition. No shout of captives breaking their chains comes on the morning air. There are no gates of pearl crowded with ascending righteous. Family circles are broken never to be reunited. Golden links from a chain forever broken asunder. Lamps gone out never to be relit. The clods and marble over the grave are never to be stirred by resurrection power. The cemetery will hear no sound but the tire of the hearse wheel, or the tap of the bell at the gate as the procession comes in with its awful burden of grief—"if Christ be not risen." From the top of the grave no glimpse we shall catch of towers glinted with the sun that never sets—"if Christ be not risen." There hangs forever over all graves and over all the mausoleums of all the ages a darkness that no earthly lamp can lift—"if Christ be not risen." No corruption putting on incorruption. No mortal putting on immortality—"if Christ be not risen." No natural body raised a spiritual body and greeting a radiant morn—"if Christ be not risen." No body planted in dishonor raised in glory—"if Christ be not risen." Or death never "swallowed up in victory"—"if Christ be not risen."

And you who mourn vanished faces. What shall I say to you? Believing that the Lord hath taken but to add more beauty and a diviner grace—it is all a delusion, "if Christ be not risen." Believing that you will find them once more beyond earth's sorrows, of all the thousands of hands, not one to clasp—"if Christ be not risen." Believest thou that thou wilt see in that fair city those heavenly eyes, with the same welcome shining through their sweetness—eyes from whose beauty God has banished weeping and wiped away tears? You are deceived—"if Christ be not risen." Of all the thousands of eyes not one ever to sparkle into yours. Of all the thousands of hearts not one to stir again—"if Christ be not risen." Winter forever—"if Christ be not risen." Of all the thousands of family vaults, not one to swing open again. Of all the graves, not one to be emptied. Of all the seas, not one to give up its dead. Of all the graveyards, not one disturbed. What a bleak world a still-buried Christ opens to us!

No risen Christ, a tomb as worthless as any tomb—a cross no more than a martyr's cross. No risen Christ, Death a king of terror with no

rival, a black shadow which no sun ever penetrates. No risen Christ, no trumpet to sound through death's dreary dominions to awake the dead from eternal sleep. No risen Christ, death mocks our hopes like a coarse comedian or a heartless satirist. No risen Christ, death, inexorable jailer, imprisons us in the iron slumber of eternal night. No risen Christ, the whole history of Christianity and its existence is unintelligible. No risen Christ, no seeing again the faces of our redeemed dead—dear, sweet faces which we have "loved long since and lost awhile!" And "they also which are fallen asleep in Christ are perished" (I Cor. 15:18). No risen Christ, the whole earth in deepest mourning dressed, will, like Rachel of old, go down to the judgment weeping for her children, finding no comfort.

"But Now Is Christ Risen from the Dead."

They all thought He was dead forever! Dark, bleak, comfortless that night after Jesus died. No balm in it for their torn spirits. No stars of hope for their broken hearts. To them—dumb, stunned, bleeding under Golgotha's horrors—it was the last word, the final scene, a horror of disaster, a horror of defeat. Death, whose only flowers are faded garlands on coffin lids, had trampled into lifeless dust the Rose of Sharon. Death, whose only music is the sob of broken hearts, had padlocked the mouth that so comfortingly had spoken to the sad. Death, whose only palace is a huge sepulcher, numbered Him among his victims. Death, whose only light is the darkness of the tomb, had quenched the Light of the World. Death, whose only pleasure fountains are the falling tears of the world, had closed the eyes of Him who wept over Jerusalem. Death, whose only gold is the grave's dust, had made his body a banquet for worms. Death, with skeleton hand, had written "Ichabod" on all his claims. But "up from the grave He arose, with a mighty triumph o'er His foes." "Now is Christ risen from the dead." He is the first sheaf of the resurrection, "the first fruits of them that sleep."

"But now is Christ risen from the dead." So it is a living Christ we have today. A Christ alive.

A Christ alive—no mere shadow Christ of legend and myth.
A Christ alive—no hypothetical Christ of sentimental conjuring.
A Christ alive—no imminent Christ of nature.
A Christ alive—no pale Christ of historical imagination.
A Christ alive—no mere dream Christ of culture and romance.
A Christ alive—no mere heroic Christ of the poet's imagination.
A Christ alive—no mere artistic Christ of the painter's creamy conception.

A Christ alive—no cold marble Christ of the sculptor's chisel.
A Christ alive—no mere ivory Christ on a crucifix.
A Christ alive—no dead-figure Christ protected by a creedal sarcophagus.
A Christ alive—no mere eulogized Christ of the orator's post-mortem rhetoric.
A Christ alive—today's Christ—no radiant apparition Christ of yesterday.
A Christ alive—no coffined Christ of the embalmer's art.

Alive, linking the exploits of the fathers to the achievements of the children. Alive, giving us, amid the snarling clamors of the day, voices that will not die away in error and incompetence. Alive, to the end of unending eternity—acknowledging no mastery in hostile circumstances. Alive, offering the inexhaustible fountains of his strength. Alive, keeping pace with the most unexpected challenges. Alive, able, willing, mighty to help. Alive, making the impenetrable walls of life and death magnificent apertures. Alive, changing bleak limitation into immeasurable expanse. Alive, transforming human deserts—dry, infertile, flowerless, treeless, songless—into gardens of the Lord, through which silver waters flow, wherein heavenly songsters sing, wherein fragrant flowers and ripened fruits flourish through all seasons and in all weathers. Alive, freshening and vitalizing the hidden mysteries of our own beings, enabling us to become the headwaters of benediction to others—making it so that our inner brook shall break into flowing rivers, and our flowing rivers shall widen into spiritual seas of "living water."

And because He is risen, and because of His promise, we know that

"In Christ Shall All Be Made Alive."

The pulse of immortality will give forth vibrations in the grave. The sheeted dead shall come forth—the dead in Christ first. God will drag the deep for His beloved. God will ransack the tomb and torture the mountains for His own. But He will find us and bring us up to the glorious victory. And we shall come up with perfect eyes, with perfect hand, with perfect foot, with perfect body. All our weakness left behind. Those who were blind will have eyes divinely kindled. Those who were lame shall have a limb substituted. In all the hosts of the raised dead, not one eye missing, not one foot clubbed, not one arm palsied, not one tongue dumb, not one ear deaf. The resurrection of our bodies is embraced in the work of redemption. And as Jesus' resurrection was necessary to complete the work of redemption He

came to perform, so by a parity of reason our resurrection is necessary to complete the work with reference to us. And He will complete it, never you fear. As Munsey puts it: "Glorious hope—a remedy as universal as the disease. The bodies of the redeemed may be dead for centuries. The Erica heather of Scotland, or the cactus of South America may bloom over our graves! The chilly mists of the North may sheet our tombstones with eternal ice. The encroachments of the Southern desert may bury them in sand! Marts of trade may be built over our resting places! The busy whirl of the world's commerce may ring over our sleeping dust! The ploughman may plow his furrows across our long-lost graves. Corals may encrust our bones in solid rock and uprear continents upon them. The wings of the tempest may fan our dust all around the world. Yet the resurrection trumpet shall find us, and we shall live again!"

"If the dead are not raised, neither hath Christ been raised." That conclusion is contrary to evidence. "Preaching vain"—that conclusion contrary to history. "Faith vain"—this conclusion is contrary to experience. "False witnesses"—is contrary to reason. "Those who have fallen asleep in Christ have perished"—contrary to instinct. So we unite with Paul in this triumphant outburst: "Now is Christ risen from the dead and become the first fruits of them that are asleep!"

"But now is Christ risen from the dead." Historic fact is against His being yet dead. Spiritual experience is against His being yet in the grave. Regenerated lives are against His being yet wrapped in a shroud. The testimony of the saints is against His being yet in the tomb. The instincts of immortality in our souls are against His being yet in Death's dreary dominion. The world is lit up with the glory of the resurrection. Everything catches the morning rays. Everyone of the chilling issues at which we have looked is entirely reversed. The hollow delusions are glorious realities. The vaporing visions are eternal rock. Our proclamation is not in vain! It is vital with the very life of the risen Lord. Our faith is not vain! It gives us vital connections with the living Lord. As believers, we are not in our sins. We are emancipated children of grace. They who have fallen asleep in Christ have not perished. They opened their eyes in the Saviour's presence, and in the presence of His loveliness their heaven was begun. Since these things are true, are we not of all the children of men those who ought to receive congratulations? Believers in Jesus Christ, we are the companions of the Lord. With all my heart, I say "Rejoice!" We have been saved by His grace! With all my heart again I say, "Rejoice!" We are being strengthened by His fellowship! With all my heart I say, "Be exceedingly glad." We are being guided by the word of His presence! With all my heart I say, "Let everything that hath breath praise the Lord."

Our horizon shines with the light of eternal hope! The glory of the resurrection is ours! I would have you join with me in saying: "Bless the Lord, O my soul; and all that is within me, bless his holy name" (Psalms 103:1). Ours is the inheritance incorruptible and undefiled. We would listen to the heartbeat of the Apostle Peter across the centuries and join with him in saying, "Blessed be the God and Father of our Lord Jesus Christ, which according to his abundant mercy hath begotten us again unto a lively hope by the resurrection of Jesus Christ from the dead, To an inheritance incorruptible, and undefiled, and that fadeth not away, reserved in heaven for you, Who are kept by the power of God through faith unto salvation ready to be revealed in the last time." (I Peter 1:3-5).

Paths for Preachers

By REV. ROBERT G. LEE, D. D.

I have been asked to speak to preachers—God's ambassadors.

Knowing that some of you have been on the battlefield more often than I, and in the harvest fields longer than I, I hope I shall not appear as a tallow candle telling electric lights how to shine. Nor as a match telling a torch how to burn. Nor as a rill telling a river how to reach forth.

I assure you, God being my witness, that I approach this period, not with the presumptuous step of a critic and know-it-all, but with the spirit of a supplicant who has as much, or more, to ask as he has to give!

I speak on "Paths for Preachers!"

Not all of these paths that a preacher ought to walk and **must** walk if he would avoid the plain of mediocrity and failure and live up to the fullness of his possibilities—stretch his bow to the full strength of the string, send the arrow with unerring aim to the mark—are paths always girt with flowers, always smooth—not always Grand Canyon glories on every hand, but they are paths in which we can walk with God.

One of the first paths to follow is the

Path of Personal Purity and Piety

This simply means that he must be a man of God. The widow of Zarephath said to Elijah, "I know that thou art a man of God." What she said to Elijah is what all people ought to be able to say about us. Children ought to sense **that** about us. Young people ought to **know** that about preachers. All men ought to have no doubt about that when they **think** of preachers, or when they **speak** of preachers.

"A man of God." No higher compliment could be passed upon any man.

To be pronounced proficient in any science, art, or laudable pursuit, is a desirable compliment. To be pronounced a finished scholar, a consistent philosopher, a profound metaphysician, learned theologian, a skillful surgeon, a logical and elocutionary preacher, a successful lawyer, a master musician, a great physician, a consummate statesman and

diplomatist are indeed high compliments. But to be pronounced a man of God is higher than all of them.

I am not speaking of professional piety, but of personal purity. Only as he does so can he answer their questions:

> "Thou therefore which teachest another, teachest thou not thyself? Thou that preachest a man should not steal, dost thou steal? Thou that sayest a man should not commit adultery, dost thou commit adultery? Thou that abhorrest idols, dost thou commit sacrilege? Thou that makest thy boast of the law, through breaking the law dishonourest thou God?" (Romans 2:21-23).

Without this personal purity as a path in which the preacher must walk, his life will be like distant fire to the cold, like painted water to the thirsty, like rubber fruit to the hungry. Whatever light he makes will be as gaudy stage lights rather than the light of a rising sun.

As to the preacher's thought, we can refer to Phil. 4:8 and find:

> "Finally, brethren, whatsoever things are true, whatsoever things are honest, whatsoever things are just, whatsoever things are pure, whatsoever things are lovely, whatsoever things are of good report; if there be any virtue, and if there be any praise, think on these things."

As to his words—no corrupt communication proceeding out of his mouth.

As to his association with women—no playing with fire, giving no occasion to the gossip.

As to his achievements, not thinking of himself more highly than he ought to think.

As to his relations with others—having a conscience void of offense toward God and men.

As to himself, the one with whom he must sleep and eat and walk and live—keeping no secrets on the closet shelf, not standing with the setting sun and hating himself for things he has done. "A man of God," he must be.

> "I saw God wash the world last night
> With His sweet showers on high,
> Then when morning came
> I saw Him hang it out to dry.
>
> "He flung His showers upon the hills,
> And upon the tumbling sea,

He sprinkled liquid diamonds on the rills,
  And washed each trembling tree.

"Now the white rose is a purer white,
  And the red rose is more red,
Since God washed each fragrant face
  And put them all to bed.

"I saw God wash the world last night,
  I wish He had washed me
Clean of inside dirt and dust,
  As He washed the old birch tree."

This is a necessary prayer for every preacher.

It is a marvelous achievement, as a sculptor, to "raise children unto God from the sterile womb of stone"—as Michael Angelo did—to carve a block of marble into an image so perfect that you can almost see the muscle move, the nerves quiver, and the heart beat.

It is a marvelous achievement to be able, in the realm of music, to make "surging seas of tone subservient to your rod"—as Beethoven did.

It is splendid achievement to be able so to weave words together in the expression of human thought as to sway an audience and cause them to listen to you like slaves to an emancipation proclamation or like children frightened at the roar of a storm.

But, it is a nobler achievement, a holier accomplishment, and a diviner art to adorn the Gospel in the daily life, and to give the teachings of Jesus a new incarnation.

A preacher should be a man of God in the pulpit, and a man of God in daily life.

Then comes the second path for preachers to follow, and that is

The Pastoral Path

"And when they were come to him, he said unto them, Ye know, from the first day that I came into Asia, after what manner I have been with you at all seasons,

Serving the Lord with all humility of mind, and with many tears, and temptations, which befell me by the lying in wait of the Jews:

And how I kept back nothing that was profitable unto you, but have shewed you, and have taught you publicly, and from house to house,

Testifying both to the Jews, and also the Greeks, repentance toward God, and faith toward our Lord Jesus Christ.

Take heed therefore unto yourselves, and to all the flock, over the which the Holy Ghost hath made you overseers, to feed the church of God, which he hath purchased with his own blood." (Acts 20:18-21, 28).

Some preachers are too lazy to do pastoral work. And we find that some writers, who do not know folks, have minimized pastoral work by calling it door-bell ringing, back-patting, street loafing, gadding about. The minister can not help people until he becomes one of them. "I sat where they sat," said Ezekiel to his congregation, and therein is the secret of great abiding influence among people. An isolated ministry has no power. An isolated ministry is where a preacher falls down on the pastoral privilege and opportunity and work. This is like courting at long distance. It is no pleasure to kiss a girl over the telephone. We get mighty close up in our courting days. We look into eyes, hold hands, have very personal talks, etc. Nothing else will isolate us in the pastorate as quickly as that of secluding ourselves behind a professional atmosphere, and have no time for a talk in the homes of our people. The cuttle fish is not the only creature that hides itself in its own ink.

The preacher, in the pastoral relation, has the opportunity to show that he is human. If he is a preacher only, he will create as many problems as he settles. But being human, he will be "wise as a serpent, harmless as a dove." He should meet a human on his own level whether that man be philosopher, printer, or poultryman.

The obnoxious display of college colors continually—these must be avoided. But the preacher who fails to realize to the fullest the possibility of the pastoral relation, will lose one of the most fruitful sources of sermon material, the greatest opportunity of soul winning, which is a man to man job, and also a key to a necessary knowledge of his members.

Robert Hall was a transcendent pulpit master. As a preacher of the Gospel he could hold complete dominion over every faculty of thought and feeling in the greatest assemblies. But Hall had the shepherd's heart. He was a hard working and intensely sympathetic pastor. The poor, the ignorant and the suffering enlisted his special regard. All seasons were convenient seasons for him to pray with people. If he visited a poor cottage home where the wife was in the scullery, Hall would sit on a lump of coal, talk sweetly to her about the things of God, and then kneel down beside the washtub and offer prayer. He was a true ambassador of Him who said, "Come unto me

all ye who labor and are heavy laden," and was glorified in the fact that "the poor had the Gospel preached unto them." But, Hall, though tender and kind in his intercourse with people, did not suffer fools gladly. When an influential member of his church complained that he did not often preach on predestination, intimating that perhaps he did not believe the doctrine, the great theologian replied, "Indeed, sir, I do believe in predestination, I perceive that you were predestinated from all eternity to be an ass, and you are busily engaged in making your calling and election sure."

When a young man of gross ignorance, but swollen with conceit, asked his advice about entering the ministry, Hall said quite frankly, "I advise you, sir, not to try to preach." The youth replied, "But, Mr. Hall, we're told not to wrap our talent in a napkin." Swift and sharp came the rejoinder, "You'll have no need of a napkin, sir. A small pocket handkerchief will serve for all the talent you have to cover."

Next comes one of the most important paths,

The Prayer Path

A preacher who does not pray and keep out of his life the things that hinder prayer is as foolish as the athlete who would keep strong without eating, as the soldier who would fight without weapons, as the teacher who would teach mathematics by dispensing with the multiplication table, or figures.

There are two commands God gave Elijah that every preacher needs to obey. "Go hide thyself"—I Kings 17:3, and "Go shew thyself"—I Kings 18:1. These two simple and powerful commands show us the need of separation before service. Meaning that we ought to go to the private place **with** God before we go to the public place **for** God. Meaning every preacher needs to hide by the brook Cherith before he meets the antagonists on Carmel. Meaning that we need the discipline of the private place to know how to prepare for victory in the public place. Meaning that we need to know aloneness with God before we meet and mingle with people, we need the solitary place in order to have the sanctifying place. We need to hide ourselves in the prayer closet before we show ourselves in the pulpit.

The preacher must have the touch of God upon his heart and lips and life. To have this he must go hide himself with God. Jacob went alone with God upon the heights of Bethel, and he came forth from his solitude as a Prince of Jehovah. Paul went alone with God into the desert of Arabia, and came forth with a tongue of flame and with a heart of fire. John the Baptist went alone with God in the wilderness, and came forth as an evangelistic voice to pioneer the way for the Messiah. Luther went alone with God and came forth as the knight

errant of the Reformation. Lincoln and Lee went alone with God amid the pelting hailstorms of the Civil War and came forth with tranquil hearts. Next we find that Washington went alone with God at Valley Forge, and came forth with the lustre of a new patriotism upon his brow, and with the breath of the Eternal upon his spirit. Elijah went alone with God, He hid himself and came forth with a torch of light in his bosom. Let us notice the prayer path of Elijah. The whole land was pining under the most fearful of judgments. Every brook, save that lonely rill of Cherith, had failed. No dew drops spangled the forest with their crystal jewels. No rain torrents answered the silent inarticulate cry of the gasping earth. The ground upturned by the ploughshare had become rigid furrows of iron. The dust lay thick upon the highways. The heavens above were a blazing furnace. All day long, from the chariot of the sun, there seemed to be discharged bolts of scorching fire. Nature lay prostrate and helpless under the withering curse. How was all this? James 5:17 tells us: "Elijah prayed earnestly that it might not rain, and it rained not on the earth for the space of three years and six months."

Wondrous power, a mortal pleading with God. Omnipotence being moved by weakness. The seasons arrested in their course. Nature's processes curbed. The windows of heaven closed, and the fields and granaries of earth emptied and spoiled. All—all—owing to the voice of one man!

How constantly are similar illustrations of this prevailing power brought before us in the case of believers of old.

It was by prayer Jacob wrestled and prevailed. It was by prayer that Joshua arrested the fiery wheels of the sun's chariot, and it was by prayer that Daniel shut the lions' mouths, and cheated death of its prey. It was prayer—the prayer of good King Hezekiah and the pious remnant among those who owned his sceptre, that saved Jerusalem from utter destruction and the people from captivity. He carried his desperate case and cause, he spread the railing letter of the Assyrian invader before God in an agony of prayer. Next morning the hushed tents of Sennacherib, the grounds were covered with his dead, this was the divinely renewed testimony that "the effectual, fervent prayer of a righteous man availeth much."

And we have the same blessed refuge, the same strong consolation in our hours, whether of impending national or individual sorrow. Whatever the cloud that may be gathering, this is our sheet anchor, or polar star in the day of trouble. "The Lord's hand is not shortened that he can not save, neither his ear heavy that it can not hear."

"There is a place where thou canst touch
The eyes of blinded men to instant, perfect sight.
There is a place where thou canst say 'Arise'
To captives bound in chains of night.
There is a place where thou canst reach the store
Of hoarded gold and free it for thy Lord.
There is a place upon some distant shore
Where thou canst send the worker and the Word.
There is a place where God's resistless power,
Responsive moves to thine incessant plea!
Where is that place? Dost thou ask where?
It is the secret place of prayer!"

In reading the life of Robert Hall, I wrote down these lines that stir me mightily:

1. "He lifted the Baptist denomination in England out of obscurity and set it in the limelight."

2. "His famous sermon on 'Patriotism,' preached when England was expecting an invasion from Napoleon, deserves to rank with the noblest oratory of Greece and Rome!"

3. "Literary nobles from London journeyed by stage coach and private conveyance to spend the week-end in Cambridge for the sake of hearing Hall preach."

4. "In his most impassioned moods Hall would draw men out of their seats and keep them standing spell bound, sometimes for upwards of an hour!"

5. And this: "He would suddenly leave a company of men whom he had been entertaining and inspiring by his brilliant talk, to be found later in the summer house of his garden upon his knees in prayer, while tears were running down his cheeks!"

"Go hide thyself"—This he obeyed! "Go shew thyself"—This he did with power!

The next path that comes before us is

The Pattern Path

"Feed the flock of God which is among you, taking the oversight thereof, not by constraint, but willingly; not for filthy lucre, but of a ready mind;

Neither as being lords over God's heritage, but being ensamples to the flock." (I Peter 5:2-3).

It is a glorious fact that preachers are more closely scrutinized than any other class of men. This affords them the superior opportunity of incarnating the Gospel, which is the need of the hour. Preachers are

exhorted to be examples, or patterns, to the flock. "In all things showing thyself a pattern of good works" (Titus 2:7).

> "Let no man despise thy youth; but be thou an example of the believers, in word, in conversation, in charity, in spirit, in faith, in purity" (I Tim. 4:12).

A preacher must be an example in **good works.** The distressful need of the hour is that the preacher take his work more seriously. Oh, for the passion of the Master who said, "I must work the work of him that sent me while it is day."

Then he should be an example in **word.** "Healthful speech!" Because we know that hurtful words stick and sting and wound. Helpful words may pass through the head without much impression. It is told of a preacher that he was much given to exaggeration, so a good friend plead with him for moderation. "Yes," said the preacher, "I have shed barrels of tears over that fault."

Next comes the example of **liberality.** A much revered preacher once said: "I have to be very economical in order that I may be liberal." A filthy lucre preacher in the pulpit is a tragedy. It is painful to see that the example of giving is not manifest in a sufficient number of pulpits. Let it be hoped that the preacher is a liberal giver, but the exhortation is "Be an example." "Let your light so shine that others may see your good works." Let your giving not be a housetop display, or a "pullin-on-the-bell-rope" giving but let others see Jesus (the Great Giver) in YOU. In taking public offering, if the plate is not passed to the preacher, a threefold indictment is brought against him:

1. That he is not a member of the church and not expected to give.
2. That he is a pauper and not able to give.
3. That he is a covetous tightwad, and they are publishing the fact.

Churches that do this, and deacons that do this ought to be cited to conference on the charge of publicly insulting the pastor.

How important is the preacher's example in **reputation?** It is so important that he should be one hundred per cent honest. Yes, 100 per cent, 16-ounces-to-the-pound honest, 36-inches-to-the-yard honest. The preacher stock, in this column, is being sadly discounted. His word should be his bond.

His example in **patience.** "Be patient toward all men," now, if you will discuss this I will sit down.

Lastly, the example in **purity.** This includes purity in body, in mouth, and in life. The power of good habits in the preacher's life—who can estimate it? The body is the habitation of two immortal spirits, the human soul and the Holy Spirit. Do you not think it should be a clean habitation?

As I grew to young manhood, I was influenced by one of the sweetest sisters any man ever had. When I left home following after the things that made for any career which may be credited to me, she wrote me once a week for thirteen years. Then, as a dread anaemic condition laid hold upon her, she began slowly to wither away, like a rare flower in a hot wind. For two years she battled for her life. Her husband, with a graciousness and generosity born only of love, sought the best medical attention America affords. One day a noted physician from a distant state was summoned. He examined her and studied the case closely. He made the declaration that her life could be prolonged or spared only through an abundant replenishment of blood in her body. My young brother, Sam, over six feet tall, blue-eyed, handsome, modest, was called before the great physician. He was told what my sister's condition was and what the need was. The noted physician told him that he was the one whose blood was wanted and then asked this plain, keen question, "Is your blood clean?" In a second, it seemed like a fraction of a year, my young brother looked him straight in the eye and said, "As clean as the day I was born." Then he bared his arm and, as a reservoir pours refreshing water on a blighted land, blood from his abundance went into her fading body. This old world in which we live is head-dizzy, body-weary, heart-sick, and above all tragically anaemic, sadly anaemic. It is in need of blood. But the blood must be clean! Do you understand?

Now we come to the fifth path which is the

Perturbation Path

The preacher proceeds from the fundamental assumption, based upon the Scripture, human history, and contemporary observation, that something is radically wrong with men, to which is added the conviction that he must do something about it. His only proper beginning is a painful, personal perturbation because of the needs and the distresses of his fellowmen.

This emergency makes him a voluntary exile from all of the shady groves of philosophic pondering and peace, and he goes out into the market places and factories and battlefields of men with a burden upon his back, tears flowing down his face, and a fire burning in his heart. He is characteristically and chronically a troubled man, and he first gets the ear of men by arresting power of his anxieties and agonies.

The mob, under the law of morbidity, stops, curious to find out why he suffers so, and he has their ears into which he may speak his message of warning and love. It must be a message of warning. He must alarm sinners if he would hold their attention and give them the help they need. There must be great candor. He must bare his heart and

uncover theirs, and offer them a message from God with accuracy and austerity. The preacher is not an orator who gives back in rain to an audience what he gets from them in mist; rather he is a divinely sent cloud who breaks in blessings above the Saharas of human sin and need. The preacher himself is troubled because of the sins of men, and he troubles them about them as Elijah did Ahab about Baalim which had been imported to the injuring of Israel. The true preacher is a kind of incarnate, external conscience, sure to be disturbing to the sinner whose most insistent desire is to be let alone. The preacher can not be true to the sinner if he pleases him, because the very condition of the sinner is the guarantee that he will dislike the true prophet. He is a pseudo prophet whose epitaph is that all men spoke well of him.

The preacher who does not bring men to conviction for their sins will not get a reaction from them that will result in their salvation. It is quite possible that he will secure one which will result in his own carnal comfort and paltry popularity.

Scorning these base ends, the true prophet prays and preaches until his people respond to his disturbing messages and his insistent warnings by a genuine fear of sin and a real repentance.

Today most of all we need a profound revival of religion which can come only as we shall have many preachers bent on arousing sinners within and without the church until there is a mighty turning to righteousness. We need a pulpit invincible in its intensity, which can not be ignored by the indifferent and the iniquitous.

Thus will we come to realize the necessity of Calvary.

If God is too good to let creatures of choice be lost, then what can God say to justify Himself for letting His Son die on Calvary? ANSWER YE!

"The diluting of the conviction of everlasting punishment has gone far to quench the evangelistic fires and to weaken evangelistic fervor."

A preacher who does not see and believe that there is something awful to save men from can never do effective evangelistic preaching. And people who are not made to see that there is something awful for them to be saved from will not be in a hurry to SEEK THE WAY.

As we turn to another path for preachers we find that it is the

Preparation Path

"Apt to teach." This is what a preacher must be. This he can not be unless he makes preparation.

A story is told of a man who was very anxious to buy a dog. Driving along the highway, he witnessed some very wonderful feats being performed by a dog. The exhibition closed, and he gave the owner, a boy, $15 for the dog. Arriving at home he called his wife to see the

dog perform, and he would not do a thing. The next day he saw the boy, and said: "What about the dog you sold me? I can't get him to do a thing." "Well, mister," the boy replied, "it is just this way, if you gets him to perform, you must have more sense than the dog." If the preacher does not equip himself, and know more than his people, there will not be much performing. As our churches are increasing in intelligence, the preacher must keep step.

Sunday has a way of coming around once a week with its demands for two sermons. At 11:00 A. M. and 7:30 P. M. the preacher must have something to say to a waiting congregation or to empty benches, or to varnish, as the case may be. And woe betide us if some friend in need, or some heartbroken one, "has come on a long journey and we have nothing for him."

"What shall I preach about, or on, or at, or from?" That is the question the answer to which makes countless thousands mourn, and some baldheaded. Suppose a preacher says: "I will find a text and get into the pulpit and open my mouth and let the Lord fill it!" Well, you will soon find that the Lord is too busy to fool around like that. He promises to feed the sparrow but he does not throw the food in the nest. He has promised that not a sparrow shall fall to the ground without his notice, but he has never promised to fill the empty head of a lazy preacher. You can not run a bluff on a congregation, they know whether your gun is loaded or empty, whether it is a popgun when it ought to be a Winchester, whether it is a flash in the pan or a real discharge, whether you are at target practice or doing some real shooting.

A man speaking before a Bible Class stressing the need of observation, knowing as he did that a congregation is a multitude of close observers, but not the children, said, "Now I'll prove that children are not close observers." A group of small boys was on the front seat. "Now you boys give me some numbers of two figures, and I'll put them down here on the blackboard." One gave 57 and he put down 75. Another gave 42 and he put down 24. Then a little fellow that lisped called out: "Thixty-thix, I'd like to thee the thucker that can change that."

It is hard work, this continual gathering of material, this study, getting ready to preach, making necessary preparations. But when we are tempted to grow lazy, let us remind ourselves of these words which an old woman had carved on her tombstone:

"Here lies an old woman who always was tired,
She lived in a house where help was not hired,
Her last words on earth were, Dear friends, I am going
Where cooking ain't done, nor sweeping, nor sewing,

But everything there is exact to my wishes,
For where they don't eat, there's no washing of dishes.
I'll be where loud anthems will always be ringing
But having no voice I'll be clear of singing.
Don't mourn for me, don't mourn for me never,
I'm going to do nothin' forever and ever."

In preparation, study the Bible. Use your imagination and live the life of the past with the old Bible characters. Get the viewpoint of other men and consult their minds. And in all our study of the Bible seek guidance and fellowship of the Holy Spirit who will lead us in our search for truth into the very deep things of God.

After all, my method is not yours. Your method is not mine. We must be individual. Saul had his armour. David his sling. David preferred his sling. To each of us is given:

"A marble to carve for the wall,
A stone that is needed to heighten the beauty of all.
The magic of our own soul must give it a grace,
The cunning of our own hand must put it in place."

The results of this honest, faithful labor in preparation will enable us to walk with power.

Now for the last path which we shall follow at this time, and it is

The Preaching Path

This means we shall obey the injunction to preach the Word, we shall have a word in season for him that is weary, we shall have bread for the hungry, and water for the thirsty. If we are willing to work at the job, texts, and subjects will come. If our reading is diligent, then between the lines of good books, suggestions will come. If our ministry is untiring they will stare at us from the faces of those whom we visit.

If we neglect not the secret place, even there they shall wrestle with us. What if our learning be encyclopedic, if we preach not the Word? What if we are at home in the misty realms of metaphysics, if we preach not the Word? What if we do penetrate to the core and essence of the most obtruse subjects, if we preach not the Word?

How shall our bows abide in strength, even though we be finished classical scholars, if we neglect to preach the Word? How shall we go forth with weeping bearing precious seed, and come again bringing our sheaves with us, even though we be profound students of history, if we preach not the Word? But after all our arduous labor, our ideal of our craft will be so high that, like a famous preacher, we will ex-

claim: "Well, I must get ready to preach. But I can't preach. I never did preach. O, I never heard anybody preach!"

And yet called and elected by divine grace the same feeling is borne upon us which animated the great apostle: "Woe is me if I preach not the Gospel."

"Happy if with my latest breath
I may but speak His name,
Preach Him to all and gasp in death
Behold, behold the Lamb!"

Preach it, not submit it for subdued discussion in the academic grove!

Preach it, not with piping voice, but with trumpet tones.

Preach it, not as epicures in philosophies.

Not as feeders of inflamed popular appetite for amusement.

Not as administrators of laughing gas for the painless extraction of sin.

Not as dainty tasters of intellectual subleties.

Not as experts in speculative cleverness dealing in the airy abstractions of an "up-to-date" gospel.

Not as dealers in fine-spun metaphysical disquisitions.

But with wooing urgency that lifts up the crucified Christ, and warns men of the "wrath of God revealed from heaven against all ungodliness and unrighteousness of men who hold the truth in unrighteousness" (Romans 1:18).

Fifty years and more as a preacher is a notable record. Dr. G. Campbell Morgan's ministry is measured in these terms.

Born in 1863, he tells in "The Christian Review," a quarterly magazine published by the Eastern Baptist Theological Seminary of Philadelphia, that he preached his first public sermon in 1876. He trained to be a teacher, but was definitely led by God, he believes, into the ministry. In 1896, he started out in evangelistic work. In 1889, he settled in a Congregational Church.

Looking back over this career, his convictions about preaching are that a preacher is a messenger, a herald who proclaims his message with authority; never seeking his message by listening to the voices of the age; remembering that a phase of truth is never the whole truth; and living by what he has preached.

"I would rather preach than do anything else," he says. Again, "I have always felt, and never more so than today, that the work of preaching is not that of debating difficulties, or speculating, or considering philosophies, but that of proclaiming the Word of God!"

Preach the **Gospel!**

Today, black snow falls! The fever of life's fierce heat burns the divine dew off the grass! Spiritual mercury falls low! Critical Philistines of transcendent cleverness subject the warm wonder of Christianity to cool analysis! Faith's wings are clipped by reason's scissors! Fat deformities ask the world to substitute for Christianity's bread "a chunk of cloud bank buttered with the night wind." And our unregenerate humanity is set in the midst of palaces, art, philosophies, scientific wonders, but remains a bedraggled beggar still, while many Christians are frost bitten in realms of luxury.

So the Gospel is our superlative, our supreme inspiration.

A Grand Canyon of Scripture

By REV. ROBERT G. LEE, D.D.

The word "wonderful" does not portray fully the wondrous and gorgeous glories of the Grand Canyon. The word "symmetrical" can not give one an adequate conception of the Taj Mahal, which it took twenty thousand men twenty years to build. The word "glorious" can not set before us adequately the glories of Solomon's temple in the construction of which one hundred and eighty-three thousand and six hundred men worked seven and one-half years. The word "strong" can not tell you all about Gibraltar. The word "bright" can not evaluate the Kohinoor diamond. The word "cute" can not describe Niagara. The word "pretty" can not depict the glories of the starry sky. The word "darling" can not express fully all there is to a baby. The word "grand" can not adequately express the wonders of mountain ranges, snowcapped and cloudwrapped. The word "sweet" can not express the glory of the rhythmic palaces of melody which musicians build before the eyes of the soul or describe the singing of a chorus of nightingales. The word "beautiful" can not express the exquisite glory of a young girl who has blossomed into chaste and innocent womanhood. The word "lovely" can not express the beauty and sweetness of a garden full of flowers painted and fringed with God's glory. The word "deep" can not express the power of the Atlantic. The word "long" can not give an adequate conception of the Mississippi.

No more can the word "wonderful" encompass the breadth and length and depth and height of the glories of the 20th chapter of John's Gospel—a Grand Canyon of Scripture indeed. All the words of any language most skillfully combined and most eloquently spoken can give only a meager description of the wonders of this great chapter in the Book which is above and beyond all books as a river is beyond a rill in reach, as the sun is beyond a tallow dip in brightness. Truly, in speaking of this chapter, we can say that "the measure thereof is longer than the earth, and broader than the sea" (Job. 11:9). Speaking of just one event recorded in this chapter, MacLaren said: "If this epistle is not the simple reciting of historical facts the man who wrote it must have been one of the greatest imaginative geniuses the world ever saw. If it is not history, I would match the story of Mary and the Lord Jesus on the Resurrection morning, for subtlety of characterization, for exquisite beauty, for reticence, for simplicity

that goes straight to the heart, against anything that a Shakespeare or Dante ever wrote."

But, though a sense of woeful inadequacy falls upon us oppressively as we come to speak of this chapter, we shall attempt to set forth some of its wonders, using the word "Grand-Canyon" as a bowstring for a flight of arrows.

I.—A GRAND-CANYON DAY—"The First Day of the Week"

Wonderful days are recorded in our nation's history, in our cities' growth, in our own individual experiences, in our home affairs, in our church achievements,—days which we can not describe in words. About some wonderful days and the events and experiences thereof we can say:

> "It can not be gotten for gold, neither shall silver be weighed for the price thereof. It can not be valued with the gold of Ophir, with the precious onyx, or the sapphire. The gold and the crystal can not equal it; and the exchange of it shall not be for jewels of fine gold. No mention shall be made of coral, or of pearls. . . . The topaz of Ethiopia shall not equal it, neither shall it be valued with pure gold" (Job 28:15-19).

Greatly wonderful the day when Isaiah, the evangelist among prophets, whose prophecies, voiced with Sinai's thunders, rocked thrones with terror, said:

> "For unto us a child is born, unto us a son is given: and the government shall be upon his shoulder: and his name shall be called Wonderful, Counseller, The Mighty God, The Everlasting Father, The Prince of Peace" (Isa. 9:6).

Marvelously wonderful the day of the nativity of him of whom Moses and the prophets spake—that day when a virgin, untouched by man, went down into that mysterious land of motherhood and came back holding in her arms the babe who had no earthly father—the babe whose every nerve was divine handwriting, whose every bone was divine sculpture, whose every muscle was a pulley divinely swung, whose every heartbeat was divine pulsation, whose every breath was holy whisper!

Tragically and awesomely wonderful the day Jesus was crucified—that day when He died, the just for the unjust that He might bring us to God—when, on that death couch of spikes and thorns, he became for us all that God must judge that we, through faith in Him, might become all that God can not judge.

But the most wonderful of all days was that day when Jesus rose from the dead—"the first day of the week."

The Sabbath we now observe is not the Edenic Sabbath. That was the seventh day of the week.

> "For in six days the Lord made heaven and earth, the sea, and all that in them is, and rested the seventh day: wherefore the Lord blessed the Sabbath day, and hallowed it" (Ex. 20:11).

Nor is it the day Christ usually observed as the Sabbath day before His death and resurrection, for the Sabbath was not changed until after those events in His history or life. The Edenic and Jewish Sabbath are identical in substance, the Sabbath, as an institution being transferred from the seventh day to the first day on the morning of the resurrection.

The Sabbath, **one-seventh** of the time, is a divine institution, and forms a part of the moral law, which was written on tables of stone to indicate its perpetuity. Do you ask "Why should the first day be celebrated as the Sabbath?" Well, why do we celebrate the 4th of July? The 22nd of February? The 11th of November? Your birthday—in your home circle? Because of what occurred on that day!

Why did the Jews keep the seventh day? Because of what occurred on that day—God's resting after the creation of the world. The seventh day then commemorated the finished creation of the world. Why do Christians keep the first day? Because of what occurred on that day—the resurrection of Christ. The first day commemorates the finished redemption work of Jesus. Fifty-two times a year we are called upon to celebrate and commemorate the resurrection of our Lord Jesus!

The seventh day belonged to the old dispensation, the first belongs to the new. The seventh was a Jewish institution, the first is a Christian one. Every time we observe the first day instead of the seventh day of rest and of worship, we proclaim the superiority of the Christian to the Jewish dispensation and declare that the resurrection of Christ was a greater fact in the world's history than the creation of the earth, by so much as the spiritual is greater than the material. On the Jewish Sabbath the Saviour lay in the tomb of Joseph. The hopes of the disciples were dead. Even Christianity seemed dead. A deep gloom overshadowed them. The remembrance of that day would always be to them a source of sorrow. But the resurrection morning brought hope and joy and light and life. It seemed the very birthday of Christianity, the turning point in its history. The resurrection of Christ is the corner-stone on which our hopes are built. It is the Gibraltar of our faith, the central fact of the Christian system, the pivot, the heart, the shibboleth, the battle ground of Christianity. It was the evidence of Christ's authority, the test of His divinity, the completion of His work for the salvation of the world. Never such a

glad day dawned on this world before as that resurrection day. No wonder it became the memorial day of Christianity. It could not well be otherwise. This, then, is what the first day of the week means, and this is why we celebrate it. Let the Jew keep the seventh day if he will. He has never learned the truths of Christianity, nor experienced its glories. But the Christian, who believes in Jesus Christ, who has been redeemed by His blood and justified by His resurrection, can but celebrate that day on which his Saviour rose from the dead—Sunday, the first day of the week, the Lord's day, the glorious resurrection day.

II—A GRAND-CANYON TRANSFORMATION

"Cometh Mary Magdalene Early"

The name of this woman presents the wonderful transformation. Where have we heard of this woman before? We turn to Luke's Gospel and find out.

> "And it came to pass afterward, that he went throughout every city and village, preaching and shewing the glad tidings of the kingdom of God: and the twelve were with him, and certain women, which had been healed of evil spirits and infirmities, Mary called Magdalene, out of whom went seven devils" (Luke 8:1-2).

There we see Mary Magdalene numbered with "certain women who had been healed of evil spirits and infirmities." There it is bluntly stated that she had been possessed of devils and Christ had cast those devils out of her.

Mary Magdalene! Once devil-possessed. But now devotion possessed. What a transformation! Once—vicious; now—virtuous. Once—hard; now—tender. Once—a thorny hedge; now—a plot of lilies. Once—a human desert; now—a human garden. Once—hating Christ; now—loving Christ. Once—evil; now—righteous. Once—a fruitless vine; now—a beautiful bough laden with luscious fruit. Once—pestilential; now—prayerful. Once—wicked; now—worshipful. Once—foulness; now—fragrance. Once—her years eaten by locusts; now—the years restored. Once—her eyes on the quick satisfactions of hate; now—her eyes on the long joy of forgiveness. Once—living in dark pride; now—living in sunny healthfulness of humility. Once—living in the heat of desire; now—living in the climate of renunciation. Once—the sand and poisonous weeds of self; now—the flower of unself! Once—lying among the pots; now—"as a dove whose feathers are silver, whose wings are covered with gold."

And this record of a wonderful transformation in human life is

not a chapter from the New Testament only. But the records of transformation are luminous chapters from the life of today. All about us we can find men and women, boys and girls, who have experienced this wonderful regenerative transformation. I know them—men and women who have come "out of their bondage, sorrow, and night into Christ's freedom, gladness, and light." You know them—men and women who have come "out of their sickness into Christ's health, out of their want and into Christ's wealth." We all know them—old men and young men who have come "out of their shameful failure and loss into the glorious gain of Christ's cross." We all know them—old women and young women who have come "out of the depths of ruin untold into the peace of Christ's sheltering fold." We all know them—folks of high class and low class and no class who have come "out of the fear and dread of the tomb into the light and joy of our Father's home." We have heard some of them, you and I, who were once profane in the pits now powerful in the pulpit. In every nation, in every city in every nation, we can find those who can truthfully and readily testify:

> "He brought me up also out of an horrible pit, out of the miry clay, and set my feet upon a rock, and established my goings. He hath put a new song in my mouth, even praise unto our God: many shall see it, and fear and shall trust in the Lord. Blessed is that man that maketh the Lord his trust, and respecteth not the proud, nor such as turn aside to lies" (Psalms 40:2-4).

III—A GRAND-CANYON EAGERNESS

"Then she RUNNETH."

"So they RAN both together."

"The other disciple did outrun Peter and came first to the tomb."

Mary Magdalene was **early** at the tomb. It was yet dark when she came to the tomb. But it was not too early nor too dark for her to see that the stone was taken away from the sepulchre. Her eyes were bewildered at the sight. Her heart fluttered with excitement. Her bosom heaved with emotion. Her soul was exceedingly mystified. Then her feet moved. Slowly? No. Laggardly? No. As though they had weights on them? No. But as though she had wings on them. For "she runneth and cometh to Simon Peter, and to the other disciple, whom Jesus loved."

And when she had run to where the two disciples were, she was all out of breath and could speak only in gasps. But gaspingly, excitedly, breathlessly, earnestly, with a light in her eyes those two men

had never seen before, with a tone in her voice those two men had never heard before, with an eagerness in her conduct they had never witnessed before, she said, as quick breathings fluttered from her heaving bosom and parted lips:

> "They have taken away the Lord out of the sepulchre, and we know not where they have laid him" (John 20:2).

And what did Peter and John do? You don't have to be told—do you? Did they say, "Poor Mary, this grief has gotten the best of you"? No. Did they linger to calm her and see if she had suddenly been bereft of her reason? No. Did they courteously ask her to go back with them? Or—let me ask—did they walk slowly down the road as men who carry heavy loads? No—not that. Did they go creepingly as a sluggard to the field and the ploughshare he despises? No—not that way. Did they stroll leisurely down the road, noticing all the bits of scenery along the way, greeting those whom they met? No. Not at all. Did they take the path to Joseph's garden with the pace of a snail—like two lovers who are loath to part? No. Did they do an ancient Gaston-Alphonse act? No. But this they did:

> "So they ran both together: and the other disciple did outrun Peter, and came first to the sepulchre" (John 20:4).

Yes—they **ran** both together. And John was the better runner. Or he could stand the fast pace they were setting better than Peter. Anyway, forgetting courtesy, John left Peter behind—"did outrun Peter and came first to the tomb." What a wonderful eagerness—"runneth," "ran together," "did outrun"!

I wish I could have run with Abraham's servant as he ran to meet Rebekah who was very fair to look upon, who "let down her pitcher upon her hand and gave him drink."

I wish I could have run along with Joseph's chariot as he rode to Goshen to see his father whom he had not seen for years.

I wish I could have run with Moses as he fled from the face of Pharaoh and dwelt in the land of Midian and sat down by a well.

I wish I could have run with Gideon and his three hundred as they pursued the Midianites—as "Gideon came to Jordan and passed over, he, and the three hundred men, that were with him, faint, yet pursuing."

I wish I could have run with David, the shepherd lad, as he ran toward the Philistine army to meet Goliath. I wish I could have run with Cushi or Ahimaaz as they ran to take King David the news of his wayward boy. I wish I could have run in the rain with Elijah from the top of Carmel to the gates of Jezreel though I would not want to run as far as he ran when he got Jezebel's message.

I wish I could have run with Gehazi, Elisha's servant, when he ran after Naaman, though I would not want to tell the lie Gehazi told to get money or have the leprosy that came upon Gehazi!

But of all the runners I'd like to run in company with none appeals to me as that of running with Peter and John as they ran to the tomb that blessed day.

Would that we had the "running" and the "out-running" eagerness in our tasks today. Would that we had the resurrection "running" eagerness in seeking the lost! Would that our feet were as swiftly eager on errands of mercy and in taking comfort to the house of sorrow as were the running feet of Mary, the running feet of Peter and the out-running feet of John on the morning of the resurrection.

Are we never ashamed of the laggard feet with which we go? Are we, in the face of glorious opportunities and responsibilities, going as blind men who feel their way slowly along with tapping canes? Are the sinews of the old in the feet of youth? Have we forgotten that "the King's business requireth haste"? Shall we be guilty of a lazy sluggishness that is content to walk and stroll when there should be running? God forbid! "O, be swift, my soul, to answer Him! Be jubilant my feet! Our God is marching on!" "Go quickly!"

> "And they departed quickly from the sepulchre with fear and great joy; and did **run** to bring his disciples word" (Matt. 28:8).

IV—A GRAND-CANYON ORDER

"The napkin wrapped together in a place by itself."

John, outrunning Peter, came first to the sepulchre.

> "And he stooping down, and looking in, saw the linen clothes lying: yet he went not in" (John 20:5).

Then Peter, blowing and puffing and panting, but running still came to the sepulchre. And the last to arrive became the first to enter.

> "Then cometh Simon Peter following him, and went into the sepulchre, and seeth the linen clothes lie, and the napkin, that was about his head, not lying with the linen clothes, but wrapped together in a place by itself" (John 20:6-7).

"The linen clothes lying!" Yes. "And the napkin that was about his head, not lying with the linen clothes." Yes. But—what? "But wrapped together in a place by itself." There is the wonderful order!

The wonderful order! No trace of confusion in that grave. No evidence of disorder there. In creation, God a God of order. In the fulfillment of prophecy, God no helter-skelter God. In the resurrection

of Christ, God a God of order—a God who saw to it that the napkin was "wrapped together in a place by itself."

But why stress that? Why put such emphasis on that? Because Jesus, when He rose from the dead, knowing the end from the beginning, knew that His enemies would scatter the false report that His body had been stolen. And so they did—as Matt. 28:11-15 confirms:

> "Now when they were going, behold, some of the watch came into the city, and shewed unto the chief priests all the things that were done. And when they were assembled with the elders, and had taken counsel, they gave large money unto the soldiers, saying, Say ye, His disciples came by night, and stole him away while we slept. And if this come to the governor's ears, we will persuade him, and secure you. So they took the money, and did as they were taught: and this saying is commonly reported among the Jews until this day."

But thieves are never orderly. Bank robbers are never orderly. Thieves and burglars do not see to it that, after what they seek is stolen, other things are put in order. I have seen bureaus that thieves rifled. Everything left topsy-turvy. I have been in houses when burglars had finished their work. Disorder from cellar to attic. I have seen the work of bank robbers. Damage and disorder everywhere. Thieves are never particular as to the order of the house they rob or the chest from which they steal. So His body was not stolen.

Yet the soldiers say it was. Who stole the body, soldiers? "His disciples." When did they steal His body? "At night." What were you doing when they stole the body? "We were sleeping." And you sleep with your eyes shut, do you? "Yes—that's the way we sleep." And can you see folks at night while you are asleep? "Well, while we were asleep one night we saw His disciples come and steal the body and take it away! We saw them in the dark while we slept." As well expect me to believe that George Washington crossed the Delaware while he was asleep. Or that Shakespeare wrote Hamlet while he was asleep. Or that Phidias lined the streets of Athens with sculptoral victories while he was in the throes of a nightmare. Or that Mendelssohn's best productions were composed while he was snoring. Or that Lindbergh flew to Paris while he was asleep.

V—A GRAND-CANYON TENSE

"Come, see the place where the Lord LAY." (Matt. 28:6).

"Where the body of Jesus HAD lain." (John 20:12).

If you visit Mohammed's tomb—a tomb adorned with diamonds—you say: "Here is the mortal body of Mohammed."

If Mt. Vernon you visit and see the tomb of George Washington you say: "Here **is** the dust of George Washington." If to Stratford on Avon you travel and look upon the grave of Shakespeare, you say: "Here is the dust of Shakespeare." If to Paris you journey and stand beside "that magnificent sarcophagus of gilt and gold" you say: "Here **is** all that is left of Napoleon's body."

If you linger in Westminster Abbey, you say: "Here is the body of Queen Victoria." Or "Here **is** the body of Robert Burns." Or "Here **are** the bones of Livingstone and Wesley and Byron." Or "Here is the dust of mighty soldiers and statesmen." If to Lexington, Virginia, you go, and stand by the tomb of the sweetest memory of the Southland—General Robert Edward Lee—you say: "Here **is** the body of that great military genius."

If to Northfield you wander and stand by the grave of Dwight L. Moody, the preacher who rocked two continents toward God, you say: "Here **is** the body of Moody."

If you go to that tiny grave of the little dimpled darling who went away and left you with empty arms and an aching heart, you say: "Here **is** my baby." If you go, some of you, back to the old country graveyard where snows of many winters have fallen, you stand by some grave and, looking down, say: "Here **is** where my mother sleeps." If you go, some of you, to some city vault where slate roofs and marble slabs shelter your dead, you say: "Here **is** the body of my beloved."

On May 1, 1932, two million people in closely-packed ranks passed by Lenin's tomb in Moscow—a day-long parade. And every one in that vast throng, whether he spoke it by word of mouth or not, had to acknowledge: "Here **is** the body of Lenin."

But if all the millions of all the ages could be brought to life again, and could form a procession and march by the tomb in the garden of Joseph of Arimathea, not one could truthfully say: "Here **is** the body of Jesus." All of them, young and old, black and white, red and yellow, rich and poor, of low estate and high estate, could say: "Come, see the place where the Lord **lay.**"

For when you walk into Joseph's garden, you walk off the present tense into and upon a glorious **past** tense. His thorn-torn head **lay**—not lies—here. His scourge-cut back **rested**—not rests—here. His nail-pierced hands **were**—not are—folded here. His fist-beaten, sputum-be-fouled face **was**—not is—shrouded here. His compassionate eyes **slept**—not sleep here. Here He **was**—not **is.** Mary saw "two angels in white sitting the one at the head, the other at the foot, where the body of Jesus **HAD lain.**" "Come, see where the Lord **lay.**" Thank God for that wonderful tense!

VI—A GRAND-CANYON RECOGNITION—"Mary," "Master"

The angels said to Mary, "Woman, why weepest thou?" "She saith unto them, Because they have taken away my Lord, and I know not where they have laid him."

> "And when she had thus said, she turned herself back, and saw Jesus standing, and knew not that it was Jesus. Jesus saith unto her, Woman, why weepest thou? whom seekest thou? She, supposing him to be the gardener, saith unto him, Sir, if thou have borne him hence, tell me where thou hast laid him, and I will take him away" (John 20:14-15).

What subtlety of characterization in these words! What reticence! What heart-moving simplicity! What grandeur! What tragedy! What triumph! What sorrow! What joy! What blindness! What revelation! What supposition! What certainty! What midnight! What sunrise!

Mary, turning away from the angels who were sitting in the tomb, found herself looking upon one better than all angels (Heb. 1:4), even Jesus, standing outside the tomb. But—"she knew not that it was Jesus." And then from the mouth of Jesus, as sweet music comes from an instrument in a master musician's hands, two questions of unspeakable tenderness fell—"Woman, why weepest thou? Whom seekest thou?" And Mary, "supposing him to be the gardener, saith unto him, Sir."

"Supposing!" what sadness there! "The gardener!" A crusher of clods, a digger of ditches. A weed puller! A vine dresser! A trimmer of hedges! When all the time He was the One "who hath measured the waters in the hollow of His hand, and meted out heaven with a span, and comprehended the dust of the earth in a measure, and weighed the mountains in scales, and the hills in a balance."

But notice the love that would attempt a hard task. We get that in the words of Mary who said, "Sir, if thou have borne him hence tell me where thou hast laid him, and I will take him away." And the strength of Mary's love caused her to forget the weakness of her body. "The woman forgot the weakness of a woman's arms in the strength of a woman's love." Which makes us to take an incidental by-path for a minute to say that love is never afraid or hesitant in confronting hard tasks and heavy burdens. When a great love for God rules the heart there is no rolling of marbles when God calls for a removing of mountains—no paddling in the shallow waters of the shore edge when God calls for a launching out into the deep. There is no delight in dawdling with ditties when a great love urges us to lay hold on life's central melodies. When a great love moves the heart, there is no toying with trivialities, no passive acquiescence in small attainments, no

slothful timidity in daring, no careless indifference to the great stretches of the unattained.

But we go back to the main highway to notice the wonderful recognition! Like the touch of a cooling hand upon a fevered brow, like a sweet chord from a harp long silent, like a mothering assurance to a fretful child, one word fell from the mouth of Jesus upon the woman's ears—"Mary." And that word turned Mary's bleak winter to flowery summer—changed her wilderness to a pool of water, her desert to a garden, her dry land to springs of water. And Mary, her midnight turned to noonday, her mourning to the oil of joy, her spirit of heaviness into the garment of praise, "turned herself and saith unto him, Rabboni—Master!" "Rabboni!" I read an old Jewish commentary on that word. The commentator says that "Rab" means "master"—that "Rabbon" means "my master"—that "Rabboni" means "My great Master." So Mary exultingly, in the moment of her joyful recognition, cried, "My great Master!"

"Mary!" "Rabboni!" Recognition! And even as Jesus knew Mary and as Mary recognized Jesus in the resurrection garden, so shall we know our redeemed loved ones in the glory—on that day when we "see those angel faces we have loved long since and lost awhile."

I stood once on the shore of the Pacific which seemed to "wear the mood of a gigantic Socrates brooding upon world problems." And I saw a little ship with white sails slip out of sight in the midst. And, thinking of loved ones who went as quietly away into the Unseen, there came to my heart these words:

"It seemeth such a little way to me
To that strange, unseen country
    The Beyond.
But it has grown to be
The home of those of whom I am
    So fond.
And so to me there is no death;
It is but crossing with abated breath
    A narrow strip of sea
To find our loved ones on the other shore
More beautiful, more precious than before."

VII—A GRAND-CANYON RELATIONSHIP

"Go to my brethren and say unto them, I ascend unto my Father and your Father and to my God and your God."

How wonderful that God in His infinite mercy has saved us! How wonderful that "to as many as received Him to them gave He

power to become the sons of God, even to them that believe on his name" (John 1:12). How wonderful that our sins have been forgiven and forgotten! And how wonderful that we "have not received the spirit of bondage again to fear, but we have received the spirit of adoption, whereby we cry, Abba, Father!" And how wonderful that "the Spirit himself beareth witness with our spirit, that we are children of God!" And how wonderful this statement:

> "And if children, then heirs; heirs of God and joint-heirs with Christ; if so be that we suffer with him, that we may be also glorified together" (Rom. 8:17).

All of which means we are brought into relationships which can never cease to exist—relationships which are inseverable now and forever. "**My** Father, **your** Father!" "**My** God, **your** God."

And I wish, as we think upon this wonderful relationship, that we would learn and never forget that this relationship includes supplies on God's part. "**My** God, **your** God." Yes, and, "my God shall supply all your need"—even to bringing water from rocks of flint, and bread from skies of brass and meat in desert ways. No matter what your need is, God is able to supply. No matter how deep that need is there is no drouth in His springs of supply. No matter how heartfelt our need may be, His infinite resources know no famine. Abundantly able is He to supply the need of all His people.

My first full-time pastorate was at Edgefield, South Carolina—the county seat of the county that furnished more governors and United States Senators than any territory in the South. I went there with my wife and little daughter and owing into the thousands of dollars. We had to watch every penny—had to be economical in the strictest to set the congregation an example in liberality and to "make ends meet." I owed for my schooling. I owed for the furniture which we had bought on a dollar-down and a dollar-every-time-you-get-up basis. I owed so much for so many things that I dreaded, because of the money due, certain days ahead. One morning, after we had been there some months, I went to the breakfast table with a heavy heart, recalling that I had a note due for one hundred dollars that day. Before we had prayer at the table, I said to my wife, "How much money have you?" She said, "About forty cents." With mock seriousness, I said, "Is that all you have left out of the dollar I gave you last month?" Then she asked me how much money **I** had. I acknowledged that a parade of elephants had walked across my pocket-book and that dimes with me were as scarce as hen's teeth. And then, said I to her: "Did you know I had a note due for $100 today?" "Yes," she said, stirring the oatmeal for our little daughter. "What am I to do? I can't pay it!" I questioned and affirmed in one breath. "Have it renewed," she advised. "But," I

protested, "I have had it renewed twice already, and I don't want the bank to think I am careless about my debts." "There is nothing else you can do but renew. But let us pray about it." Then, without further words, she prayed—telling God things about us He already knew and asking His help in the matter of the note. Then we ate breakfast—a scanty one, but sufficient.

Two hours later, I went up town to the bank to ask President Sheppard if he would renew my note. And I went with something of the delight of "a quarry slave scourged to his dungeon." As I was crossing the street to enter the bank a man—a big, fat farmer, a member of our church—called me across the street. He took me up on the half-way landing of the little old stairway that led to the telephone office. There he stopped, but his hands on my shoulders, looked me in the eye and said: "Preacher, somehow I have been thinking about you this morning. You have been a good preacher to us. You have brought joy into our home by getting hold of our wild boy. And I can't ever pay you for it. But I sold my cotton this morning—and I thought you might need a little money." Then, without more ado and without more words, he put his hand down into his overalls and pulled out a roll of bills before my bulging eyes. He flicked a few five's and ten's and twenties till he came to a hundred dollar bill. That hundred dollar bill he placed in my hands. And I started to crying and laughing, gurgling and giggling—my thanks. He looked at me keenly and said, "Don't make a fool out of yourself." I said, "I'll be as big a fool as I want."

Then I made about one step to the street below and started, like Zacchaeus for the sycamore tree, toward home. When I had gone a little way, this dear old farmer shouted, "Hey, you, come back here!" I put the brakes on my two cylinder eight and started back. Rather reluctantly I went—afraid he had made a mistake and had given me $100 when he meant to give me ten. But when I got to him, he took me in the meat market, bought a quarter of a cow, paid for it, wrapped it up himself and put it on my shoulder with this rather inelegant remark, "Now, go home and eat till you bust."

And with that large chunk of beef I went home—not to eat till I "busted." And with that hundred dollar bill with which to pay my note I was not "busted." What took place at the little home when I showed my wife the money and the meat beggars description. You can't play an oratorio on a tin whistle.

"What a phenomenon!" somebody says. It is no phenomenon at all. If it is, I am glad we have a God of such phenomena! Man, do you trust God? Woman, do you trust God? Well, you will be severely tested. You will be sorely tried. But God promises you two things—you will never be forgotten, you will never be forsaken!

VIII—A GRAND-CANYON PEACE. "Peace Be Unto You"

"Then the same day at evening, being the first day of the week, when the doors were shut where the disciples were assembled for fear of the Jews, came Jesus and stood in the midst, and saith unto them, Peace be unto you. And when he had so said, he shewed unto them his hands, and his side. Then were the disciples glad, when they saw the Lord." (John 20:19-20).

In the storm He had spoken the word "Peace."

"And there arose a great storm of wind, and the waves beat into the ship, so that it was now full. And he was in the hinder part of the ship, asleep on a pillow: and they awake him, and say unto him, Master, carest thou not that we perish? And he arose, and rebuked the wind, and said unto the sea, Peace, be still. And the wind ceased, and there was a great calm." (Mark 4:37-39).

With the shadow of the Cross looming darkly and immediately ahead Jesus said to His disciples:

"Peace I leave with you, my peace I give unto you: not as the world giveth, give I unto you. Let not your heart be troubled, neither let it be afraid." (John 14:27).

He had also said: "These things have I spoken unto you that in me ye might have peace." (Jno. 16:33).

And these blessed words meant much to their troubled hearts on the occasions when they were spoken—before His crucifixion. But He never used the word "Peace" when it possessed so much balm for fearful hearts and poured out so much calm upon their troubled spirits and held such sweetness for their bitter experiences as it did when He used it in the upper room that time "when the doors were shut where the disciples were for fear of the Jews"—after His resurrection. His use of the word "Peace" never meant so much to them as when, refusing to be barred out by locks and bolts, He came where they were huddled like frightened sheep behind closed doors, and stood in their midst and said unto them, "Peace be unto you."

"Came Jesus, the doors being shut!" Jesus got through to them! Isn't that wonderful? Is it not wonderful to know that He found and visited them behind closed doors? And wonderful that He can get to us the same way? Is it not wonderful that He defies all distances and all locksmiths? As well attempt to stop single-handed the mad plunge of a mountain boulder as to stop the feet of him who makes his way to us when we are serving sentence in the penitentiary of fear and terror. As well attempt to turn back with a teaspoon the river over-

flowing its banks in floodtime as to try to stop Jesus from coming to His own in the deep waters of trouble. As well endeavor to clip the wings of a cyclone as to try to stay the feet of him who gets through to his own. I think it was Dr. Freeman who said: "As well endeavor to fetter the feet of a summer morning and push down the rising sun below the horizon as strive to block the passage of Christ on His way to hearts that burn for Him. He gets through to them."

"And he showed them his hands and his side!" Wonderful evidence that. No doubt now about the reality of His resurrection. Wonderful identification—those wounds in His hands where the nails were driven, that wound in His side where the savage Roman spear was thrust and pulled out! Each nail scar and spear gash and thorn puncture a mighty oration, speaking and bearing witness to the truth that He who was dead is alive! Oh! To see Him standing there in their midst! Just the sight of Him hushed the tempest in their hearts. Their storm was suddenly spent—and there was a great calm!

"Christ is our peace" (Eph. 2:14). Christ only is our peace as to the black past which would rise up, like Banquo's ghost, and haunt us and taunt us concerning our misdoings. Christ only is our peace in the present, with its problems that perplex, with its hazards that harass, with its glooms that darken. Christ only is our peace as to the future and death and the judgment.

A student graduated from the Boston School of Theology. Five years marked him as a man of growing promise. Then came severe sickness which left him a confirmed invalid. Slowly the tide of suffering arose along the shores of his body. One leg was amputated. Then the other leg withered! Then one eye failed, and then the other eye went out leaving him in darkness forever. His joints stiffened, ossified. His spinal column hardened. His joints set. He had the use of only one arm and one hand. Out of this prolonged Gethsemane came a book, "God's White Throne," a book he himself wrote, a closely-reasoned argument proving the absolute goodness of God! Wonderful peace! "Peace be unto you."

> "From every stormy wind that blows,
> From every swelling tide of woes,
> There is a calm, a sure retreat,
> 'Tis found beneath the mercy seat!"

And this wonderful peace that came from seeing the Lord and hearing His words went before a great joy. "Then were the disciples glad when they saw the Lord."

But along with the thought of this wonderful peace that came to the disciples is the woeful tragedy of the missing man. "But Thomas,

one of the twelve, called Didymus, was not with them when Jesus came" (John 20:24). Judas was not there; but he was not expected. Judas had already betrayed his Lord—had already put a kiss on the Lord's cheek that hurt worse than a sword thrust—had already been whipped and scourged by his remorse of conscience clean out of the world. Judas was not there, but he was not expected to be there.

We no more expected Pilate than we expected Judas. Pilate had had his chance to befriend Him, to serve Him. But Pilate allowed his own interests to get the better of his conscience. Pilate had chosen the friendship of Caesar and had spurned the friendship of the King Eternal. So we did not expect Pilate to be in this little company of the friends of Jesus who met on the resurrection side of the Cross.

Caiaphas, too, had stood in the presence of Jesus, but his envy had made him blind. And he shouted "Blasphemy!" so loud that he drowned the voice of his conscience and the gentle whisperings of the Spirit of God.

The soldiers who platted a crown of thorns and put it on his head and nailed him to the cross and gambled in the dripping blood at the foot of the cross while He died were not there. But nobody expected them there.

When Jesus hung on the Cross, He said "I thirst"—and some man there ran and brought Him a sponge with vinegar and gall. That man was not there—but who expected him there? Not the disciples! Not I! Not you!

But who was the missing man? We read the text again. His name was Thomas—a very familiar name—Thomas who, as recorded in John 11:16 said, "Let us also go, that we may die with him!" Now, Thomas was expected for he was a member of the little band of disciples. He was one of the twelve. He belonged to the Inner Circle! His fellow disciples had a right therefore to expect him! But he was missing!

If I had met Thomas on the streets of Jerusalem on that day and said, "Thomas, I saw your friends going together to the Upper Room. Aren't you going? Jesus might come while they are there." Thomas would have answered, "No, I'm not going. Jesus will not be there. He is dead. Don't you know if I thought I would see Him I would go? Don't you know that I loved Him and love Him still better than life, but Jesus is dead. Dead! Dead!

"I was in the garden when Judas kissed him. I saw them lead Him away. I saw the soldiers scourge Him. I saw Him crowned with the crown of thorns. I was out on Calvary when the black night came on at midday and I heard that wild, bitter cry. Oh! I will hear it for-

ever more: 'My God, my God, why hast thou forsaken me?' I saw His head bowed and I saw the brute of a soldier thrust the spear into His side. Don't talk to me about seeing Jesus again. Jesus is dead."

What a disappointment to his Master Thomas was. For a whole week, he went doubting Him, mistrusting Him, mistrusting the words of others about Him, when he could have been with Jesus and could have been as sure of His reality and nearness as he was of his own existence. All that week he dwelt in gloom and dwelt apart saying to himself over and over again what he had said to his fellow disciples: "Except I shall see in his hands the print of the nails, and put my finger into the print of the nails and thrust my hand into his side, I will not believe" (Jno. 20:25).

IX—A GRAND-CANYON COMMISSION

"As My Father Hath Sent Me, So Send I You."

As Jesus was sent to seek the lost, so they were sent. Wonderful Commission! As Jesus was sent to preach the Gospel to the poor, so they were sent. Wonderful commission! As Jesus was sent "to heal the broken-hearted, to preach deliverance to the captives and recovering of sight to the blind, to set at liberty them that are bruised, to preach the acceptable year of the Lord," so were they sent. Wonderful commission! "As thou hast sent me into the world, even so have I also sent them into the world" (John 17:18). "And I have declared unto them thy name, and will declare it: that the love wherewith thou hast loved me may be in them, and I in them" (John 17:26).

What a commission Jesus gave! What a wonderful career He unfolded for them! What a glorious goal and what direction to that goal He gave! What an amazing parallel: "As my Father hath sent me, even so send I you!" Shall we believe for ourselves that even as Jesus was sent from the carpenter shop in Nazareth to a throne of glory in the heavens, so are we? That then is our goal? Shall we believe that as Jesus was sent to labor and do hard work—so are we? Shall we believe that as Jesus was sent to be tempted—so are we to be tempted? Shall we believe that as Jesus was sent to pray—so are we sent to pray? Shall we believe and declare that just as Jesus was sent to serve—so we are sent to serve? Shall we—do we—believe that as Jesus was sent to bear a cross—so are we sent to bear a cross? Do we believe that? "Must Jesus bear the cross alone?" Do we believe—dare we believe—that as Jesus was sent to be crucified—so we are sent to share His crucifixion with Him? Dare we believe and do we believe that as Jesus was sent to overcome the world, so we are sent to overcome the world and then to sit down with Christ in His throne, even

as He overcame and is set down with the Father in His throne? God forbid that we shall believe things contrary to these wonderful realities.

"These things I have spoken unto you, that in me ye might have peace. In the world ye shall have tribulation: but be of good cheer; I have overcome the world" (John 16:33).

"To him that overcometh will I grant to sit with me in my throne, even as I also overcame, and am set down with my Father in his throne" (Rev. 3:21).

X—A GRAND-CANYON CONFESSION

"My Lord and My God" (John 20:28)

"After eight days"—And all that eight days Thomas dragged down by doubt. For Thomas' doubt was an interior agony—a dark night of the soul, with clouded heavens and without stars. All that eight days, Thomas tortured with the terrors of the bloody scars of Calvary. All that eight days Thomas weighted with mental miseries and racked with wretchedness. All that eight days Thomas still in midnight, missing the sunrise and the climbing sun of the resurrection morning. All that eight days Thomas, deep in dungeons of dark despair, was mourning when he ought to have been singing, pining when he ought to have been praising, groaning gloomily, when he ought to have been glorifying greatly. All that eight days drifting when he could have been directing—missing the blessing of receiving and the blessing of giving. After that eight days of despondency on the part of Thomas, of doubting the declaration of the disciples, of declaring with depressing determination that he would not believe unless he could see in Christ's hands the print of the nails and could put his finger into the print of the nails and could thrust his hand into Christ's side.

"After eight days!" "After eight days **again.**" After eight days **His disciples** were **within.**" "After eight days His disciples were within **and Thomas with them.**" "After eight days **came Jesus.**" "After eight days came Jesus the **doors being shut.**" "After eight days came Jesus the doors being shut, **and stood in the midst.**" "After eight days came Jesus the doors being shut, and stood in the midst and **said.**" "Peace be unto you."

"Then saith he to Thomas, Reach hither thy finger, and behold my hands; and reach hither thy hand, and thrust it into my side: and be not faithless, but believing. And Thomas answered and said unto him, My Lord and my God" (John 20:27-28).

It was then that Thomas came out of the rigours of the arctic night of his gloom into the warm tropical clime of light. It was then that Thomas threw off his weights and took wings. It was then that

Thomas, for eight days so much out of line, got in line and marched with radiant face in lockstep with the others. It was then that Thomas turned his face from the darksome sunset to the cloudless sunrise. It was then that Thomas got out of the quicksand onto the solid rock. It was then that Thomas got off the footstool and mounted the throne. It was then that Thomas turned from the blind alley to the highway. It was then that Thomas quickly got into harmonious relations with his fellow disciples. It was then that Thomas looked smilingly upon the valleys God had exalted, looked radiantly upon the mountains God had made low, looked joyfully upon the rough places God had made plain, looked understandingly upon the crooked places God had made straight—yea, I dare say, with remorse and with reproach upon himself for going in doubt for eight days. For passing from the realm of fear into the realm of faith is like passing from a crowded city slum into the fields "where the daffodils dance and the linnets sing"—like passing into a new world, like entering Paradise.

"After eight days Thomas with them"—when Jesus came, "the doors being shut." And as for Thomas, it was like a man made blind by gruesome flares receiving his sight again. As for Thomas, it was like a man made deaf by terrific thunders, having his ears keenly sensitized again. As for Thomas, it was like a man deranged by shell shock, getting his reason back—like a man tossed and tortured by feverish thirst refreshed by crystal fountains, like a man on a torture rack finding sudden release.

Moreover, the only way I know for **you** to know the joy that came into the heart of Thomas is for you to confess him as Lord of your own heart and life.

> "Come to the Saviour, make no delay,
> Here in His word, He has shown us the way;
> Here in our midst He is standing today
> Tenderly saying, Peace."

And, as you make the great confession, ask your heart these questions: Is any distance too great to go for Him who went to the Cross for me? Is any burden too heavy to bear for Him who bore the weight of the world's sins on His heart? Is any sacrifice too much to make for Him who was "made a curse" and "made sin" for me? Is any agony too severe to suffer for Him who, on the Cross, was made for us all that God must judge in order that we might become all that God can not judge? Is there anything He ever said or did that would cause me to be hesitant or ashamed to whisper in the closet, to shout from the housetop, to say to oneself, to say before men, "my Lord and my God"? Give Him thy heart, and He will give thee love—love dearer than the love of mother, friend, or lover—love deeper than human sorrow, love

deeper than death, love deeper than sin, love long as the longest road, love longer than the longest day, love longer than the longest night, love from which "neither death, nor life, nor angels nor principalities, nor powers, nor things present, nor things to come, nor height, nor depth, nor any other creature," shall be able to separate us.

Confess Him, thou. Give Him thy ways, and He will overarch life's pathway as the heavens overarch flowers—filling them with heat by day and yielding cooling dews at night. Confess Him! Give Him but a flickering aspiration—and He will give thee balm for the bruised reed and flame for the smoking flax. Confess Him! Give Him the publican's penitent prayer—and He will give thee mercy like the wideness of the sea. Confess Him. Say to Him, "my Lord and my God"—and He will give thee to drink of the water of the river of life and bring thee to the banquet hall in the house of many mansions.

XI—A GRAND-CANYON BLESSEDNESS

Jesus said to Thomas, after that eight days had passed, "Peace be unto you." And I say that because I think Jesus had Thomas more in mind and heart than any of the other disciples—just then. Had He not already said to the others, "Peace be unto you"? Yes. And somehow I believe that expression in John 20:26 was more a singular than a plural peace—meant more for Thomas than anyone else.

Jesus said to Thomas, after the eight days, when He stood again in the midst, the doors being shut, "Reach hither thy finger, and behold my hands." Jesus said to Thomas, as, for Thomas, the darkness of that eight days began to wane, "Reach hither thy hand, and thrust it into my side," Jesus said to Thomas, when the shadows of these eight days were, for Thomas, fleeing away, "and be not faithless but believing."

And Thomas answered and said unto Jesus, "My Lord and my God." And then it was Jesus spoke for those nigh and for those afar off. Then it was that Jesus spoke through Thomas to our fathers and mothers, to you, to me, to all men everywhere. And what was the message meant for you and me—the message that sets forth such a wonderful blessedness to us? This: "Blessed are they that have not seen, and yet have believed" (John 20:29).

The blessed Christ who illustrated in His daily life every doctrine of His heavenly mind said that to **me**—through Thomas. Jesus, ever holding up before mankind representative manhood gloriously conformed to the will of God, said that to **you**—through Thomas. Jesus, in whom was no taint of sin, in Whom was no suspicion of selfishness, in Whom was no insinuation of an unholy aim, said that for **our**

blessedness. Jesus, whose face was incarnate benevolence, Whose hand was friendship's symbol, Whose eye was liquid sympathy for every human sorrow and woe, sent across the reach of the centuries a message for all the races of men today: "Blessed are they that have **not** seen and yet have believed." And we are included there in that, another beatitude.

Blessed were those who **saw** Jesus and **believed.** Take Bartimaeus! He saw Jesus—after Jesus had opened his blind eyes. And I think when his neighbors would visit him that he would show them his staff and say, "That is what I had to use to find my way along before I met Jesus." Blessed was Bartimaeus—because he saw Jesus.

And if you could visit with the woman at the well she would tell you that it was a blessed day when she saw Jesus at Jacob's well. And, in the sweet and grateful recall of that blessed day, she would doubtless show you the water pot and say, "That is the water pot I took with me the day I saw Jesus." Blessed the woman at the well—because she saw Jesus who lifted her "from shades of night to plains of light."

And suppose you could go to Jericho and visit the home of Zacchaeus as it was after the Lord Jesus visited it. I think Zacchaeus would say something like this: "That is the chair Jesus sat in the day He was here; and this is His place at the table; and, you know, we have had a different home since Jesus came." If you were a complete stranger, Zacchaeus might ask you to walk down the road with him and take a look at the old sycamore tree which he climbed one day in his determination to see Jesus! Blessed was Zacchaeus—because he saw Jesus and was the recipient of the ministry of His marvelous grace.

And if you could talk with the demoniac of Gadarea, after that demoniac was "clothed and in his right mind," I am sure he would talk to you about what a blessed thing it was for him that day he saw Jesus. And maybe he would show you some of the ugly scars made on his body with the stones he gashed himself with—before Jesus healed him. Doubtless, too, he would point out men, women, and children to you and say: "These were all afraid of me before I saw Jesus and was blessed." Maybe, too, he would show you some of the chains he snapped asunder in the days when his neighbors bound him, trying to tame him. Blessed that demoniac—because he saw Jesus.

And don't forget the man with the withered hand—after he saw Jesus and after Jesus had made his hand whole, that man went home able to handle the hammer and the hoe—able to run his once-withered fingers through the curls on his children's heads or on the stops of the flute. Blessed that man—because he saw Jesus.

Blessed the dumb whose frozen fountains of speech He changed

into gushing streams of speech. They saw Jesus. Blessed the deaf whose world of silence He shattered by making dead ear drums throb with life. They saw Jesus. Blessed the cripple whose twisted limbs He made whole, whose drawn muscles He made supple. They saw Jesus. Blessed the lepers whose loathsomeness of flesh and whose isolation He removed far from them, making them fit for association with friends and the embrace of loved ones. They saw Jesus. Blessed the crazy people whom Jesus met and, in marvelous power and compassion, restored their reason. They saw Jesus. Blessed the bereaved to whose aching hearts and empty arms Jesus gave back their beloved dead—alive. They saw Jesus. Blessed the fevered ones upon whose restless bodies Jesus placed His cooling hands quenching the burning fever fires. They saw Jesus.

"And he turned him unto his disciples, and said privately, Blessed are the eyes which see the things that ye see: For I tell you, that many prophets and kings have desired to see those things which ye see, and have not seen them; and to hear those things which ye hear, and have not heard them" (Luke 10:23-24).

But we, too, even as all believers, are included in that post-resurrection beatitude, "Blessed are they who have not seen and yet have believed." We never felt the touch of His incarnate hands nor saw in them the print of the nails. We never heard His incarnate mouth, sometimes as the whispers of summer zephyrs, sometimes as the thunder of a storm cloud, utter marvelous words of love and rebuke. We never saw His incarnate feet walk on tumbling waves. We never saw His eyes melt with compassion or kindle with anger, which injustice and wrong invariably elicit from all high souls. Yet, I claim as my own, the promise of Him whom heredity and environment can not claim, "Blessed are they who have not seen and yet have believed." Yet you can claim as your own the promise of Him whom, not being stamped with the imprint of the schools, education can not claim, "Blessed are they who have not seen and yet have believed." Yet, all men can claim as their own the promise of Him whom opportunity and genius can not claim, "Blessed are they who have not seen and yet have believed."

"O thou dear Lord who comest
When all the guests are gone,
When in its silent chambers
The Soul sits down alone.
Our garlands all are withered,
Our sweetest songs are sung,
The lamps which lit our feasting
Have gone out one by one.

"The gladness and the beauty
Have vanished from our sight.
The footsteps of our dear ones
Have died away in night.
Yet thanks to thee that ever
Thou comest at our will.
Thy voice is heard the clearer
When all the house is still.

"Thanks to Thy name that ever
In grief thou dost appear,
That by each deepening shadow
We know that thou art near.
Be ruler of our feasting,
Thou Lord of Love alone,
O, Thou, dear Lord, who stayest
When all the guests are gone."

Jesus and the Resurrection

By BISHOP ADNA WRIGHT LEONARD, D.D.
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"And he preached unto them Jesus and the resurrection." Acts 17:18.

Paul and Silas had awakened considerable interest and had stirred up no small amount of opposition. So great was the feeling against these two men that a mob gathered about the house of Jason, where Paul and Silas were staying, intending to drag them before the civil authorities to face some kind of trumped charges. They could not find the men whom they were seeking so they took Jason and certain brethren before the authorities and accused them of being disturbers of the peace inasmuch as they were associated with those who had "turned the world upside down" and had done things "contrary to the decrees of Caesar." In order to escape violence at the hands of the mob Paul and Silas were sent "by night unto Berea." No sooner did they arrive at Berea than "they betook themselves to the Jewish synagogue where the people were more amenable than at Thessalonica." "When the Jews of Thessalonica heard that Paul was proclaiming the word of God at Berea as well, they came to create a disturbance and a riot among the crowds at Berea too." Paul's friends again sent him away to escape the anger of the crowd, but Silas and Timothy remained where they were. Paul was conducted to Athens and while waiting there for Silas and Timothy was greatly stirred "when he saw the city wholly given to idolatry." Therefore, in the synagogue, in the street and in the market daily "he preached unto them Jesus and the resurrection."

He preached. He was not far removed from Pentecost. Preachers of that day were conscious of a Divine undergirding. They were preachers of power. It is said by some that great preaching is a lost art. That star preachers are a rare find. That a generation ago there were giants in the pulpits but where are they today? There may be some truth in this but not to the extent affirmed by unfriendly critics. If, however, the pulpit is to be brought under this condemnation, then other forms of public speech must suffer the same reproach. A journalist has said that the period of high parliamentary oratory closed with the closing scenes of the political and public life of William E. Gladstone. What shall we say regarding the oratory of the United States

Senate today compared with that of forty or fifty years ago? A great jurist is authority for the statement that "the palmy days of forensic eloquence are past." Compare the character of the crowds that fill our court rooms today with the eager multitudes that crowded such places when, for example, it became known that Abraham Lincoln would plead a cause or a case. Today the crowds that fill the court rooms are morbid, curious and vulgar, not infrequently applauding criminals as though they were heroes or heroines. If, therefore, the pulpit is not the tower of strength it once was, there are other spheres of public speech that suffer a like condemnation. But whatever may be said of the pulpit today it is still the greatest power for good where, like Paul the Apostle, its ministers preach Jesus and the Resurrection.

In preaching Jesus and the resurrection Paul preached the living Christ. He preached not an abstract Christ but a living personality. He said nothing about Jesus making the startling discovery rather late in life that He was a Messiah. He did not try to explain Him by declaring that He was "an emanation from God." He did not say that He was "a thought eternally in the mind of God." He preached Jesus without apology and from the deeps of his grateful heart he exclaimed in the face of idolatrous practices and customs, which were at once both sensuous and depraving—"Now unto Him that is able to do exceeding abundantly above all that we ask or think, according to the power that worketh in us," (Eph. 2:20). Too much of our faith is an assent to or an affirmation of various propositions and theories instead of trust in a personal Redeemer. Jesus was to Paul a living personality and that is why he preached Jesus and the resurrection. In another place Paul speaks of "the power of the resurrection." This was Paul's gospel and there can be no other. This power is felt through Christ's continued invisible presence in the world.

It is said that ideas rule the world. If this be true then ideas rule the world more potently through living personalities. Who would feel himself capable of measuring the power of vital and effective personality? Great dramas which yesterday compelled the attention of the world are today forgotten. Given a living personality, sensational melodramas and extravaganzas force their way into the public thought and direct the attention of the thoughtless and listless crowd. Words of wisdom spoken by the truly great of by-gone generations scarcely command passing consideration while the vociferous statements and platitudes of the demigod become the guides to men's conduct and actions. One explanation at least is that the power and potency of a living, present personality makes its appeal as nothing else does. When, however, ideas are separated from the personality from which they originally emanated they very soon lose their force and ultimately

shrivel and cease to make any effective appeal or to have any great influence. One reason for the marvelous effectiveness of the Christian message is that Jesus is alive forevermore. The power of a living personality is seen in the rise and fall of petty, contemporary religions. For a time they appear to have great vogue and then their influence wanes and they are soon a thing of the past. When their living leaders disappear these substitutes for Christianity gradually cease to be a force and finally disappear. But the Son of God continues to give His unchanging message to the world and to invest it with glory all its own. He is the risen Lord,—"The same yesterday, today and forever." After two thousand years He is the most dominating personality known to the sons of men. Before His death He promised to His followers His perpetual presence and with the resurrection the perpetually present Christ is ours.

The reason the Christian message has vitality is that its author is not a dead Christ but the risen, living Lord.

Paul believed it was impossible to distinguish between Jesus and essential Christianity. This has been true throughout the Christian centuries. It is utterly impossible to distinguish between essential Christianity and Jesus Christ for Jesus Christ is Christianity and Christianity is Jesus Christ. I can distinguish between the author of a book and the book itself; I can admire the work of an artist and yet have no confidence in the artist; but Christ cannot be separated from essential Christianity any more than you can have a theory of optics without the light. He who fails to preach Jesus as the Saviour from sin omits that which is the heart of the Christian message. He is the only object of saving faith and the believer's one and sufficient hope.

In looking out upon Athens wholly given to idolatry Paul believed in the adequacy of Jesus in every moral and spiritual situation. Anyone who has ever looked upon a city given over wholly to idolatry has some conception of Paul's feelings when he looked upon the idolatrous city of Athens. If the ministers of the Gospel were possessed of a faith like Paul's there are thousands of communities in the United States that would feel the fresh impact of the saving power of Jesus Christ.

In Calcutta, India, on one occasion it was my privilege to have a lengthy conference with a highly educated Indian lawyer or advocate. He was a Christian man and had been identified with the Christian Church in India for many years. He was unqualified in his expressions of appreciation of the great work the Christian missionaries had accomplished for India. He referred to a number of outstanding missionaries whose contribution to the welfare of India he said would never be forgotten. "Forty years ago," said he, "it would have been very

difficult in this city and, indeed, in India itself, for any missionary or native worker to secure a hearing while he preached Jesus Christ and His saving power. Now, however, things are entirely changed and India today is pro-Christian, which does not mean that India is now actually accepting Christ as Lord and Saviour but that India is interested in Christ as she is interested in no other personality. This has come about very largely through the work of the Christian missionaries." This gentleman continued his conversation by saying that Mahatma Gandhi is greatly revered by the people of India. He has lived a sacrificial life and his qualities of character have made a great appeal to India as a whole. "Yet" said he, "Gandhi is not a Christian although there are certain things in the movement under his leadership that would have been impossible but for his contact with Christianity. Many of the best things he is advocating he has derived, consciously or unconsciously, from Jesus and the Gospel that He brought to this world." After giving a very brief but vivid account of Gandhi's first trial he said to me, "But wait a moment for I want to say one thing more,—Keep your missionaries at home," I was astonished for he had previously spoken in such high praise of the Christian missionaries. He repeated the statement the second time and when he observed my increasing surprise that he should make such a remark he said with louder emphasis, "Keep your missionaries at home, unless when they come over here they will actually believe that Jesus Christ is adequate for the salvation of India." This Christian man uttered a great truth that was of far-reaching significance. Why should missionaries be sent by the Christian Church to non-Christian lands unless they believe that Jesus Christ is the one and only Saviour of this world? Why should missionaries be sent abroad if they go with the idea that the Christian religion is simply one of the religions of the world, or that Jesus Christ is simply one of the religious teachers? We would desire to have them go with full appreciation of the great contribution the more ancient religions have made to the good of the world; we would desire to have them give expression to their appreciation of the spiritual achievements of the leaders of other faiths; but the Christian missionary, if he goes to the uttermost parts of the earth as the representative of the Christian Church must go as an ambassador of Christ, fully confident that Jesus Christ is not only superior to all others but that He is the Son of God, the Saviour of the world. This same mind must also possess the ministers of the Gospel in the home field if this country of ours is to be taken for Jesus Christ.

Paul also preached that Jesus Christ can never be superseded. Carlyle was quite right when he said, "Higher than Jesus of Nazareth our poor thoughts can never rise." Renan, who tried so hard to prove

that there was nothing superhuman about Jesus said of Him, "This sublime person who presides over the destinies of the world we may truly call Divine for in Him is condensed all that is good in our common nature." Thomas Edison at present occupies a unique position in the scientific world, yet it is easily conceivable that Mr. Edison may some time be superseded by one who will accomplish even greater things than he accomplished. The same is true of Raphael in art, Mendelssohn in music, but Jesus will never be superseded by anyone. The most destructive criticism of the Christian centuries has been and is being applied to Jesus and His teaching and yet He holds acknowledged spiritual supremacy. When Jesus actually touches the life of a person there is no mistaking the experience. The impact of the mind of the Master upon man's mind is never mistaken for something else. Someone has called His indwelling Presence, "The Soul Kiss." When Jesus Christ comes into a life all that is Divine responds.

He will never be superseded in the words that He uttered. You may search the literatures of the world, sacred and profane, yet there are no words comparable to those of Jesus. A great actor once said that of all the words that had been spoken by the great, none could compare with the words of Jesus, especially when He said, "Come unto me all ye that labor and are heavy laden and I will give you rest."

In Gamaliel Bradford's biography of Dwight L. Moody he calls attention to the fact that words are or must be the chief medium of contact between soul and soul. Expression and gesture may add something but are not as significant as the word itself. In speaking of the moving picture he says,—"The cruder, more violent, more primitive emotions and situations can be suggested on the screen with poignant intensity. But all the finer grades and shades of spiritual experience seem to cry out for speech." A change has come. Moving pictures without words did not suffice. The movies were petering out. Now they have come back by the invention of the "talkies" and the theatres are again filled.

Have we given any care to the power and potency of words? They can fracture the most ideal friendship; they can transform love into hate; they can wreck homes, blast hopes, destroy fortunes; they can discredit character.

There is a sense in which they bring their own reward. Men who deliberately set out to ruin their brethren by the use of words, which, if taken at their full value would discredit, destroy, or dishonor other men's standing and position in the world, will sooner or later discover, and to their own sorrow, that untruthful and extravagant words, spoken or written in a spirit of revenge and bitterness carry their own re-

actions. What would some people not give if they could but recall the harsh, cruel or untruthful word?

> "Boys flying kites haul in their white-winged birds,
> You can't do that way when you're flying words.
> Thoughts unexpressed may sometimes fall back dead,
> But God Himself can't kill them when they're said."

There is another angle to this and that is the loss of great Christian words from much of modern preaching. Those words that are so full of life that if you cut them they will bleed. Where are those great redemptive words such as repentance, saving faith, justification, salvation, redemption, holiness, sanctification, the witness of the spirit, etc., etc.? How often do we hear these words in modern preaching or in modern Christian literature?

There is no finer illustration of a return to the use of the great redemptive words than that of the Barthian School which has developed since the World War and has had a marked influence upon religious thought abroad. There are those who regard Barth and Brunner and the others who compose this school as the most influential religious group today on the Continent. A distinguished critic and observer has declared that one cannot understand the deepest problems of Christendom until he meets these men. The book by Brunner entitled, "The Theology of Crisis" takes us back to original Christianity and offers itself as meat and drink to the religiously hungry. It is definitely Calvinistic and for that reason I cannot accept many of its positions, but it, nevertheless, holds to the great Christian doctrines such as sin and the sense of guilt and the inadequacy of all other religious systems to save this world. In the Barthian School many of the old redemptive words have returned with a new and modern meaning, carrying the essential message of Christianity.

I am not pleading for the retention in modern nomenclature of the archaic, but I am pleading for those words of life that are characteristic of the Christian revelation. Does someone say, "Those were the words of a yesterday that has gone forever?" If that be true, then the Bible is a mere book of yesterday and it, too, is gone forever; and the atonement in Christ is also gone forever. But not so, for those great words of the Christian revelation are abiding for they are words of life.

> "Sing them over again to me,
> Wonderful words of life,
> Let me more of their beauty see,
> Wonderful words of life.
> Words of life and beauty,

Teach me faith and duty,
Wonderful words, beautiful words,
Wonderful words of life."

No other plan of salvation and no other atonement than that which Jesus has made for the sin of the world could ever find a place in the preaching of Paul. The old theories of the atonement may not satisfy and certain it is that the preacher today cannot hold the attention of an audience by the mere explanation of the various historic theories of the atonement. Nevertheless, Jesus died for our sins and rose again for our justification. He has made atonement for sin and through faith in Him we have the hope of eternal life.

The story is told of the Seneca Indians who at one time inhabited the neighborhood of Niagara Falls. These Indians had a custom of holding a religious festival in the autumn time for the purpose of making an offering to propitiate the Spirit of the Falls. The priests would cast lots for the most beautiful daughter of the tribe. The maiden who was chosen was compelled to step into a white canoe on a certain night when the moon was full. The canoe was loaded with the fruits and flowers of the autumn season. The maiden herself was dressed in white and was required to step into the canoe and pull into midstream to be swept by the current over the falls to certain death. On one occasion the maiden chosen by the priests for the sacrifice was the daughter of the chief of the tribe. When the priests informed the father that it was his daughter who had been chosen for the sacrifice he replied that he was perfectly willing that his daughter should pay the price. Had not the daughters of other men been chosen in other years and had not they become the sacrifice for the good of the people? The brave chief, therefore, feeling the justice of the choice that was made, yielded to the fatal decree. He loved his daughter with a tender, passionate love but with breaking heart unhesitatingly offered her for the sacrifice. When the fatal night arrived the people beheld a strange sight. The moon was shining brightly, the shores were crowded and the silence was breathless save for the roar of the waters. At a given signal the chief's daughter stepped into the white canoe, paddled boldly out into the current and was drifting toward the falls. To the dismay of the multitude the chief was seen to step into another white canoe and giving a few mighty strokes his boat shot alongside the boat of his daughter. Their eyes met. There was a look of infinite love, a swift embrace, and daughter and father were swept over the falls to sure and certain death. The father loved the daughter too much to permit her to die alone and, therefore, he died with her.

This tradition is beautiful and suggestive. It is a wonderful thing

to die with a person as did the father-chief, but how much more wonderful is it to die for another. That is what Jesus did. "He died that we might never die." His blessed feet pressed the shores of time and He went down into the darkness of death for us. Because of that death and His resurrection from the dead we have the blessed hope of Eternal Life.

The World's Greatest Sensation

By REV. J. C. MASSEE, D.D., LL.D.
Minister of Christ with the World for a Parish

TEXT: Matt. 1:21, "Thou shalt call His name Jesus, because He it is who shall save His people from their sins."

THE NAME

"Jesus" is earth's most famed name. It has been lisped in prayer and praise by more tongues than any other name borne by man. The living and the dying alike breathe this name as their one supreme hope, encouragement and trust. Every language has known it. Every race has loved it, every age since it was given to the Babe of Bethlehem has sung its praises.

The inspired history of the name Jesus commands but a few words, but it embraces the fulfillment of all prophecy of redemption for the human race. Only a half dozen sentences in the inspired record of Scripture are required to tell the story of the One who was born of a virgin, but the history of two thousand years is required to tell the miracles of regeneration, of inspiration of heavenly aspiration that have followed the name Jesus wherever it has been known.

Here is the inspired record: Jesus was the name given by an angel of the Lord before His birth.

It was the name sung by the angelic hosts who came proclaiming peace on earth and good-will to men.

It was the name nailed in derision on a Roman cross over the head of the dying Son of God.

And it is the name which God has exalted above every name in heaven and in earth.

It is the name to which every knee shall bow in heaven and in earth and under the earth. And it is the name to which God has promised every tongue shall confess that Jesus is Lord to the glory of God the Father.

"There is no name so sweet on earth;
No name so sweet in heaven,
The name before His wondrous birth
By angels to Him given."

"Sweetest note in seraph song;
Sweetest name on mortal tongue;
Sweetest carol ever sung:
Jesus, Blessed Jesus."

THE REASON

The reason assigned to this name is the world's greatest sensation. The mere announcement that Jesus should save His people from their sins is the most startling single announcement ever made. For if this be true and He can save men from their sins He will change the destiny of the human race. He will change the current of all human thought, speech and action. He will purify all human purposes, cleanse every heart and make right the ways of men in the presence of a Holy God. He will deliver men from the perversity of thought, from the weakness of enslaved wills, from the vain imaginations that deceive and destroy. He will erect new standards of weights and measures for human conduct and bring into being once again the fellowship of God with man which was broken in the garden when man first turned away through disobedience to the will and the presence of God.

If Jesus can save men from their sins He will overturn all wrong, recover all the fallen, reconcile all the estranged, strengthen all the weak, encourage all the hopeless, heal all the sick, give a new chance to all who have failed, comfort all who sorrow, guide all who are perplexed, and restore the consciousness of God to all who grope in the darkness of blind unbelief or stagger through the dismal bog of superstitution and sin.

Just to believe in Him as the Son of God and the atoning Saviour is to receive a new nature, a new name and a transforming experience. Surely there is no language with which to compass the miracle of such a redemption. No words can describe the wonders of so great a transformation, for thus death is turned into life, darkness becomes light, poverty gives place to the fathomless wealth of Christ, life's alleys are changed into avenues, the weepings of the night give place to the joys of the morning. Feet long bogged in the miry clay are lifted to the rock, and tongues long unfamiliar with glowing song are set to singing with the multitudes of heaven. Should the salvation promised in the name of Jesus become a universal experience, no language could describe the inexpressible songs of joy and gladness.

There is a story in the Book of Acts of one lame man who was healed at the beautiful gate of the temple who went leaping and bounding and rejoicing in the temple. The salvation of Jesus experienced by a multitude will set the whole world to leaping and singing and rejoicing. The imagination staggers at the scene.

We well remember the day when Jesus was going into Jerusalem and a glimmering appreciation of what His presence meant reached the multitude. They cast their garments in the road and waved palm branches and went rejoicing before Him in a triumphal entry of spiritual jubilation, shouting, "Hosanna, hosanna, blessed is He that cometh in the name of the Lord."

His name belongs to all the blind and deaf and lame of the earth. It is the peculiar possession of the lepers, the palsied, the paralytic, the demon-possessed. It is the treasure of the poor who have the Gospel preached to them, and it is the final recourse of hope to all the dead and the dying. Why should the earth not shout its jubilation and sing its song of victory over death, over sin, over the grave?

Do you recall Armistice Day, November 11, 1918, when the news was flashed about the world that the dogs of war had been leashed, that the munitions of war would be needed no more, that striving men were ready to return from the battlefields of war-torn Europe to the peaceful pursuits of life and to the bosom of home and family? Do you remember how a nation went mad with joy? It is said that in New York City alone 1800 tons of torn paper and confetti were flung into the air amidst the shouts and songs and bell-ringing of the multitude of men in the realized hope of peace on earth.

But how poor an illustration this is of that day and that experience when Jesus shall save us all from all sins and from all the horrible results of sin and woe and war; the strife and bitterness and estrangement; the envies and jealousies and selfishness, the sickness and separations and sorrows; the darkness and despair and death, all of which are the fruits or the bi-products of sin's presence in the world.

Some hint of this great joy is to be found in Revelation 7:9-17, "After these things I saw, and behold, a great multitude, which no man could number, out of every nation and of all tribes and peoples and tongues, standing before the throne and before the Lamb, arrayed in white robes, and palms in their hands; and they cry with a great voice, saying, Salvation unto our God who sitteth on the throne, and unto the Lamb. And all the angels were standing round about the throne, and about the elders and the four living creatures; and they fell before the throne on their faces, and worshipped God, saying,

> Amen: Blessing, and glory, and wisdom, and thanksgiving, and honor, and power, and might, be unto our God forever and ever. Amen.

And one of the elders answered, saying unto me, These that are arrayed in the white robes, who are they, and whence came they? And I say unto him, My Lord, thou knowest. And he said to me, These are they that come out of the great tribulation, and they washed their robes,

and made them white in the blood of the Lamb. Therefore are they before the throne of God; and they serve him day and night in his temple; and he that sitteth on the throne shall spread his tabernacle over them. They shall hunger no more, neither thirst any more; neither shall the sun strike upon them, nor any heat; for the Lamb that is in the midst of the throne shall guide them unto fountains of waters of life; and God shall wipe away every tear from their eyes."

THEIR SINS

What is this salvation given in the name Jesus? What is it He is to do? Why is it that His name is breathed in hope and whispered in praise and relied upon for moral and spiritual reinforcement? Let it be understood at once that His name is a defined, limited name. "He it is who shall save His people from their sins." Men have sought to make Him everything else. He has been held up as the great example, the world's greatest teacher, the great emancipator, the special pleader for the rights of the poor, the oppressed and the down-trodden. He has been looked upon as the ideal man and followed as the path-finder, the way-shower of the race in its search for ethical ideas and moral culture. Whatever place these things have in connection with His name, they are secondary. They are at best bi-products of His presence in the world.

He is to save His people from their sins. This was the angel's proclamation. This was His own interpretation of His purpose in the world. "The Son of Man is come to seek and save that which is lost."

To understand the stupendous purpose, the unthinkable scope of His work for men in this simple proclamation, we must understand the significance of sin as used in this proclamation of the angel.

First then, sins spring from an attitude. Sin is that attitude of heart and soul toward God which costs men their share in God. We were created for fellowship with God, and in the beginning that fellowship was familiar, intimate and unbroken, God and man held communion each with the other. They walked together and talked together, and man drew for His moral nature upon the resources of life in God. But "sin entered the world and death through sin." Estrangements, fear, rebellious wills, perverse conduct and the whole train of evil thought, imaginations and deeds followed fast upon this attitude. Sin is a root from which the fruit of evil springs and flowers and fruits. It is the poison fountain from which humanity drinks and dies. Sin is the inner motion of life determining its direction and therefore its destiny. There can be no salvation from sins that does not take into account the attitude of mind and of heart and of will toward God that makes estrangement between the sinner and His God.

The root of sin must be dug up. The poison fountain must be healed. The inner motion must no longer be centrifugal but centripetal in relation to God. The attitude must be changed from resistance to submission, from hate to love, and God must be made the center of thought, of desire and of choice. The inner attitude of heart and will must be so corrected that one will become possessed again of the Divine inheritance of fellowship in the life eternal.

Sins are actions resulting from a wrong relation to God. That definition ought to stand and be pondered. There are no sins in action that are not the result of a wrong attitude toward and relation to God. It is easy enough to fix the attention upon conduct and make an almost endless list of things we conceive to be wrong, but it should be remembered that the deeds which are wrong take character from a wrong relation to God and from nothing else.

Let us catalogue some of the sins that grieve the Holy Spirit and indicate at least a reason for this grievance.

There is the violation of the Ten Commandments, murder, hate, theft, adultery, lying, covetousness; a foul brood hatched from serpents' eggs. But these things are wrong because they are out of harmony with the nature and character, with the presence and person of the Holy God. There is an awful list of the works of the flesh recorded in Gal. 5:19-21, "Now the works of the flesh are manifest, which are these: fornication, uncleanness, lasciviousness, idolatry, sorcery, enmities, strife, jealousies, wraths, factions, divisions, parties, envyings, drunkenness, revellings, and such like; of which I forewarn you even as I did forewarn you, that they who practise such things shall not inherit the kingdom of God." These things spring out of a heart at variance with God and of an imagination that runs to doing evil always. In James 1:12 following, we are told that men "are tempted when they are drawn away by their own lusts and enticed, then when lust is conceived it brings forth sin, and sin when it is full grown brings forth death."

Long ago, as the record in Genesis 6:6 tells us, carnal minded men crowded God beneath the threshold of consciousness and their imaginations became evil and prompted them to do evil always, until the wrath of God burned upon them and He sent a flood of waters to destroy them from the earth.

James indicates that the tongue, the untamed carnal tongue, is a world of evil set on fire of hell. Men undertake with the same tongue to bless God while they curse their fellows. Sins of pride and envy and jealousy, cruel as the grave, selfishness, incontinent desire, unholy ambitions, foul conversations, unclean associations, all these and more, but why go on? These are the thoughts, the imaginations and deeds that go to make up sins from which Jesus is to save His people. It

takes in the whole moral realm as encompassed by the moral faculties of man, and it has to do with what we are, what we do and the influence we exert.

SIN'S ACHIEVEMENTS

Sin's achievements are evident. "The wages of sin is death." The saddest and most tragic of all sentences ever written in any language is this: "Sin entered the world, and death through sin." Milton in the opening lines of his immortal epic "Paradise Lost" writes "Of man's first disobedience and the fruit of that forbidden tree whose mortal taste brought death unto the world and all our woes."

Someone has pointed out that the shape of the serpent who first seduced man from his allegiance to God and planted in his soul that poison seed of doubt that has been so fruitfully a source of unbelief and of sin carries the same shape as does the letter S, which stands as the initial letter for sin as well as for serpent. He also indicates that this same letter carries with it the symbolic hiss of the poisonous snake, and that it is the initial letter of many of the words in our language which have to do with the results of sin. Here are some of them: sin, serpent, separation, strife, shame, shadows, soil, stain, staggering, sorrows, suffering. There may be others, but these indicate how great a brood hatches from the serpent's nest, how terrible an accomplishment Satan has achieved since he brought sin into the world through man's disobedience to God.

Mark the long shadowed path by which humanity has come from the beginning to this hour, to find everywhere the wreckage of life, broken hearts, broken health, broken homes, crying and tears, sorrow, suffering, death and desolation. Men as individuals and men as families and men in groups and nations have alike been the victims of fearful moral and social distress that have become the achievements of sin which entered the world when man began to mistrust God.

Sin advertises its achievements and accomplishments by policemen and courts, prisons and asylums, by physicians, nurses and undertaking establishments and graveyards, by wars and famine and pestilence, by poverty and disease and disaster. Men, who were made for fellowship with God and their fellows, under the awful impact of sin hide themselves in living tombs, bound by chains that no man can break; chains that are forged of the broken links of social convention, parental instruction, legal enactments, personal desires and Divine warnings. One can not wonder that Jesus, viewing Jerusalem, weeps over it, because He sees it in the grip and under the curse of those sins which separate from God. It was designed to be a holy city for a holy people. But sin entered and God was crowded out and beneath the threshold of

consciousness. And a people drunk with the lust of sin staggered in their blindness and fell through their wickedness and died in trespasses and in sins without God, and without hope in the world. It is a picture to make the angels weep. It did bring tears to the eyes and a sob to the soul of the Savior as He cried, "Oh, Jerusalem, Jerusalem, how oft would I have gathered thy children together as a hen gathereth her chicks under her wing, and ye would not. If you had known this thy day of visitation, but now your house is left to you desolate."

JESUS SHALL SAVE

What a word! It is not to be wondered that the angels broke through from heaven and poured in legions down the star-lit way from glory to earth to sing, "Unto you is born this day in the city of David a Savior which is Christ the Lord."

No other religion, no other revelation has ever promised humanity a Savior from their sins. Men have been promised salvation from poverty and from political oppressions and tyrannies. Men have been promised salvation from famine and pestilence and war! But to be saved from sins! That is the promise of God, that is the heart of the Gospel of Christ. "Neither is there any other name given under heaven and among men whereby ye must be saved."

At the Parliament of Religions held during the World's Fair in Chicago in 1893, Joseph Cook of Boston spoke on behalf of the Christian faith in the presence of the representatives of 36 other religions and all the vast assemblage of people. With tremendous dramatic intensity, the great preacher portrayed Lady MacBeth in the pangs and throes of remorse seeking in vain to wash her hands in a basin of water free from the foul stains of blood. She cried out against the damned spots. The woes and pangs of her soul drew lines of agony upon his face as he depicted that awful and fatal sin. The attention of the congregation was riveted, their emotions were stirred to the last depth. They were leaning forward in their seats with the tensity of their interest and attention.

Suddenly Joseph Cook stopped, and turning one by one to the 36 representatives of those other religions asked them each, "Gentlemen, have you in your religion anything which could wash Lady MacBeth's foul hands clean?" One by one each of them shook his head in sad denial. They knew nothing that could give cleanness to the blood-stained hands of the murderess.

Then the great minister of Christ, rising to the supreme dignity of His superb height, declared with clarion voice, "By that token I declare the eternal supremacy of the Gospel of Christ. For Christ Jesus not

only washes Lady MacBeth's foul hands clean, but He washes her foul heart clean too."

How does Jesus save men from their sins? It must be borne in mind that He bore the penalty of our sins. There are those who say that Jesus suffers **with us,** but the Scriptures declare **Christ died for us,** the just for the unjust, so that God can be both just and the justifier of them who believe on Him. I Cor. 15:3, "Christ died for our sins according to the Scriptures." It is thus that the blood of Jesus, God's Son, cleanseth us from all sin.

A schoolboy in the mountains of West Virginia who had stolen his neighbor's dinner-bucket and eaten his dinner was called before the teacher for the punishment necessary because of the infraction of the school's rules. The little thief was poor, half naked, emaciated by sickness. Just before the rod of punishment fell upon his bare back, one of the older boys arose and asked permission to take the **flogging for** his little schoolmate. By unanimous consent of the student body, the teacher transferred from the shoulders of the guilty one to the back of the innocent the penalty due. Thus he satisfied the law's demands and created in the heart of the guilty lad an undying affection for the savior who took his sins and carried them in his own body. It was thus that Jesus bore our sins in His own body upon the cross, that we having died unto sins might live unto righteousness, and it is because He bore our sins that our grateful hearts promise to love Him and serve Him forevermore.

But He not only bore the penalty of our sins, thank God, He broke the power of sins. Sin has lost its appeal in Him. Christ stands as an impassable barrier between every redeemed man and the sins which once lured and destroyed. There is a grave between every twice born soul and his past life. Times past did indeed suffice for the love of the world and the indulgence of appetite and the fulfillment of the demands of the evil nature. But those who have come to bathe their sin-stained souls in the fountain of blood shed on Calvary have been washed and cleansed. The old sins are gone, and the old nature is changed and they have become new creatures in Christ Jesus.

Someone asked a gentleman if he was a Christian. He said, "Yes, I have been ever since the day the bee stung my mother." When asked for an explanation, he said that once when he was a little boy, as he walked with his mother, suddenly a bee lighted on her hand and stung her. She cried out with pain. The boy was greatly distressed, but his mother said, "That is all right, dear. Though he stung me he will not sting anyone else, for he left his sting in my hand, and now he has no power to sting any more." He said that then his mother told him of that other One who in His own body on the cross took away the

sting of sin, the sting of Satan so that he should never again be able to sting to their death those who trust in Him. "The sting of death is sin, the strength of sin is the law, but thanks be unto God who giveth us the victory through Jesus Christ our Lord."

Again, while He does bear the penalty of our sins and breaks the power of our sins, we may rejoice that He stops the progress of our sinning. With a new heart and a new purpose and a new nature the love of sinning is done away. Christ was manifested to put away sin. He comes into the heart and life and there creates what someone has called "the expulsive power of a new affection." He takes possession of our faculties, He creates new purposes, He produces a new life, He prompts to new desires and new actions.

Once while I was minister in Brooklyn, a young Catholic man came under the power of my ministry. One day, in discussing the advisability of going to the priest for confession, someone said to him, "We think we have found a better remedy against the willingness to sin than the restraints of the confessional." Suddenly the young Catholic cried out, "Oh, I know; it happened to me one day while the pastor was preaching, and I have never wanted to sin again." You see, Christ had taken possession. He had entered in and become from within the new motive in action and the new power in action.

My last word is that Christ saves us from our sins when He possesses within us the place our sins once occupied. Jesus does not save us negatively. His is not a work of rescue only, it is also a work of restoration and reinforcement. He does reconcile men to God by removing their estrangements through repentance. He does redeem men from their sins by taking their penalties and breaking the powers of sin within. But He also reconstructs life on a new foundation and reinforces life in righteousness. In other words, to put it very simply, Jesus stops the progress and destroys the processes of sin by substituting His own Divine nature through the Holy Spirit for the fallen nature under which we once yielded control of our lives to the enemy of all righteousness.

I have a young friend whose sweetheart required a blood transfusion in order to regain her health. It was a romantic adventure to him, filled with very tender and tense emotional appeal when he was permitted to supply her lack by a transfusion of his own blood under the skillful manipulation of an eminent physician specialist. That part of it was soon accomplished. It was a rather amusing but an altogether beautiful aftermath when he went everywhere declaring that now he had his girl, since **his blood** was in **her veins.**

Something of this nature is involved in our acceptance of Christ, when He transfuses His nature into our nature, when He communicates

His being to our being, when He has been formed in us the hope of glory. Then He possesses our faculties and powers to the glory of God, and we receive from Him a righteousness which is of God, not our own. Thus we live in the power of an endless life, saved by that Divine One whose name is Jesus, because He saves His people from their sins.

All that remains is that you should entrust to Him your own salvation, and yield to Him the sovereign Lordship of your life, that sin's penalties and powers and presence and progress and processes should all be overturned and that you should become one in life with Him. He tenderly invites you now.

"The Great Physician now is near,
The sympathizing Jesus.
He speaks the drooping heart to cheer.
Oh, hear the voice of Jesus."

The Man of Sorrows

By REV. J. C. MASSEE, D.D., LL.D.

Text—John 11:35, "Jesus wept."

None of the disciples of the Lord Jesus will ever have any difficulty in refreshing their souls with the amazing narrative of events recorded in John 11.

Jesus with His disciples was in Perea, whither He has fled from the threatening danger of death. Herod is against Him, the cumulative hate of Pharisees, Sadducees, lawyers and the official hierarchy is convergent upon him. Here quietly pursuing His ministry, one day He receives a message that His friend Lazarus in Bethany is sick. It is an urgent call from Mary and Martha, who loved Him, and whom He loved. There is nothing more imperative than such a summons. It is deep calling to deep. It is love summoning love. It is despair crying for succor.

But strangely the Master does not respond, at least not immediately. He simply says "this sickness is not unto death, but for the glory of God, that the Son of God may be glorified thereby." And He remained two days in the place where He was, making no movement. Then He said to His disciples, "Our friend Lazarus has fallen asleep. I go to awake him out of sleep." And when His disciples did not understand He said plainly, "Lazarus is dead." He turns His face back to Bethany. His disciples, with a despairing hopelessness, joined in the threatening journey, and they come to Bethany.

Now nothing is more tantalizing than delay, and to Mary and Martha as well as His disciples this delay of the Lord Jesus to go at the call of need and the emergency of love is inexplicable. Mary, when she sees the Lord, chides Him with, "Lord, if thou hadst been here my brother had not died." Perhaps we will never be able to understand the depth of emotion, the deep current of disappointment and of despair that ran through that wailing cry. Yet some of us have doubtless felt the same touch of despair. We have seen our hopes disappointed, our loved ones taken away, our substance destroyed, our health gone. And we too have cried out of our deferred hopes, "Lord, if thou hadst come all might have been different." If that cry is not familiar to our lips, it certainly is to our hearts.

BUT JESUS DOES COME

But if we wait long enough Jesus will come. It may be after our Lazarus is in his grave. It may be when, like the disciples, caught in the grip of that terrible storm on the sea, wearied with their rowing and helpless against the odds, He walks upon the sea to them. He does come, even though Martha complains and even the gentle Mary joins with the cry, "Lord, if thou hadst been here my brother would not have died." Tenderly Jesus walks with them toward the grave.

I cannot escape the conviction that this whole story is more than a historic incident or series of incidents. Here is something universal, cataclysmic. Here is humanity in the throes of its one common inescapable condition. Jesus is always walking with us to our graves, to the places where we have buried hope and separated ourselves from joy and lost touch with the familiar and cherished treasures of life. But here I would point out to you that to Martha and Mary He makes utterance on the way to the grave of certain truths that belongs to us as well as to them. It is on the way to the grave and before He reaches it and before the weeping sisters have any experience to interpret or understand the significance of His words that He declares, "I am the resurrection and the life: He that believeth on me, though He die yet shall he live; and whosoever liveth and believeth on me shall never die."

And when outside the fast closed tomb, the last cry of hopeless despair is voiced, the Master makes simple answer, "Said I not unto thee that, if thou believest, thou shouldest see the glory of God?" Then He commands the grave to be opened, and He cries with a loud voice, "Lazarus, come forth." And that voice is the voice of authority, in heaven and in earth, to the living and the dead. It is the voice that commands obedience from winds and waves and bids the storm to be calm. It is the voice that transforms water into wine and speaks cleansing to the leper. It is the voice that breaks open the fast closed ears of the deaf and springs to light the sightless orbs of the blind. It is the voice that twelve legions of angels wait to hear as, in impatient amazement they abide his unexplained but sovereign will to die. "Lazarus, come forth."

I cannot doubt that Jesus knew full well what He would do. He left Perea and returned to Bethany to awake Lazarus out of sleep; to call him forth from the grave. I cannot explain it, but I know these sisters had to suffer and wait that the whole world might be comforted in the recognition of the blessed fact that here is one who never attended a funeral on earth but that He broke it up, one who in Himself and for us forever broke the bars of the grave and brought, in His own resurrection, life and immortality to light. He is the one who

interpreting His death and resurrection declares, "I am He who was dead and am alive forevermore. Because I live you also shall live." It is a universal word to meet a universal need to those who despair and die, and suffer because of the death of those they love.

In the light of His word concerning Himself as the resurrection and the life, let us follow Him to the grave with His friends Mary and Martha. "Where have you laid him?" He will not avoid nor evade that issue of death. He will go all the way with us to the lowest depth of despair, the last deep, dark stretch of our way.

Open the door of the tomb. What is impossible to man is possible to God. Here one who has the keys of death and of hell will not be daunted nor made to tremble in the presence of the seeming victory of this last enemy of God and man. He knows that His kingdom will not be won until He has put death under foot. He knows that Satan's power will not be destroyed until He has robbed him of the power of death through which he has kept the race in the bondage of fear always.

Now it was in the midst of these revelations of comfort and promise of immortality and purpose of supernatural powers in release and in the immediacy of raising his friend from the dead that it is written, "Jesus wept."

Never were two words more pregnant with meaning. Every tear glistening upon his eyes or his cheeks becomes a heavenly prism, refracting and reflecting all the light of God's mercy, compassion, loving-kindness, comfort, encouragement and hope. Upon these tears flash the rainbow hued glory of the Divine promise of life eternal, of immortality, glory of heavenly translations and inexplicable splendors of that day in which the consummation of prophecies and promises shall be realized. And God shall wipe away all tears from the eyes of His own and the cares shall cease and night shall be no more and His servants shall see Him, and His name shall be on their forehead, and they shall serve Him in perpetual joy.

JESUS WEPT

This person in whom it has pleased God to settle all the fullness of the Godhead bodily weeps. And He weeps with this word upon His lips, "I am the resurrection and the life."

And He weeps almost in the act of raising the dead and turning all their sorrows into joy. He stops and delays His miracle of mercy to weep. Amazing spectacle! We must ask, reverently but insistently, why? Why those tears in the presence of all authority in heaven and in earth? Why those tears upon the cheeks of the conqueror of death? Why those tears, salt emblems of sorrow and separation, upon the cheeks of One who declares himself to be life and in whose presence we have discovered there is a fullness of joy forevermore?

Certainly the story embraces universal circumstance. Not alone Mary and Martha and the mourners who followed them about the streets are there. We are all there, and we are all there with our tragedies of sickness, anxiety, despair, death and sorrow of separation. We are all there with our flickering hope of immortality, staggering through the desolate rooms of our empty homes, blind with tears, in inconsolable grief over the loss of our loved ones, crying out against cruel fate and wondering at the slowness of God, if not questioning His power and His goodness.

Why did Jesus weep? He wept for us surely, and in His weeping there is more than a hint of comfort if we understand it and think the night of our sorrows will speedily give way to the morning of our joys.

JESUS WEPT IN ANGER

In the margin of the revised version, John 11:33 following is translated He was "moved with indignation in Himself." The text carries it, "Jesus groaning in Himself."

I am glad of that word in the presence of all my graves or graves of those whom I have loved and that silent house in which I too perchance shall sleep. Groaning, moved with indignation, the Master stands with us before our arch and final enemy. Death is not our friend. Death is no highway to heaven. Death is the last enemy of God and of man. And always Jesus was at war with death. He never met a corpse but he called it to life, whether a child in the household of Jairus or the widow's son in Nain or His friend Lazarus in the four-day-old tomb at Bethany. The age long tragedy of humanity lies recorded in the statement "sin entered the world and death through sin." Satan is the author of sin and of death. The sting of death is sin. There is no escape from it. Divine revelation declares it; human experience confirms it. Jesus came to destroy sin.

There is a more or less mysterious passage on the lips of Jesus when He declares in one of His prayers to the Father "Of all whom thou gavest me have I lost none save the son of perdition." What did He mean? I think we have the explanation in this event of Lazarus' death and resurrection. His disciples are to be transformed in nature and experience when the Holy Spirit is given. But that event lies in the future. The master must suffer and be buried and rise and ascend into Heaven and obtain the Holy Spirit and send Him forth upon the waiting believers. So none of His disciples must die until Pentecost. Here Satan dares to lay his hand on his friend Lazarus, and Jesus in anger, moved with indignation, groaning at the outrage, waits to smite death, to break his shackles from the cold and stiffened limbs of one He loves. And directly He will remind the Father, "Not one have I lost."

There is another death which the Master hates with an even greater hatred. There are souls dead in trespasses and in sins. Think you He could have such anger against that death? Look upon its taint, wherever it has touched life. In youth, in manhood, in age it brings corruption and foulness. Death in sin and in trespasses has visited the race with infinitely more sorrows than ever the death of our bodies. Jesus burns with indignation against the spiritual death which has afflicted us and our loved ones. Thank God it is so. Thank God that before this great spiritual death, as before that locked grave of His friend Lazarus this Son of God and son of man stands crying, "Loose him and let him go."

Death is no rightful experience to man. Death is the seed of tares that an enemy has sown in the field of the wheat of precious treasures which make us inheritors of the Divine promise. We have fallen under the stench of death through sin. Thank God for the burning indignation that Jesus of Nazareth, our Lord, carries within Him for every form of death. He calls the dead to life. He opens the locked tombs and breaks off the shackles that bind the palsied limbs. He speaks life and immortality to the sleeping ones and calls them forth to be renewed again in the power and the glory of the living God.

God give to us, His disciples, once again a holy indignation against sin and the death which sin works. God help us to hate sin as He hated it and to chafe at death as He chafed against it. God help us never to consent to the grave-clothes but to hail with expectant faith and joy that great and glorious day when He shall speak once again and all graves shall be opened and the dead in Christ shall rise first and those who await His coming shall be caught up in the air, transformed and translated, to be forever with the Lord.

JESUS WEPT IN SORROW

We cannot doubt also that the tears of Jesus were the tears of sorrow. He sorrowed with those who suffered. He knew full well that they could not understand this mysterious providence. If they were not so foolish as to charge God with being the author of death. If they had faith enough not to believe that God had cruelly taken away their loved one! Yet in common with all men and women, they were unable to understand how a loving Heavenly Father could permit the death of their loved one. Martha's reproach carries at least a hint of this thought, "Lord, if thou hadst been here." The inference is that He might have been there had he been willing to exert Himself; had the goodness in which they had trusted been a reality and a realizable asset in their experience.

Perhaps in this wail of Martha there was another suggestion hid-

den. In my own experience, almost all who suffer the loss of their loved ones reproach themselves for it. Something has been left undone, some impatient word has been spoken that cannot now be recalled. Some remedy was not employed that might have proved efficacious. They waited too late to send for the physician. Oh, how the specter of fear and of self-reproach dogs our steps when it is too late to correct our mistakes.

I have two friends, physicians. Recently, at five o'clock in the morning, one of them called the other in consultation. A young girl sixteen years of age was in desperate straits. They arrived too late. Before they could do anything to relieve her, she had quietly slipped through the shadows into the land beyond the grave. It was a pitiful experience for all concerned. One of those doctors had been called in consultation the afternoon before. He had not sensed the full gravity of the situation. He had waited until the next day to complete and confirm his diagnosis. Now he is, with clouded spirit and heavy heart, reproaching himself. The mother of the girl is unable to sleep. A continual sorrow gnaws at her heart. Oh, that she had done more. If she had insisted upon a more thorough examination, if she had more completely and fully followed the physician's instructions. Too late!

My own conviction is that the tears of Christ at the grave of Lazarus were meant to compass all this as well as the sorrow that comes in the separations of death and the other sufferings to which we are, as a human race, constantly subjected. There is no real justification for that habit of reproach. We permit the enemy of God and of man to stir our souls to bitterness and to vague unbelief in the providence and provision of God and our own intentions and purposes of human kindness, in the ordinary actions growing out of the natural impulses of human affection.

Jesus weeps for us. I have read somewhere the story of a man who had lost his bride, and in heart-breaking sorrow he stumbled from one room to another. Self-reproach became bitter murmurings against his friends and against God. He listened to no words of comfort, he accepted no consoling sympathies. Finally a friend whose deep experiences of many years had given him wisdom went into his friend's home, pulled him down to his knees, put his arm around his shoulder and cried, "Oh God, help Joe to understand. He doesn't understand. Help him to understand."

These tears of Jesus carry the understanding of God, and the understanding of Our Elder Brother of our sorrows. There is that same element in the tears which He wept over Jerusalem as He cried, "Oh Jerusalem, Jerusalem, how oft would I have gathered your children together as a hen gathereth her chickens under her wings, and you

would not. If you had known this your day and visitation, but now your house is left unto you desolate." It is the weeping of sorrow. It is the weeping that compasses our short-sightedness, lack of faith and stumbling, groping misunderstandings.

There is a story of a man who had stolen bread to feed his hungry children. He was hailed into court. Unable to employ counsel to defend him, the judge appointed counsel. The man had no excuse. He could not deny nor extenuate his crime. He had broken the law. But the lawyer, one of those rare spirits who entered into every case as if it were his own experience, investigated, and asked for a postponement of trial. He left the offender in prison while he himself went and for three weeks lived in the home of his client, sharing their poverty, heard the cry of the children for bread, saw the desperation of the helpless mother, absorbed into his very soul the atmosphere out of which the man had gone forth to violate the law. Then he went into court, and out of his experience made a plea to which every juror responded and to which an instant verdict of "not guilty" was returned. He understood!

I am thinking that as I see Jesus weeping outside the gate of the tomb of his friend Lazarus that I can never again fail to realize that He understands, He knows, He shares with me all the deep, dark experiences of sorrow, suffering that may possibly come in my span of mortal life. With all my heart and soul, I can and do yield to such a Savior.

JESUS WEEPS IN SYMPATHY

Those are great words. He was touched with the feeling of all our infirmities. And also the words of Hebrews 2:14, "Since then the children are sharers in flesh and blood, He also Himself in like manner partook of the same; that through death He might bring to nought him that had the power of death, that is, the devil; and might deliver all them who through fear of death were all their lifetime subject to bondage." There is no comfort to the sinner or to the sufferer so great as the understanding that there is a sympathizing and faithful high priest who because He has entered into our experiences can be patient and bear with our infirmities.

Sam Jones once related an experience on a pullman car. He said in the night-time a little child cried. The other passengers could hear the father murmuring words of endearment, trying to quiet and comfort the child, but trying in vain. The crying continued, until every passenger was awake. Directly complaining murmurs began to be heard from one berth to another. Finally one man called angrily, "Why don't you quiet that child? We cannot sleep. Why don't you give it to its mother?" Then from the darkened aisle of the car there came a sob

and the father said chokingly, "I would to God I could give the child to its mother, but I cannot. She is asleep in a coffin in the baggage car of this train, and I am taking the baby home with me to bury its mother. Oh, I would to God I could give the baby to its mother." Then the man who had spoken was out of his berth, and with streaming eyes said, "Friend, forgive me. I did not understand. You give me that baby. I will nurse her all night long. I will walk the floor of this car with her. You are worn with weariness. Go and sleep." Amidst the sobs of his fellows, he insisted that the father find relief. Oh, it is a great thing to be sure we understand, and the comfort of an understanding sympathy from God to us is expressed in these tears of Jesus at the grave of Lazarus. They were Martha's tears that were shed and Mary's tears and yours and mine. Jesus wept, thank God.

HE WEPT FOR JOY

Can you doubt it? Tears are closest akin to laughter. Men often smile through their tears. Do you question that Jesus has in His weeping an element of joy? He is about to open a grave! His eyes have flashed through the shadows to behold Lazarus with the grave-clothes loosed. Before His mind's eye are the faces of Mary and Martha, and their arms reach forth to embrace him who has come back from among the dead. Their eyes will carry tears of joy. The weeping of the night is sure to be turned for them into the joy of the morning. Ah yes, there is no joy greater than the joy of the emancipator who strikes the shackles from the hands and feet of the enslaved set free. There is no joy greater than that of the liberator who opens the prison to those who are bound, who breaks the yoke of tyranny from the necks of the oppressed. There is no joy greater than that which belongs to him who feeds the hunger of the poor, clothes their nakedness and shelters them against the pitiless elements. I think God could not contain Himself there. It was the peal of joy springing up, that gurgled and bubbled into tears because of what He would do.

Think you there were no tears in the eyes of the prodigal father as he gathers his wayward boy into his arms and turns to give command for the killing of the fatted calf and the bringing forth of the best robe? I have seen a father shout—a great, strong, virile man in the midst of his friends—when his boy came back to God. I saw a physician once kneel down by a bedside and take a suffering girl into his arms and weep over her and comfort her like a mother as she writhed in the pangs of her first childbirth. He knew what he would do for her, he knew that all the skill and efficient service he could render were now at her disposal. While he worked for her and with her because of her pain, there must have been some consciousness of joy in his ability to bring relief. Oh yes, the joy of heaven translated

itself into tears at the tomb of Lazarus, into the weeping of the Son of God.

There are no other tears so tender, there is no other joy so understanding. Why do women weep at marriages? Why is escape from great danger or great death almost invariably followed with tears? Why, when Armistice was signed, did a nation weep while it sang? Jesus wept while the angels waited to roll back the stone with the dynamic power of resurrection and life reached out to rob death of its sting and the grave of its victory.

Ah yes, those tears of Jesus were the prism through which the smiling face of God flashed its radiant smile of tender promise upon the heavy hearts of a sorrowing world. Jesus wept in the joy that one blessed day God will, Himself, wipe away every tear, and banish every sorrow.

This is the Savior I bring you today!

The Unchanging Christ

By REV. J. C. MASSEE, D.D., LL.D.

Text: Hebrews 13:7-8, "Jesus Christ is the same yesterday, today and forever."

The setting of this text is a spiritual stadium. Its essential context includes the 11th chapter of Hebrews. Other heroes and martyrs of the centuries are assembled, packed like a dense cloud of witnesses, looking down upon the contenders of the present order for the rewards of faith. Life's race is run in relays. The interest in the outcome of the faith of Christ in the world is cumulative. It flows out of the future into the past, but there are necessary reactions from the past into the present looking to the future.

Paul, the author of Hebrews, had doubtless stood more than once in the coliseum at Rome and had been thrilled with the countless thousands who gathered there to witness the contests in its arena. Out of those experiences he had seized upon a spiritual analogy. The past centuries crowd about him and us thronging contestants who amidst difficulties and dangers had carried on the high emprise of the Kingdom. So he writes, "Seeing that we are compassed about with so great a cloud of witnesses, let us lay aside every weight and the sin that doth so easily beset us, and run with patience the race that is set before us, looking unto Jesus, the author and finisher of our faith, who, for the joy that was set before Him, endured the cross, despising its shame." Here then is the inspiration of faith, the Unchanging Christ.

For every century He is the object of faith and the inspiration of faith as well as its highest and holiest example. It should ever be borne in mind that the value of faith lies in its object. It is not faith that saves, but Him upon whom faith fastens its hopes and expectations. So now the author writes, "Remember them that have the rule over you, they that speak unto you the Word of God; and considering the issue of their life, imitate their faith."

Jesus is the same to all generations of men. He is the unchanging object of stable faith. He satisfies every demand of life, not alone as the object of faith itself, but as a sufficient inspiration to the demands that faith makes upon life in the heroism of its struggle, in the sacrifices of its service and in the sufficiency of its rewards.

The whole purpose of this message will be missed unless I succeed

in getting to you the fact of the living presence of the living Christ as the only inspiration to holy living, heroic endeavor and high achievement. Let me then try an illustration:

A popular newspaper reporter, after the death of Notre Dame's famous coach, Rockne, related an experience of the football game between Notre Dame and the Army in 1928. Rockne had brought his team up to that game with a bad record behind them and much of trepidation for the outcome of the game, in which all the dope was in favor of the Army team. Just before the game was to be called, in that last ten minutes which the coach usually used to stimulate his team to their final inspiration of endeavor, suddenly Rockne came through the door. The moment for the fight talk had arrived. But he wasn't the bristling, belligerent Rockne for once. He was usually all fire and fury in those last precious seconds, whipping his team to fighting pitch with words that were inspirational, words that sometimes cut, words that sometimes praised, but words that, whatever they were, were seldom subdued or reflective.

Now, however, he paced slowly up and down through the electric silence as if fighting with himself for the control of his emotions. Once he started to speak but his voice was dry and husky. He cleared his throat self-consciously and kept on with his pacing. But finally, as one of the officials gave a warning rap on the door—a signal that it was almost time to take the field—he stopped, then in carefully measured tones that cost him much to control, he said: "When the finest boy I ever knew lay dying, bowing to the will of God as gallantly as he ever bore these colors you're wearing today, he clasped my hand and drew me down until I could hear what was almost his last whisper.

" 'Rock," he said, 'They tell me I've got to go. And that's all right. I'm not afraid. But Rock', and here his wan face lighted with the flicker of a smile, 'sometime, somewhere when things are going to smash, when nothing seems to be breaking right, and the team's up against it, ask 'em if they won't go in there and try just a little bit harder, and win just one for the Gipper. I don't know where I'll be then, Rock, nor what I'll be doing, but I feel that I'll know about it if they do and I know that day that I'll be happy.'

"I've carried George Gipp's message in the secret places of my heart for eight long years, waiting for the day when I thought he'd understand it. This, I feel, is the day and you are that team. I can't say any more. Go play your ball game."

The score board recorded, and the 80,000 spectators marvelled at the sequel to that pre-game scene. The sports writers called it the great epic of the year, the most sensational game ever played between the two great rivals. Some of them recorded in their stories that the

lighter and supposedly weaker South Bend eleven played "as if they were exalted." They were—by a name and a message from out of the past.

I think you catch the thought, that as the dead hero of the gridiron suddenly leaped into a living presence in the midst of that hard-fought game, only a thousand-fold more really, because **He does live and is present,** Christ Jesus becomes and remains the inspiration for every heroic struggle and every Divinely inspired accomplishment of His own. For you here today and for me in the midst of life's arena, as the tides ebb and flow in the conflicts which engage us, we must make a touchdown for Christ. His person, His sufferings, His triumphs become our inspiration.

I submit to you three satisfying reasons why you should and may rest your souls upon Jesus Christ:

HE IS YOUR ONLY HOPE OF SALVATION FROM SIN.

HE CLAIMS THE SOVEREIGN LORDSHIP OF LIFE WITHIN YOU.

HE PROVIDES YOUR ONLY HOPE OF IMMORTALITY.

Let us then view this Unchanging One, who to all succeeding generations remains not alone the author and finisher of salvation but the inspiration and motive in all worthy living.

HE FITS THE MOLD OF PROPHECY

Let it ever be remembered that Jesus of Nazareth submitted Himself to the test of Scripture. While still upon the earth He said, "Search the Scriptures, for they are they that testify of me." After His resurrection, Luke records an interview with two disciples on their way to Emmaus. In that interview occurs this significant statement, "And beginning from Moses and from all the prophets, He interpreted to them in all the Scriptures the things concerning Himself." It was this same type of proof that the Apostle Paul presented in seeking to establish the claims of the Lord Jesus as the Savior of the world and the Lord of life to the believer. "Having therefore obtained the help from God, I stand unto this day testifying both to small and great, saying nothing but what the prophets and Moses did say should come; how that the Christ must suffer, and how that He first by the resurrection of the dead should proclaim light both to the Jew and to the Gentile."

Thus we find that the Scriptures present Him as the Prophet, as the High Priest and as the King.

We remind ourselves that credible prophecy must be remote in

time, minute in detail and peculiar in character. The claims of its fulfillment must fit the Bertillion measurements, photographs, thumb prints, blood tests. Every claim of a fulfillment of Prophecy concerning Jesus of Nazareth must meet the tests of Prophetic utterances. It is, therefore, of immense significance that the Prophets and Moses gave to Him the names "The Good Shepherd," "The Suffering Servant," "The Man of Sorrows," "The Sun of Righteousness" and 'Immanuel." All these are indicative of the Divine promises that He should save His people and guide them and rule over them. Here is atonement through substitution. Here is effective intercession through a faithful and sympathetic High Priest. Here is the enlightenment of life from the Sun of Righteousness, and the Divine reinforcement by the indwelling of Immanuel, God within His people. When we have finished with Moses and the Prophets, we are quite ready for the angel's message to Joseph, "Thou shalt call His name Jesus, because He it is who shall save His people from their sins," and for John the Baptist and his inspired version, "Behold the Lamb of God that taketh away the sin of the world."

But it must be understood that these are not academic fulfillments only. They are experimental and universal. Illustrations of this fact crowd in upon one in every experience of redemption from sin, of comfort in sorrow, of the hope of immortality in the presence of dissolution.

I recall the death of a young mother, upon being first advised that her illness was fatal, that only a few hours remained for this life. After one gasp of natural fright, she gathered all her faculties and gave faith voice and hearing. She found inspiration for the confidence that sustained and the assurance that comforted in the beginnings of a quotation from the 23d Psalm, "The Lord is my Shepherd, I shall not want." And even as she found rest, as many myriads of Saints have rested upon this exceeding precious Word, her spirit took its flight.

An eminent judge of a juvenile court has related how a lad whom he had permitted to go upon his own recognizance was arrested and brought into court on a charge of a second delinquency. In the judge's absence, the lad was wrenched with uncontrollable paroxyms of grief and fear, constantly pleading for the privilege of seeing the judge. When he finally came into the court-room, the lad flung himself upon his knees, and embracing the feet of the judge, looked up through his tear-stained eyes and sobbed, "Judge, get me out and I will never get you in trouble any more." In relating the incident, the judge declares, "I saw that he understood, and immediately ordered his release from custody. Had he said to me, 'Judge, get me out and I will not get into trouble any more,' I should have had him locked up. But when

he said, 'Get me out and I will not get you into trouble any more,' I knew that he understood that when the Judge stood for him he must stand for the Judge, that my leniency must become his motive in action and his responsibility for integrity."

It is even so with Jesus. As the author and finisher of our faith, He becomes the inspiration for holy living. There can be no mightier motive for a life of spiritual integrity than the consciousness that Christ Jesus has stood for us, for since He stands for us we must stand for Him. Every consideration of loyalty, every motive and reason of integrity, every demand of responsibility lays upon us the imperative demand that we should run with steadfastness the race set before us, that He may not be ashamed in us or disappointed through us.

CHRIST ACCORDS WITH THE TESTIMONY OF HISTORY

In a peculiar way, history is "His Story." He divides time in two. We write it in terms of B.C. and A.D. Not only is that true, but he standardizes morals. The conduct which men approve is the conduct which accords with His estimate of life's values and virtues. No standards of moral conduct, no estimates of political or economic virtue can stand in human society if disapproved by the ethical ideals of Jesus of Nazareth. The most intimate conduct of the individual shares with the most public standards of society, the judgments of the utterances, the practices or the inferences proceeding from the lips, the life or the Gospel of this Son of God.

Also, he commands worship. Instinctively men unhinge the knee in His presence. A famous remark attributed to Carlysle does not over-state the case. He is reported to have said that the distinction between Jesus and the great of the earth lies in the fact that if Napoleon or Caesar or Alexander the Great should come into any room occupied by civilized men they would immediately stand to do him reverence, but if Jesus should appear, instinctively all men would fall upon their knees to worship. Napoleon himself is reported to have said, "Alexander and I founded world empires and maintained them by force. Our empires crumbled and fell. Our names are an execration to millions. But today millions love the name of a lone Galilean Jew, Jesus of Nazareth, who established His kingdom in the hearts and upon the lives of men under a scepter of love. Yes, Jesus idealizes all history, interprets it, gives it character, reveals its relations and provides its judgments.

Some years ago, I was permitted to visit those marvelous stalactite caves of Bermuda. They are indescribable in their beauty, marvelous architectural designs, whole cities, cemeteries with their marble slabs and mausoleums, a great organ with its keyboard, sculptural wonders,

marvels wrought under nature's deft touch. No words are adequate to describe the wonders of beauty and the almost infinite expressions there of the varied touch of nature in the mingling of fact and fancy, only to be encompassed by the most vivid imagination.

Suddenly, however, all that marvel and riot of beauty received illumination by a name that dropped from the lips of the Guide. Standing in the midst of it, he said, "This river which flows at our feet is not only famous as an underground river flowing in from the ocean, but also because it is the river in which Annette Kellerman swam in from the ocean." And who is Annette Kellerman? She was the club-footed girl of Australia who, setting the measurement of her deformed foot on record, began a daily discipline of swimming until, inch by inch, she won her heroic fight, restoring that deformed limb, turning its deficiency into sufficiency, its weakness into strength, until finally she became the champion swimmer of her native land. She then came to America, and captured every prize in every swimming contest. Then crossing the Atlantic, she became the champion of England, and finally swimming the English Channel, became the champion swimmer of the world. Coming to Bermuda, she had dived from a cliff above those caves into the ocean and swam through the hidden river into the cave. Her presence in that underground river had added luster to all the glories of that wonder world, and was the thing that the guide never forgot to mention. She had turned a club foot into a challenge to the world. She had conquered it.

So Jesus in the world's cave of wonders lifts club-footed humanity to the Mount of Transfiguration. He dwelt in our flesh, met our temptations, felt our infirmities, but resisted and wrought with infinite persistence and perseverance until, standing on the summit of the Mount the very glory of Heaven broke through His body and changed its humilitation into glory. So in all the world His presence adds glory to all its art, its literature, its history of achievement, its governments. And to all the experiences of man, whether of sorrow or of joy, His presence adds the luster of comfort and the glory of anticipation.

Again I submit that the records of His achievements in history are not academic. They too are experimental and universal. Well did Julian the Apostate, failing in his vain effort to destroy the Christian faith, cry at last as he lay dying on the battle field in Palestine, "Galilean, thou hast conquered." If you stop to ask why He conquered Julian and his century and all the succeeding centuries, the answer is simple. He alone of all men tasted of death and turned it into the victory of immortal life. Jesus is He who was dead and is alive forevermore. It was that which differentiated Paul's theology from the Jewish faith and set the Inquisitors of the First Century with their

persistence of persecution upon his steps, for he gave his testimony to Jesus, "Who is dead but whom Paul affirmed to be alive." It is no wonder that Easter is the most widely celebrated and eventful day in human history. Nor is it any marvel that on that day the world bedecks itself in its gladdest garments, sings its happiest song, recites its holiest anticipations and renews its most fundamental faith that though man may die he shall yet live again.

For the resurrection is an event that has sequence in fact, experience and obligation in one. The fact of the resurrection becomes an experience of the resurrection and lays upon all who have the experience the obligations of the life eternal. That is the magic word to be whispered in every darkened room of death and by all the sealed tombs of burial and before every closed door of desire. It is the challenging shout of immortality in the presence of graves and graveyards and graveclothes. It is the word which commands all the spoiling terrors of death and darkness to loose their victims and let them go into the sunshine of immortal gladness and into the liberty of an incorruptible glory.

His last word to those who believe in Him as Savior and obey Him as Lord is, "I am He who was dead. Behold I am alive forevermore. Because I live, you shall live also." Said a little lad to an eminent preacher as he stood by his side viewing Rubens' "Descent from the Cross," "Mister, that's Jesus, whom they killed. They were wicked to kill Him, for He was good. They are taking His body down now to bury." Then after a brief pause he suddenly thrust his hand into the hand of the minister, and with radiant face said, "But, Mister, He didn't stay dead, He didn't stay dead." That's the miracle of the world's hope. Jesus didn't stay dead, and as the unchanging, living one He breathes hope into every heart and liberates every life from that fear of death through which the Devil has kept us in bondage all our life-time.

FINALLY, HE MEETS THE DEMANDS OF EXPERIENCE

The great invitation is His invitation, "Come unto me all ye that labor and I will give you rest." Analyze the component parts of that permanent, abiding, satisfying rest of the soul that comes through Christ to men. He gives life eternal and the consciousness of God and the settled sense of peace. The protesting voice of conscience is hushed, the pain-filled problems of experience find their solution, the seeker after truth suddenly rests in certitude, doubt is metamorphosed into faith, and the sense of the Divine presence in the daily experiences of life becomes life's most blessed reality.

In Memphis one day a woman with the hardest face I have yet

seen came to ask this question, "Is there any hope of forgiveness for one who has cursed God?" She went on to relate a story of unparalleled tragedy. Of tragedy producing bitterness, prompting to murder, making permanent hate, provoking to an all but insane fury against God, issuing in curses deliberate and dreadful. But the burned out fires of hate had left upon the hearthstone of her life only the ashes of an unavailing remorse, and out of the darkness of a desperate experience of deep despair she came with a cry, "Can God be found by one who deliberately turned from His light to the darkness of sin? For one who has hated Him and cursed Him, is there any hope?" After a time her despairing eyes found the light that God has caused to shine in the face of Jesus Christ, and instantly, as in so many myriads of other experiences, she was turned "from darkness to light, from the power of Satan unto God." She received the remission of sins and found an inheritance among those who are sanctified by faith in Christ. In a letter which she wrote later she signed it, "The woman who cursed God, but who now, by His mercy, has found a place among those who are sanctified by the faith of His Son."

An old sailor who had spent his life long unbelieving found in John 3:16 the thing he had long wished to believe but had never known, and when he came to believe it, when he rested in that ever blessed statement that "God so loved the world that He gave His only begotten Son, that whosoever believeth in Him should not perish but have eternal life," when he had made that promise and provision his own, he wrote over the mantle in his room in blood-red letters, "I have cast my anchor in a safe harbor at last."

A year or two ago a young university student came to me with the problems of infidelity created by the materialistic philosophies of her university. Having accepted that philosophy, she found it impossible to believe in Christ, and yet the hunger of her heart prompted her continuous coming to listen to the messages proclaiming Him as Savior and Lord. Then suddenly she came with a confession of faith in that Christ whom before she had rejected. When asked to give an explanation of her change of attitude, she said, "After one of the messages I went home and sat down with a pencil and a pad. I made two lists, one embracing all the reasons I could think for rejecting Him, the other all the reasons I could think for receiving Him. The latter list in seriousness and significance, in reasonableness and righteousness outweighed the former, and so I am resting my faith in Him and yielding to Him my life."

Ah, my friends, whatever your circumstance or situation, whether it be bane or blessing, pain or pleasure, life's problems or perplexities upon the highways of its perpetual struggles, Christ Jesus is the un-

changing heart's ease of humanity for its present experiences and the only hope for what lies beyond its mortal ken. He it is who takes us by the hand and brings us to the Father or leads by our heart-strings of need to the Comforter. He it is who has said, "I will never leave you nor forsake you; lo, I am with you all the days, even to the end of the age."

Cast away the curse of your restraint, let go the enthusiasms of your faith, let Him once again hear the Hosanna cries of the multitudes who follow Him, you included, alas too often, afar off.

Is God Interested in Our Love Affairs?

By REV. J. C. MASSEE, D.D., LL.D.

Text: Gen. 2:18, "And the Lord God said, It is not good that the man should be alone; I will make him a help meet for him."

John 2:1, 2, "And the third day there was a marriage in Cana of Galilee; and the mother of Jesus was there: And both Jesus was called, and His disciples, to the marriage."

Eph. 5:22, "Wives, submit yourselves unto your own husbands, as unto the Lord."

The presence of Jesus at the wedding feast in Cana of Galilee and the miracle there which indicated His deep interest and loving concern for the young couple who were being married gives me a pre-text rather than a text for considering the question, "Is God interested in our love affairs?" My purpose is altogether serious, and will reveal an effort to deal with fundamental facts in what is perhaps the most outstanding and insistent problem engaging the attention and interest of modern society. There is no question comparable to the sex question in public interest or in public concern.

In view of this fact, the Christian must reiterate his conviction that there is no regulation from God to moderns inconsistent with that revelation contained in His Word. The Christian approach to the sex problem is, therefore, always a Scriptural approach. His consideration of the question should also be a comprehensive one, embracing the revelation of God through the Scriptures concerning the entire problem of love and its sex and social issues.

MAN MADE IN THE IMAGE OF GOD

The first essential declaration of Scripture concerning man is that he was created in the image of God. While it may be that the body given him received its pattern from that body in which the Son of God tabernacled Himself when He appeared in the world, it is certainly true that man in his moral constitution was made like unto God. He possessed the moral faculties of mind and heart and will ascribed to the Eternal Father. He is like Him in nature, and therefore like Him in self expression.

There are a variety of definitions of the personality of God. But none is simpler or more comprehensive than that which declares "God is love." God's first and essential capacity is the capacity to love. He

loves Himself perfectly, He loves His creation, and He loves His new creation. He loved His Son, and through His Son expresses His love to a lost world. Now, since man is made in the image of God, man's first capacity is the capacity to love and be loved.

"This world is full of beauty
Like other worlds above,
And if we do our duty
It might be full of love."

Man is not only capable of loving and being loved, but he is capacitated for holiness in love and for the righteousness of holy relationships in the expression of love. Out of these holy relationships and righteousness of conduct flow all the beneficent social issues in which life is engaged by both its divine and human contacts. But per contra, man being capable of holiness is also capable of sin, and having a capacity for righteousness has an equal capacity for transgressions. He may, therefore, pervert, debase and degrade love and convert it into lust, from which foul stream flows many a personal, domestic and social disorder. We therefore seek today to discover God's interest in man's love affairs and the paths by which man may walk to keep accord with the Divine interest and find the approval of the Heavenly Father.

GOD'S FIRST INTEREST IN MAN

The Father's first interest in man after His creation concerned itself with his love affairs. It is written that when He looked upon man, whom He had made in His image, He said, "It is not good for man to be alone." So He created for him the woman, one answering to or complementing his life. And when He gave the woman to the man He indicated that He brought them together for mating. And in that first union of the first pair, God released within the instinctive response each to the other which we know as marital love. Out of this love He created and sanctified relationship and promoted those mutual responses from which are begotten all domestic virtues, all social integrities, and which provide in such abundance the aspirations, inspirations, comforts and encouragements of life.

GOD ORDAINED THE LAWS OF LOVE

In view of the fact stated above, it is easy to see that God must concern Himself with the laws which govern love in its relations and its expressions. For in His beneficent thought toward man He meant love to be the most enriching and ennobling fact in life. Nothing in human experience could possibly so relate man to the Eternal Father as the fact that he loves and is loved. Every revelation of the Divine

will concerning man in his love relations and expressions indicates the Divine purpose to safeguard love, to keep it pure and holy and undefiled; to permit to it no relationships and no expressions that would debase or degrade or pervert it into unholy channels. That love may be thus debased and degraded, all the experiences of the human family since man's first disobedience of sin fearfully demonstrates. A thousand generations of men repeat the warning that love may be poisoned by jealousy, and that "jealousy is as cruel as a grave." A pure stream of love in its enriching tendernesses, kindnesses, sympathies can be perverted into bitterness, harshness and ruthless cruelty. Steadfastness may be betrayed by infidelity, the comforts of companionship may be destroyed by the contentions of estrangements, and love unions as fragrant as a garden of spices may become foul with the miasmas of the dismal swamps of intrigue, unfaithfulness and divorce. So God ordains certain fundamental, constitutional laws to govern love in its expression as well as in its primary relationships.

MONOGAMY A MORAL CONSTITUTION

The first law governing man in his love matings as ordained of God is an enactment of an essentially monogamous relation between the man and the woman. Monogamy, which means the mating of one man and one woman on the basis of a Divine sanction and sanctification of the only relationship between man and woman necessary for the procreation of a race is the first constitutional enactment of God. I put emphasis on the fact that monogamy is a constitutional law of love not subject to change by statutory enactment or constitutional amendment of human governments. Mating of one man and one woman on the basis of a pure sex love is the constitutional foundation under which God approves, protects and honors human love relation. Herein He has created the permanent foundation for marriage. Herein He has made divorce impossible without sin. Divorce for any cause is violence to the constitutional law of God governing love relation. There can be no divorce without sin on the part of one or the other of the mated pair.

Only thus could God protect the sanctity of personal life and produce those virtues that are essential to the building and maintenance of a home for the training, disciplining and enriching of the family. Back of every other human institution stands the home as its stable foundation. Fundamentally taking precedence over every other human relationship is marriage based upon love. "For this cause shall a man leave his father and his mother and cleave to his wife alone."

Marriage, with its attendant home building and family rearing is, therefore, central in all human interests. It becomes the basis of those

social integrities that make life worth living. To ignore its constitutional character is to invite social disorder, domestic disaster and a countless brood of personal sufferings. The violence done to this fundamental constitutional human relationship has filled the world with problems and pains and perplexities. That violence trails in its wake countless evils, the tragedies of jealousy, suspicion, envy, bitterness, hate, murder. It leaves in its trail broken hearts, broken homes and the pollution of the very land, provoking the wrath of God and inviting His severest judgments.

One man mated to one woman in a permanency of holy relationship was the first and it is the final mandate of God. The evil results of the violation of that fundamental law can be easily seen in one conspicuous illustration. King David, the man after God's own heart, violated that fundamental law, disregarded the integrities of another man's home, spoiled the virtue of his wife and had Uriah done to death to cover and prevent the exposure of the first sin. By so doing he besmirched his own name, dishonored his profession of righteousness, sowed the seeds of domestic dissension, invited the treasonable activities of his own sons in rebellion against himself and his reign, and filled pages of the inspired record with a sorry story of the shame of seduction and intrigue.

America is today tolerating a devilish doctrine of companionate and trial marriage. It is the propaganda which originated in a mind obsessed by the evil of too close an association with the sins of juvenile recklessness. A perverted judgment and an unwarranted conceit of wisdom stumbled into the mistake of proposing a deliberate legalized and socially approved defiance of this fundamental law of God. There can be no more desperately dangerous prostitution of responsibility to the public weel than this propaganda of legalized and socially approved lust. One of the advocates of companionate marriage has defined it as "legal marriage entered into with a view to permanence, but with a knowledge of birth control, and with acceptance of divorce by mutual consent where there are no children." In other words, here is purely and simply a legitimatized concubinage substituted for the sanctity of a permanent marital relationship. The same authority defined trial marriage as "legal marriage entered into tenatively with a view to breaking it off later if it fails to bring satisfaction." That, of course, is simply confusion worse confounded. It is the next step in the degradation of a holy relationship and in the conversion of love into legalized lust. Such a philosophy once accepted by any people can only assure the disasters which it invites in this defiance of the holiest and the primarily constitutional law of God governing human love.

LOVE MUST FIND ITS EXPRESSION IN MARRIAGE

The second great law of God governing human love affairs is that love is designed to find its expression in marriage. Against that law of God all modernistic, naturalistic philosophies are arrayed. The naturalistic philosophies which govern modern sex thought and relationships have created for themselves a syllogism which justifies every indulgence of appetite and glorifies the demands of animal desire. Here it is; "whatever is natural is beautiful, whatever is beautiful is right. Therefore the indulgence of natural appetites and desires cannot be wrong."

I have a friend who spoke on this theme to a group of young Christians. At the close of his message, two young women, probably 25 or 26 years of age, sought an interview. In the course of that interview they made this startling revelation: They said that the summer before they had attended an assembly of Christian young people. During the course of that assembly various classes of instruction in personal faith, social conduct and church activities were held. The teacher who gave instruction in social standards taught the group that Jesus of Nazareth was the product of a pre-marital engagement between Joseph and Mary, and by inference at least established this as a justification of pre-marital sex relation between Christian young people. They went on to say that that teaching in the presence of the young men to whom they were engaged had resulted in an increasing pressure brought by the young men to whom they were engaged to establish and maintain a marital sex relation as an engagement privilege. One can hardly credit the statement, nor can anyone measure the disastrous results of the propagation of such a devilish teaching.

Samson, the Old Testament judge of Israel, displays in dreadful illustration the havoc and ruin wrought by love without marriage. In such a relationship he was ensnared, stripped and enslaved. Unconsciously he found himself to have been shorn of his strength and abandoned of the Holy Spirit. He stands for all generations a permanent illustration of the falsity of any other relationship than a permanent marriage for the proper expression of sex love. The common disregard of this simple fact in American life provides the most alarming foundation for our social and domestic instabilities. "Ill fares the land to hastening hands a prey, where wealth accumulates and men decay." Where the fountains are befouled, the streams are never pure. Life takes its inevitable course from its source, and all life like water seeks its level. Self indulgence is merely a substitution of violence for self-control, and unrestrained desire is but the worship of the creature in the stead of the creator.

The prevalence of pre-marital sex relationship in America is alarming indeed, and the constant lowering of the age limit in which those

delinquencies occur is equally alarming as the prevalence of the delinquencies. Salvation Army authorities are responsible for the statement that the average age of girl delinquents has been lowered from 16 or 17 years of age to 13 and 14 years.

I spoke recently to a high school and junior college group of 600 or 700 young people. At the conclusion of my address, in which I had exhorted them to high ideals and holy relationships, the principal of the school said to me, "Recently an eminent physician of this city (one of the most conservative cities in the country) spoke to this group and at the close of his message offered a free and confidential interview to any of the students who wished to consult him about their personal and social relationships. He said that 33 out of that group had responded and had sought such a confidential interview. All of the 33 were suffering from venereal disease; 16 of them were girls and 17 boys; none of them perhaps more than 18 years of age. That is a terrible proportion of social delinquency, for of course the number who sought out the physician was only a portion of those who needed such conference and counsel. I do not pretend to say that this is a cross-section of high school life in America, but I do warn against the spread of those social creeds of conduct that could produce even in one American city such a wholesale disregard of the essential virtues. For certainly if these things could happen in one they probably would happen in many.

GOD LIMITS OUR LOVE TO A COVENANT RELATION TO HIMSELF

Those moral and social disorders which brought the wrath of God upon the antediluvian world and visited upon them the destructions of the flood were provoked when the sons of God married the daughters of men. I interpret this to mean that the men of the line of Seth, forgetful of their covenant relations to God, crossed over the border to marry the women of the line of Cain. Out of these mixed marriages came "the renowned of the earth," men of giant stature, of great intellectual and personal powers, who, in defiance of the laws of God, created their own philosophies, erected their own social standards, and created for themselves out of their personal desires the only authority to which they yielded a willing obedience. Thus God was crowded beneath the threshold of conscience, family altars broke down, religious instruction failed, and God was not in all the thought of that wicked generation. "It repented God, therefore, that he had made man in His image, and He sent upon the world the flood of waters out of which he preserved only Noah, who was perfect in his generation."

When we move on through the history of God's dealings with men,

we find that He limits those through whom He reveals His purposes and plans in their marriages to a covenant relation. Abraham requires his servant to swear that he will not take a wife for his son Isaac from the women of the land. A long journey is undertaken to find Rebecca, and a special Divine providence reveals heaven's approval of her selection.

Later, Rebecca declares to Isaac that she had rather die than to see Jacob marry a daughter of Heth, choosing his wife from the pagan women of the land. So he is sent away to find a woman from the limited circle involved in the covenant relations of God with His own. In thorough keeping with this limitation is the injunction of II Corinthians 6:14, "Be not unequally yoked together with unbelievers." Everyone of you would be well advised to read with great care I Kings 11: 1-2 and 4. Solomon, with all his wisdom, was not able to maintain his integrity when he married many foreign women, for in his old age his wives stole away his heart from God and seduced him into the worship of their idols.

There can be no question that children do receive moral and intellectual inheritances from their parents. Certainly parents do transmit to their children family tendencies that may well develop into family characteristics, as they often do. I have heard a tradition or legend to the effect that England's greatest astronomer, Sir William Hershel, was the product of a marriage between two young people who deliberately sought their mating on the ground of mutual interest in the stars, and of mutual faith in the Christ of God. Think what it would not mean to a child to be born with the heavens as the heritage and faith as a moral entail for his own beginnings. Certainly it is written in this Book that God visits the sins of the fathers upon the third and fourth generation of them that hate him, and that His blessings accrue to the generation of the generations of those that love Him and keep His commandments.

THERE IS A DIVINE PATTERN OF LOVE

David once wrote concerning his friend Jonathan, "Thy love to me was wonderful, passing the love of woman." A beautiful description of a transcendently beautiful friendship. There is a higher love than any merely human love which illustrates what human love should be. Thus it is written concerning the Bride of Christ, "Christ loved the Church and gave Himself up for it, that he might present it to Himself a glorious body, without spot or blemish or wrinkle or any such thing." That is the meaning of Calvary, and therein lies to every Christian a profound and significant and Heaven-born challenge to all lovers mutually to protect their purity and maintain their essential sex

virtues. How can love consent to degrade the beloved? How can any Christian lover ever conceive of a desire to do anything else than to ennoble and to keep pure the beloved? As Christ loved His bride, the Church, and gave Himself up for it, so should every lover maintain without spot or blemish or wrinkle or any such thing both body and soul of his beloved.

THE LOVE OF CHRIST COMES FIRST

For every Christian the final law of love approved of God is that Christ must take precedence, Christ must come first. No Christian home can be built upon any other foundation than that Christ should have the pre-eminence, the precedence and the authority even over love itself. In vain do they build a home who build without God. In vain do they love who love without the one Divine lover. He is the sanctifier of every relationship, He is our only inspiration to purity, our only constraint in love, our only restraint against sensualism of appetite. Christ claims the right to sanctify all love relationships, and when yielded to not only sanctions and sanctifies but enriches every such relation.

I have heard that if one stands under the dome of the Taj Mahal, that world-famed memorial of a lover to his bride, and but whispers the words "to the memory of an undying love," the vaulted dome takes up the whisper and echoes and re-echoes and reverbrates it until, in a crescendo of many sounds it comes back with crashing distinctness, amplified and multiplied, enlarged and increased, enriched and ennobled, "To the memory of an undying love."

So Calvary whispers to the vaulted heavens above, "To the memory of an undying love," and the dome of high heaven echoes and re-echoes into the chambers of all Christian hearts this word, heaven-born, heaven-sent. And the memory of that undying love sanctifies all love, enriches all love relations, and makes for those who obey that love a pathway of peace and a permanency of happiness, against which all the forces of evil beat in vain, and concerning which God has confirmed many exceeding precious promises.

I Am Jesus

By REV. J. C. MASSEE, D.D., LL.D.

In the realm of chemistry, there is a well recognized catalytic agent. Its peculiar property and prerogative is to produce chemical changes while itself remaining unchanged.

What this catalytic agent in the realm of chemistry is, Jesus of Nazareth is in the spiritual realm. While He Himself remains unchangingly the same from generation to generation, His presence profoundly affects all spiritual life, its outgoings, its operations and its bi-products. Contrary to the universally accepted opinion, Jesus does not produce passive, acquiescent or static conditions in human life. He does produce peace between God and man, and between those who are mutually related in Him. But He is everywhere the agent of change and the prolific cause of personal, social, economic and political ferment. It is He who has changed the social and moral complexion of the world. He has given woman a new status and childhood a new value and human life a new dignity. Wherever He has appeared, in any land or clime, the shackles of slavery have been broken away from human beings, and women have ceased to be classified as chattels and have been dignified with the companionship of men.

On the ground of faith which moves and controls life, Jesus Himself declared that He would release not peace but war, setting a father against his son and the son against the father. He brings into the most tranquil homes, by His mere appearance there, a bone of contention, causes of dissension and division. He becomes the Great Divide from which life takes its course to the right or the left, separated by impassable barriers of faith, conviction and heavenly allegiance.

He becomes the agent of agitation against conditions of human oppression and for the removal of the causes of human suffering. Property rights, ancient traditions, established customs, implacable prejudices that are to all others sacro sant mean nothing to Him. He will ruthlessly overturn the tables of the money-changers and strip the mask of hypocrisy from the faces of pious pretenders. He ruthlessly thrusts aside the whole useless tribe of scribes, lawyers and doctors of the law, and elevates a group of peasants into the apostles of the Kingdom. In many lands and among many people He has become the cause of revolution, for when His principle of religious liberty takes hold of the hearts and minds of men it inevitably interprets itself in

terms of civil liberty, and they who have learned from Him the dignity of human life refuse to continue the slaves of political tyrants. When A. J. Diaz had established his great church in the city of Havana, Cuba, and taught them the freedom which is in Christ, upon the outbreak of the Cuban revolution a thousand members of his church became volunteers in the army of the revolution, driven to that service by the irresistible force of their convictions of liberty, equality and fraternity learned in the school of Christian instruction.

But through all these changes and many others that might be enumerated, He remains the same, the unchanged and unchanging Son of God and son of man. To every generation and to every race of men He presents Himself as Savior and as sovereign. Herein He still refuses to become the judge in quarrels over property, while He yet remains the stern rebuke of covetousness. He will not now, as He would not while upon the earth, join the inquisitors of morals, though he continues to change the moral standards and conduct of sinners who appear in His presence. Somehow He manages to avoid still the casuistries of pettifogging philosophers and unregenerate moralists, while flashing heavenly light upon the human problems of pain, perplexity and morality. His appearance upon the pages of history has always been a miracle, and His passage across the stage of time has left only miracle changes in His wake.

It is from that setting that I wish to return today for a new study of Paul's meeting with Jesus on the highway to Damascus.

WHO ART THOU?

In that memorable meeting, our screen lifts upon the scene where Paul, upon his face in the presence of that supernal light and in response to that heavenly voice, is expressing for himself and for all men and all ages the agonizing question of supremest human concern—"Who art thou, Lord?"

There is that in Jesus for which all men seek. He is to the unbelieving the perpetual riddle. He is to the faithful still the mystery of Godliness. Into that mystery angels desire to look. To the interpretation and explanation of that mystery prophets, apostles, ministers and teachers have brought all their learning, their keen perceptions and illuminative discernments, in an effort to solve it. A great scholar, in his commentary upon Isaiah, has written that the universal question is, "If God should come to dwell among men, what kind of Man would He be?" The answer to that universal inquiry is, Jesus of Nazareth. We say that with all boldness and confidence, though none have ever understood Him. None have ever been able to fathom the depth of His character, the height of His glory, the achievement of

His grace, the reach of His authority or the infinite compassion of His mercy. We seek still the answer, Who is this Jesus of Nazareth in whose presence sin is revealed and rebuked, by whom God is revealed and understood, through whom access to God is renewed for guilty sinners? Who is this One in whose name the nations hope?

For the answer to that He challenges us. Who is He? He seems to fit the pattern of deity; He seems to be the final fulfillment of prophetic type and symbol; He seems to be the finis to the Book of Revelation. Is He the final answer?

MEN ARE NOT ALL AGREED

While He was upon the earth, men held every variety of opinion about Him, until one day He Himself broke through with an imperative demand to know to what conclusion His contemporaries had come. As recorded in Matthew 16:13 following, He said to His disciples, "Whom do men say that the Son of Man is? And they said, 'Some, John the Baptist; some, Elijah; and others, Jeremiah, or one of the prophets'." Yet these various answers did not compass all the difficulties nor all the opinions, for there is an immediate challenge of the Master to those about Him, "But who say ye that I am?" And Simon Peter answered and said, "Thou art the Christ, the Son of the living God."

If Jesus is not the Messiah, who is the Messiah? If the Son of Man is not the Son of God, where will you find one to fit the picture formed in all the revelations of the Old Testament? Who can step upon the stage of Divine revelation and fulfill the prospectus of prophecy, of law, and of inspired psalm? Peter's answer did not settle the matter for everybody. It was enough for him. It really brought the Master's commendation, and made of Peter that nucleus on which the church should be builded, to the confounding of its foes and the beating down of the gates of hell.

But men are still questing, still groping. Books are written about Him. Schools of thought center around varying opinions concerning Him. An American minister who for five years taught philosophy in Shanghai College, told me that after a course in the life of Jesus, he gave to his class of Chinese students two weeks in which they were permitted each one to express his own opinion of that Majestic One who appears upon the pages of Scripture with such Divine lineament. He said that in those two weeks he had every opinion of Jesus expressed by the students that had ever been voiced by German, English or American rationalistic thinkers.

Jesus is still asking men for an answer to His challenge, "Who am I; who is the Son of Man?" Where shall we turn for an answer?

Some of us are willing to rest with Peter upon that conviction that did not come to him out of human wisdom or by the revelation of flesh and blood, but was given of the Father. He is to us the Son of the Living God. In that conviction there is great rest.

I have read the story of an old sailor who came, after a life-time of agnosticism, to spend his remnant of years in one of the sailors' homes. A faithful chaplain persuaded him to read the Gospel of John, with a promise that he would mark in red any verse he found himself able to believe. He read through the first two chapters without comment. Half-way through the third, he came to those immortal words, "For God so loved the world that He gave His only begotten Son, that whosoever believeth in Him should not perish but have eternal life." He stopped. He read and re-read. He said to himself, "If I could believe anything, this is what I could believe." Then, with sudden illumination, he cried out, "I do believe this, for it is what my heart and soul have craved." He then cut out of a great piece of white cardboard an anchor, fastened it over the mantle-piece of his room, and wrote upon it in red ink, "I have cast my anchor in a safe harbor."

That's all right for one who comes to believe, but for the sake of those who do not believe let us

REVIEW THE EVIDENCES.

In view of the fact that we are asked to rest our hope of life eternal and immortality upon this One, let us review the evidences. He Himself submits a test. John 5:39, "Search the Scriptures, for they are they which testify of me." He rests His case upon that test. It will be recalled that after His resurrection he joined two of His disciples on their way to Emmaus. He entered into conversation with them, in the course of which He said unto them, "Oh foolish men and slow of heart to believe in all the prophets have spoken. Behooved it not the Christ to suffer these things, and to enter into His glory? And beginning from Moses and from all the prophets, he interpreted them in all the Scriptures the things concerning Himself."

The Scriptures permit us to apply incontrovertible measurements. We have therein His photograph, His finger-prints, His blood tests, all. Both prophecy and law present a mold, a pattern. Some one has said that prophecy is the mold of history. Does Jesus of Nazareth fit the prophetic mold? Is He the hope of the world, the One upon whose shoulders the government is laid? Has His soul been made the offering for our sins? During the distressing search for the Lindbergh baby, kidnapped in the spring of 1932, there were many rumors that the baby had been found. Various parents, travelling with flaxen-haired children of the same age, were stopped and questioned. Long distance connec-

tions were made with the Lindbergh home, detailed descriptions were given. In one case every feature of the child under discussion was an exact reproduction of the kidnapped baby except the color of the eyes.

So in the case of this Divine Son of God there must be absolute conformity to the mold of prophecy and of law, character of His person, the purpose of His ministry, the method of His redemption, the authority of His intercession. No detail must be missing. Let us then to the law and the testimony.

THE EVIDENCE

In the first chapter of John's Gospel there is the frequent recurrence of a sensational statement, "We have found Him of whom Moses and the prophets did write."

One day John the Baptist, imprisoned for his stern rebuke of the sinful, petty potentate and his more sinful consort, in despair of regaining his liberty, is plunged into doubt as to the accuracy of the testimony he had been commanded to bear as the forerunner of the Messiah. He sends a committee to the Lord Jesus to ask Him for confirmation, "Art thou He that cometh, or do we look for another?" Jesus answered the committee in effect, "Just stick around a while and you will find the answer." After a while he said to them, "Now go back and tell John not what I said, but what you have seen. The blind receive their sight, the deaf hear, the sick are healed, the lame walk, the dead are raised, and the poor have the Gospel preached to them." Here is the perfect fitting of that pattern drawn with bold strokes of prophetic pen in the hand of Isaiah, "Jehovah's hand is not shortened that it cannot save." "The spirit of the Lord Jehovah is upon me; because Jehovah hath anointed me to preach good tidings unto the meek; He hath sent me to bind up the broken-hearted; to proclaim liberty to the captives and the opening of the prison to them that are bound; to proclaim the year of Jehovah's favor, and the day of vengeance of our God; to comfort all that mourn, etc." In Mark 14:62, being adjured by the high priest, which is in effect being put upon oath to answer the question, "Art thou the Christ, the Son of the Blessed," Jesus answered simply and directly, "I am."

So also the Holy Spirit bears evidence to His supernatural birth, His sinless life, His vicarious death, His bodily resurrection, His ascension into heaven, His shedding forth of the Holy Spirit to become life in the believer and in the Church, His new body, and gives promise of His return to reign upon the throne of His father David.

With that evidence from the Scriptures in prophecy and from the eye-witnesses in testimony, the Gospel rests its case. Upon this evidence you must settle your question, Who art thou?

THE VOICE FROM BEYOND THE GRAVE

Let us return to Paul. He meets Jesus after the resurrection. According to Romans 1:4, Jesus has now been declared to be the Son of God with power by the resurrection. What proof will He now submit in substantiation of that claim? That is the significance of Saul's anxious cry, "Who art thou?" The answer of Jesus is startling in the extreme. "I am Jesus. It is hard for thee to kick against the goad."

What was that goad? Without question, the testimony of Scripture turned into the protesting voice of conscience. That testimony had been resisted by a frenzy of pride and prejudice. Paul, with an almost idolatrous worship, of power, of greatness, of glory, turns in indignant protest from the humiliation of the cross. All his traditions, trainings, personal reactions translate life for the Jew at least in terms of Divine preference and precedence and power. But Jesus has died on the cross, He has been buried in a borrowed grave. Now from beyond the grave He confronts Paul and wrings from his reluctant lips the acknowledgment of His Lordship. Paul hurls upon Him that despairing cry, "Who art thou?" "Give me proof. Take away the last remnant of question from beyond the grave where you now are. Support the faith you ask me to exercise."

NO FURTHER EVIDENCE SUBMITTED

But Jesus simply answers, "I am Jesus." No further evidence is offered. It is the answer of Abraham to Dives when he makes petition that Lazarus shall be sent to warn his brothers on the plea that they would hear one who arose from the dead. Abraham answers, "If they hear not Moses and the Prophets, neither would they hear one though he arose from the dead."

So now Jesus to Paul submits no evidence from beyond the grave that He had not submitted this side the grave. If you would know, you must go back to the manger in Bethlehem and follow Him all the way through to Gethsemane and to the cross on Calvary to Easter morning and to the ascension from Olivet.

Thus John in his first epistle offers nothing else than "That which we have seen with our eyes, that which we have heard, that which we have beheld and handled concerning the Word of Life." "For the life eternal was manifest and we have seen and heard and declare unto you the eternal life which was with the Father."

A few years ago, a young woman who had just graduated from a college in which she had been deprived of her faith in a personal God, came, upon the solicitation of her Christian friend, into my office for an interview. I asked her to tell me her difficulty. She said quite

frankly, "I was reared in a Christian home. Naturalistic philosophies in college have robbed me of the power to believe in a personal God. I am not happy with my negations. And I must confess that I do believe in the historic person Jesus, and that He is something more than man. How much more I do not know." I said to her, "We will rest our case upon that confession. Now tell me in what that something more consists." She said, "I do not know, except that there is a quality, a spiritual fragrance, something of the Divine flavor inexplicable." Then I asked her if she had ever seen that flavor in the life of Christ reproduced in any other life. She said, "Yes, in the life of my friend and room-mate who sits here by me." I asked the other girl from what source she had received this new quality, this heavenly fragrance of life in character and conduct. Lifting her face suffused with a holy emotion, she said, "Oh pastor, you know that it all came to me the day I received Christ as my Savior and God came into my life as a Divine reality." Suddenly the other girl threw out her hands with a gesture of complete surrender and cried, through her falling tears, "I believe, I believe."

There is nothing more to be added. "I am Jesus." But He is He through whom the Divine personality is revealed and released and made accessible to men who believe.

One added word. There is a final word added by Paul when he propounds his question, "Who art thou, **Lord?**" In sudden recognition of the character of the One to whom He propounds the universal question which is the agonizing cry of his own soul for certitude, Saul of Tarsus shifted the reins of government from his hands to the hands of Jesus. That was fitting and right. Jesus alone has the right to ascend the throne in the sanctuary of a human life. Having emptied Himself of His equality with God in the formless Spirit and glory of his spiritual experience; having taken the form of a man and having become in the likeness of man; and having become obedient unto death, even the death of the cross, He is by God given a name that is above every name, that unto Him every knee shall bow in heaven, in earth and under the earth, and every tongue shall confess that **Jesus Christ is Lord** to the glory of God the Father.

JESUS TAKES CONTROL: "ARISE"

From now on the relation between this man and Jesus is the relation between the master and the bond-servant. It must always be so. When once you have accepted the testimony, when once you have yielded to the Spirit of God who takes the things of Christ and reveals them to men, you too must shift the reins of government unto His hands. It is to that intent and purpose that I am asking you today to

come back with me to Cana in Galilee, move with me through the throng of assembled guests at the wedding feast, observe the empty wine pots, hear His mother's appeal and His answer, then give heed to Mary's injunction to the servants, "Whatsoever He saith unto thee, do it." That is life's highest wisdom and its Divinest glory. There is no path of peace otherwise, no source of power comparable to that, no hope of life eternal but in Him. "Behold to obey is better than sacrifice. What doth the Lord require of thee but to walk humbly before thy God?"

Let me close with four lines from George McDonald's poem, making it the purposed prayer of our lives as we repeat it:

"Then into His hand went mine
And into my heart came He,
And I walk in the light divine,
The path I had feared to see."

Jesus Only
An Only Son Transfigured
An Only Son Transformed

By REV. J. C. MASSEE, D.D., LL.D.

There is no event in the recorded life of the Lord Jesus more compelling in human interest as well as Divine regard than the transfiguration and its subsequent events. Jesus has been showing His disciples that He must go to Jerusalem and suffer. His disciples have been going out among the villages preaching, healing and casting out devils.

They have had the amazing experience of seeing five thousand men and women fed from five loaves and two fishes broken by the Master's hands. It is impossible to conceive the tremendous sensation created by the reports of these miracles wrought both by the disciples and the Master. Jesus then undertakes to evaluate the opinions being expressed about Him. "Whom do men say that I, the Son of Man, am?" He finally draws from Peter the confession of and conviction that He is the Son of God.

It is from this background of miracle, sensation and confession that, about a week later, Jesus is transfigured in the Mount and later comes down to meet and heal the demoniac son of a greatly distressed father to whom the disciples could offer no comfort and no help. It is indeed a thrilling story. As in so many human interest stories, many things crowd upon our attention.

LIFE PROGRESSES

Here first of all we are confronted with a renewal of emphasis upon the fact that life is perpetual motion. It never stagnates. It never stops its progress somewhere. From its start it moves onward to a climax of glory or a climax of shame. There will sooner or later be the perfect transfiguration with heavenly radiance or the deep damnation of demon possession. It was in recognition of this principle that the Psalmist wrote, "Blessed is the man that walketh not in the counsel of the wicked, nor standeth in the way of sinners, nor sitteth in the seat of the scornful."

Life's unfoldings are ever new revelations of the hidden paths within. Those powers are its purposes, motives, desires, influences, choices, yieldings and resistances.

Here in this story in the two central figures is presented a perfect contrast between the progression upward and the progression downward. In Luke 2:40 it is written of the boy Jesus, "And the child grew and waxed strong, filled with wisdom: and the grace of God was upon Him." In Mark 9:21, concerning the other son, the only son of his father, it is written, "And He (Jesus) asked his father, 'How long time is it since this hath come unto him?' And he said, 'From a child'." Thus childhood. Then the contrast of the present story. One full of matured life yielded wholly to God. One life wholly possessed of Satan. In the one the radiance of a divine light of a heavenly glory; in the other the darkness of a despair and demon-damned gloom. Here is Jesus, the only Son of His Father, and the demonized boy, the only son of his father. Could contrast be greater? Let us then present them as they present the two.

THE ONLY BEGOTTEN SON OF GOD

We behold here in the glory of the Mount the transfigured Son of God. There were eye-witnesses to that transfigured glory. Peter affirms with much emphasis, "We are not purveyors of cunningly devised fables, but we are eye-witnesses of His glory in the Mount." The intimate three, Peter, James and John, had accompanied the Master, had beheld His glory as of the glistering sun, had fallen prostrate before the glory of it, had heard the voices of Moses and Elijah and the voice of God, the Eternal Father, and had come down from the Mount to be held forevermore in the grip of that transcendent scene.

What had happened there? Simply that the body of Jesus had been metamorphosed. The glory of heaven had been borne across, and He had taken the figure, the substance of that body which He now wears in heaven. The body of His humiliation is changed, metamorphosed, and in the perfection of His Sonship His humanity becomes transfigured into His heavenly qualities. He had emptied himself of the formless glory of His equality with God and had taken upon Himself the humiliating and limiting form of a man. He is to die in the midst of shame and ignominy upon a Roman cross. In the completion of that self-emptying on the basis of which the Father is to give Him a name that is above every name and require that every knee shall bend before Him and every tongue confess that He is Lord.

But now in the midst of His earthly humiliations and limitations He is suddenly transfigured. Here is a fulfillment of that prophecy of

Isaiah, "Thou art my servant; Israel in whom I will be glorified (that is, break forth into glory)." It is no wonder that in the presence of such glory the three disciples fall into a trance, both of wonder and of worship. They were being permitted to behold the glory that shall be. Doubtless one of them, John, received his later inspiration in part from that scene, surpassingly glorious and profoundly mystifying, which caused him to write, "Behold what manner of love the Father hath bestowed upon us. It doth not yet appear what we shall be, but we know that when He appears we shall be like Him, for we shall see Him as He is."

Here is God breaking through into the glory of a perfect possession of Humanity. Here God and a man are at one, in the perfect harmony of nature and the perfect consonance of character. How marvelous, how wonderful that men in such intimate relationship should see the glory of God and live!

I think I have had one experience that in some sort illustrates, though all but poorly, this surpassingly wonderful manifestation of the Divine glory. One morning, walking down a nave of the Vatican Library, I came, about 10 o'clock, suddenly face to face with that great art glass window so marvelous a portrayal of the lineaments of Gregory the Great. Life size, in colors that depicted the living tissues of the flesh, with eyes scintillating with light, with features animated by something more than physical radiance, to me it seemed a living person. I gasped, with an expectation that he might step, a living personality, out of the frame of that window. For behind the window the sun had broken through from behind a cloud, and all the flood of his radiance had been translated in the glory through that wonderful window. I have never forgotten the moment nor the profound impression, though years have passed. Even so did those early disciples never forget the impressions of that hour on the Mount when God broke through into glory in His son.

Some years ago, a Professor Carver in Washington invented what he called a pan helior motor. The principle involved simply required the setting of a great number of mirrors at converging angles so that the radiance of the sun and its heat both should be made to focus upon one point. His idea was that thus could be originated heat enough to operate a motor without the use of fuel. It was even so in the life of Jesus of Nazareth. From every angle of light and life, holiness and love, Jesus stored up the glory of God, until in the transfiguration scene the reservoir of that glory burst bounds and shone through, and a trickling stream of heaven flowed by the feet of weary but wondering and worshipping men, so prostrating them with amazement that they were for a time as men who slept. Doubtless it was to this climactic

scene that Jesus refers in part in the beginning of His intercessory prayer in John 17:4, "I glorified thee on the earth." Of course, we can never forget that back of the climax of glory was the consistency of a life radiant within with that same heavenly glory.

THE DEMON-POSSESSED BOY

This demon-possessed boy was his father's only son. Witness his agonizing cry, "I beseech thee to look upon my son, for he is mine only child: and behold, a spirit taketh him and he suddenly crieth out; and it teareth him that he foameth, and it hardly departeth from him, bruising him sorely." There is no heart-break like that which filled the grief-stricken mind and heart of this earthly father. Year by year, experience by experience, he had seen that evil spirit gain the mastery, increase his power and possess both body and mind of his boy. He had seen that Satan, while filling his lad, had stripped him, despoiled him, and made him a living curse. In his only child he had seen every hope disappointed, every ambition denied. He had been robbed of his joy in the enlarging powers, the increasing wisdom, the growing favor, the companionship of his son. Here was nothing normal; here was constant care, unceasing burden, living death. Here was the complete spoliation of a life by an incomprehensible force beyond control. No doctor had been able to isolate the germ of disease or discover a remedy therefor. No priest had been able to exorcize the demon and restore the child to his normal life. And now the very disciples of Jesus, who yesterday were working miracles, healing the sick, casting out demons, are helpless in the presence of this so great sorrow.

In the Smithsonian Institute, among many wonders, there is displayed the processes and progress of the incubation of an egg. First the fresh egg, then the formation and organization of the germ and its beginning, and then step by step that germ develops into a chick, and when the chick is full-grown the egg is destroyed. It brings forth death to the egg in developing the chick.

So sin when it is full-grown brings forth death. You may see it develop step by step, amazed at your inability to stop its progress or defeat its purpose, and yet see it go on, in your own child, sometimes in your own life, until it defeats and despoils, degrades and disgraces, and ultimately destroys. The evil spirit is like a foul cesspool whose seepings poison life, the very air we breathe, the fountains of thought and speech and action, the moral and intellectual pabulum on which we feed our minds. There is about and within the presence of an evil spirit the stench of death eternal. Satan always tears and torments, he hurts and hinders, he defeats and destroys. And he flagrantly and flauntingly accomplishes his work in the presence of helpless humanity.

We see his progress in the destruction of life. We observe the processes by which he works. We are helpless to do anything with a demon-possessed boy, and so in despair we establish our courts, build our prisons, erect our gallows, appoint our sheriffs and executioners, provide for asylums and houses of correction.

Also we erect our social castes and operate our cruelties of isolation, ostracism, expulsion, excommunications and punishments. There is no tragedy in human life so great as the tragedy of its inability to recover one boy from the insanity of an evil spirit, from the tearing, rendering, destroying power of a demon-possession. That is the tragedy of juvenile courts, and courts of domestic relations and reform schools and of gangster infested streets not yet fit for the boys and girls to play in them and of boys and girls that are not fit for the streets nor for life. It is the evil spirit in a child or a man that makes him like a derelict of the sea, without chart or compass or pilot or crew, drifting, at the mercy of every wind and wave and tide, a menace to all the traffic of the deep.

Who can doubt that that broken-hearted, distracted father would have welcomed death a hundred times over as a relief and a release both for the child and himself from that terrible, terrible demon possession?

THE FATHERS PRESENT THEIR SONS

In the story, each of these fathers presents his son.

In the Mount, the voice from the excellent glory, "This is my Son, my chosen. Hear ye him."

At the foot of the Mount, the father, in tragic appeal, "This is my son, my only child. Heal him."

In Matthew 15:22 there is a companion-piece to this story. There a woman comes to Jesus in the borders of Phenicia, pleading for her demon-possessed little girl. Put the boy and the girl side by each. Just leave them there for a while facing Jesus. These two, the only son of the only father, the Father from heaven, is the only hope of the only son and the little daughter of the other father.

Here meet the final resources of God and the final recourse of man.

In His Son, God the Father offers all He has of sympathy and understanding, of health and holiness, of peace and power, of recovery and reinforcement, of life in its abundant fulness, and of the liberty and freedom of unrestrained, moral action and spiritual initiative to the other father for the recovery of his son. And it is in the only begotten son of that Heavenly Father that the father of the frail and futile lad demon-possessed or the little lass demon-possessed has his

final hope. Everything else has been exhausted, all the nostrums of human wisdom, all the tears of human sympathy, all the ineffective remedies of human physicians, all the broken-hearted, despairing, weeping woe of human love have availed nothing. One does not wonder that this father of the broken child cries to the Son of the compassionate Father, "If thou canst do anything, have mercy upon us and help us." Too often disappointed, too often have hopes given way to despair for faith to leap full-fledged and untrammeled into its rightful confession and fruition. But even for him is a helping hand extended by the Son of that Divine and understanding Father in Heaven. "If thou canst only believe, all things are possible to him who believes." There is a remedy; there is a release. Lay hold of hope, for while hope deferred makes the heart sick, hope revived brings the aid omnipotence. "Thy brother shall live; thy son shall go free."

THE DISCIPLES COULD NOT

In the two cases cited above, the disciples have had their opportunity. In the case of the demon-possessed boy, they simply failed in their efforts. Later they are to learn that this kind cometh out only by prayer. Religious hocus-pocus will never accomplish the task only achieved by divine power. They must learn that it is not they who work nor that they work in the might and power of human strength and wisdom, but that it is by the power of God's Spirit that miracles are accomplished.

In the other case, the case of the little girl, His disciples failed in understanding and sought to block the way of the needy mother to the heart and hand of the compassionate Savior. This also failed, for a seeking sinner and a seeking Savior will always somehow, against all obstacles and difficulties, find each other.

In the face of these two failures, there is a great humiliation for us who serve the Master, for they too often parallel our own experience. Our sermons, like our services, are but moral gestures. When has any one of us ever delivered a sin-cursed man? When has a broken derelict of humanity ever been redeemed and rehabilitated in one of your Christian services? For the most part, as individual Christians, as ministers and groups of disciples assembling, we are like Samson. We daily go out to shake ourselves, only to discover that. though we had not known it, the Spirit is gone from us. It is at this point that we offer excuses for ourselves, we begin the poor business of building substitutes for the power that Christ promises us. And so we spend our time begging money to build hospitals and reform schools. And we turn the revenues of government into the building of juvenile courts and prisons and educational institutions and programs.

Ah, for the mantle of Elijah upon the shoulders of Elisha. Where is the Christ of Pentecost? Where is the power that once resided in the Gospel worker, in the churches with open doors of hope? There could be no commentary upon the powerlessness of the churches and of the ministry comparable to that which leaves them unsought and unvisited by the demon-possessed of the earth.

Dr. Samuel Chadwick relates how once in his church in Leeds, England, he announced a service for infidels only. 2,300 people came. During the progress of the service, there were many objections to his message, denials and affronting remarks. He finally stopped his sermon and said, "I observe that only about a dozen or two are doing the talking. There is no need to keep all this crowd. Those who are willing to meet me face to face and talk it out, follow me into the vestry, to which I am going now." 19 men followed him in. The debate went on and on, the preacher affirming, the group denying. Finally, a very brilliant lawyer of the group became spokesman.

In the course of their discussion, Dr. Chadwick said to him, "Suppose you grant that your philosophy of materialism or agnosticism will do for the man in good social standing with a comfortable income, satisfactory position and a decent moral life. What would you do for the man broken by sin, hopeless, helpless, despairing, in the grip of powers and habits beyond his ability to break?" The lawyer arose from his seat, walked over to Dr. Chadwick, thrust out his hand and said, "I should bring him to you, sir, for you have his only hope." What a story! As long as a Christian minister of the Christian church has hope of redemption from sin or recovery from demon-possession for the world, the world will find a path to the door of that minister or of that church.

God deliver us from these two failures, the one of inability, the other of sympathy and understanding. For when the church fails, as with the boy, it begins to advertise the failure of Jesus, as in the case of the Syrophenician girl. Where is the church or the preacher that dares to let these two sons have a chance at each other? To get out of the way, to get the boy to Jesus, to get from between Jesus and the girl? Whose hand is strong enough, whose heart courageous to pull down the empty structure of church machinery, of programs, of conventional orders of service, of stilted moral respectability, of charity chests and proxy service, and get the two together? I declare to you an inescapable conviction that could we get the two together, once again we would see the same miracle reproduced. Now, as then, Jesus would touch the boy, heal him, lift him up, give him back to his father, and send him back to society no longer a menace but recovered and reinforced for the reconstruction of life on the foundation of holiness

with peace and power. All the terrible strife, the tearing, the rending, the torture and torment occasioned by sin can be done with.

Perhaps if the church could once again so focus its attention upon these two, the transfigured Son of the Mount and the transformed son of the valley, the one in His glory, the other in his shame, we might give over some of our enthusiasm for the things that engage our time but defeat the purposes of God. If we could once again find this focus of interest, we might once again see the miracles of that first century in which the glory of God broke through not only the body of His Son in the Mount, but in His new body, the Church, to the healing of the hurt of multitudes and the transforming of human society, by his injection into the world of the redeemed of the Lord.

The Four Essential, Controlling Doctrines

By REV. MARK A. MATTHEWS, D.D.
Pastor of the Largest Church in the World, at Seattle, Washington

I Timothy 4:16—Take heed unto thyself, and unto the doctrine; continue in them: for in doing this thou shalt both save thyself, and them that hear thee.

II John 1:9—He that abideth in the doctrine of Christ, he hath the father and the son.

Acts 2:42—And they continued steadfastly in the apostles' doctrine (and fellowship, and in breaking of bread, and in prayers.)

The Church is a creation.

Christianity is an effect.

Behind it is THE CAUSE—THE CREATOR.

THE FACT—THE PERSON—JESUS CHRIST.

You can not conceive of the Church without thinking of her great doctrines.

Christianity is propagated by the preaching of its doctrines.

The Church grows and becomes powerful when thoroughly indoctrinated.

The Christian is impotent if not indoctrinated.

The Christians and the churches who are not grounded in the great fundamental doctrines of Christianity are susceptible to all the seductive teachings and influences of the anti-Christian propagandists.

There are four great FACTS on which the essential doctrines of Christianity rest and out of which they are evolved.

These facts are revealed in God's Infallible Word, therefore, it is **essential** to know the Bible.

The texts quoted teach it is imperative that we know the doctrines, and, continue steadfast in them.

You ask, "What are the four **essential, controlling** doctrines?"

FIRST: THE VIRGIN BIRTH.

It is **the** essential doctrine.

(a) On it rests the plan of salvation; upon it the whole superstructure of Christianity is builded.

(b) The infallibility of the Bible rests upon that fact.

(c) The whole plan of redemption is made possible by that great fact.

"In the beginning was the word."

The pre-existence of Christ made possible the Incarnation.

Not a new Christ, or a separate God was created, but, the Eternal Son of God, coeval with and coequal to the Father, was incarnated.

The Holy Ghost conceived the body in the womb of the Virgin.

Jesus could not have been incarnated through natural processes.

Jesus could not have been the son of Joseph and Mary.

There was no other way by which He could have been incarnated except through the act of the Holy Ghost in conceiving the body in order that He might be born of a Virgin.

These facts are essential—BECAUSE

1. THEY ESTABLISH THE TRINITY.
2. THEY REVEAL THE DEITY.
3. THEY UNFOLD THE MIRACLE.
4. THEY PRESENT THE SON OF MAN AND THE SON OF GOD, BORN OF A VIRGIN, THE SAVIOR OF THE WORLD.

There are those who deny that the doctrine is essential, or that the fact is essential, and, yet any logician knows that God, working on His own plan, could not have been just and at the same time the justifier of the unjust had not Jesus Christ been born of the Virgin, the incarnate Son of God.

BECAUSE He had to come **in that way in our flesh to assume our position**, to take our place, **to be our substitute.**

SECOND: The doctrine of the CRUCIFIXION, the vicarious, substitutionary crucifixion of Christ was logical and inevitable after the incarnation.

He was not incarnated for a demonstration, but for the definite and fixed purpose; **to die.**

He did not come to live, nor to be an example, nor to teach us how to die; He came to die in our stead that we might live and **never die.**

He came to die for us, but, in a more glorious sense, He came to die **in our stead,** therefore, His substitutionary death was essential to satisfy absolute justice and at the same time **to release the mercy of God** and extend it to totally depraved man.

THIRD: The RESURRECTION OF THE BODY OF JESUS CHRIST.

When He sent His soul into the hands of His Father, His body had to be buried.

The incarnation not only pointed to the crucifixion, but it guaranteed the resurrection.

You can not get rid of the body permanently. We are not to be bodiless spirits.

You may be separated from it for a while. While it sleeps.

It is the only thing about us that ever sleeps.

The mind never slumbers and the soul can not sleep.

But it shall be raised. If living, ours will be changed on morning of Resurrection.

Christ was the first fruits.

It has been said you can rest the claims of Christianity upon the Resurrection.

The reason for that is, the crucifixion could not have taken place had not Jesus Christ, who is God, very God of very God, been incarnated.

Therefore, the incarnation is essential to the whole superstructure, is essential to the Resurrection, made it **inevitable**; therefore, the **existence of Christianity is proved by the Resurrection.**

I speak reverentially when I say that God, working on His own plan, could not have redeemed a soul had not Christ taken these steps and come from the grave in the body in which He was crucified.

Your bodies shall be raised or changed.

There is no power in the universe that can prevent the resurrection of your body.

When the angel shouts, "the dead in Christ shall rise first."

Those of us who remain shall have our bodies changed in the twinkling of an eye.

FOURTH: THE PREMILLENNIAL COMING OF CHRIST.

Jesus Christ came into the world for a definite purpose; namely, to establish His Father's Kingdom.

The kingdom was rejected; the king was crucified.

When He was rejected, He, out of His own substance, builded His church and set it in between the crucifixion and the resurrection.

The church is His Masterpiece.

It is His Body.

He must come for His Church, and, then He will come with His Church to reign a thousand years.

When He will have finished the steps that follow, He will take His Church into the new Heavens and there dwell with the redeemed forever.

These are the **essential** doctrines.

They are **controlling** in the following ways:

FIRST: You can not preach the Gospel without preaching these doctrines.

You can not teach the Bible without teaching these doctrines.

Whenever they are eliminated, the preacher occupies a false position; the church loses its spiritual power and the unsaved become hardened in their sins.

SECOND: These doctrines are essential to the evangelization of the world.

The church can not bring the world to Christ unless these doctrines are taught.

THIRD: You can not indoctrinate the church if you omit any one of these doctrines.

FOURTH: You can not grow spiritually if any one of these doctrines is minimized.

Therefore, on these doctrines the church must rest and in their propagation she must evangelize the world, and develop her members.

On these doctrines the school must rest, the seminary, if it exists, must stand. The Bible School would be worse than Judas Iscariot if it eliminated or minimized in any way the teachings of these doctrines.

The evangelical church is today suffering because some of the pulpits have ceased to sound these notes.

There are ministers who are no more than sounding brass and tinkling cymbals because they have left out of their message the only things that could produce music and joy.

These doctrines are essential to salvation and they are essential to the world's evangelization. They control ABSOLUTELY.

The World Crisis Calling Us Into Action

By REV. MARK A. MATTHEWS, D.D.

II Tim. 4:1-5—I charge thee therefore before God and the Lord Jesus Christ, who shall judge the quick and the dead at his appearing and his kingdom;

Preach the word; be instant in season, out of season; reprove, rebuke, exhort with all longsuffering and doctrine.

For the time will come when they will not endure sound doctrine; but after their own lusts shall they heap to themselves teachers, having itching ears;

And they shall turn away their ears from the truth, and shall be turned into fables.

But watch thou in all things, endure afflictions, do the work of an evangelist, make full proof of thy ministry.

1. When we speak of the world crisis people immediately jump to the conclusion that we are talking about a crisis produced by military conditions. We are not. Wars and rumors of wars do not produce a world crisis. They are the logical results of sinful, depraved humanity. Let us call your attention to the things of which the crisis **does not** consist. False teachers have confused the people and have tried to make them believe that certain things constitute the crisis when they are no more or less than the routine events that belong to a sinful world.

As others have said, "It is true the world is passing through a period of depression unequalled in extent and intensity in modern history. The reason for such depression is not readily seen. The world has been called upon to pass through periods of terror and disorganization in the past, but history has always hitherto furnished the cause for these sufferings. There were great wars, or widespread crop failures producing famine or great sweeping epidemics. But there is now no great war; on the contrary, never were there so great and general efforts to keep the peace. There is now no failure of crops; rather on the contrary, there have been unusually abundant harvests. There is no great epidemic in the world; on the contrary there never was a time when the world's health officers were so well able to take care of the health of the nations. There is no scarcity of the products of the

mine nor of the forest. On the contrary, applied science has made all such resources abundant; neither is there any lack of means of transportation nor barrier to free movements of trade other than artificially-erected tariff walls."

2. THE DOCTRINAL WAR PRODUCING THE CRISIS.

After we have told you of what the crisis does not consist, it is perfectly logical for you to ask, "What then is the matter with the world?"

The anti-God attitude is producing the doctrinal war out of which the greatest crisis that has ever faced this world will be brought about. Unimpeachable scholars and students answer your query and say:

"There is in progress a war of doctrine more deadly than war with the sword; a widespread campaign against God, religion and the existing social order. This is the thing that is throwing the world and all its machinery out of gear. The confidence of the people is shaken, therefore the enterprise of the people fails.

"Told briefly the facts are:

"Up to 1914 European civilization was divided into three groups, each pursuing an ideal of social organization. They were:

"(a) THE ANGLO-SAXON GROUP—building on Faith in God, the Common Law and individual enterprise.

"(b) THE GERMAN GROUP—building on German Kultur—expressed in State Socialism.

"(c) THE RUSSIAN GROUP—on the surface still controlling the national organization was the Czarist regime—under the surface was seething the spirit of unrest which was being fostered and directed towards the Communistic ideals of Karl Marx.

"But Germany became obsessed with the idea of making her ideal universal by military force—result, the remaining two units combined against her—and the war of 1914-1918 ensued. Germany lost her attempt. There remains now Anglo-Saxon civilization standing for "God and my right," or faith and individuality; and the Russian group. This group is now animated by a spirit of evil which is "challenging God Almighty in His Heaven," for so their manifesto runs; and which is seeking to overturn every system which is founded on individual right. In the meantime it is proclaiming and seeking to establish a system denominated "Communism," but which is an enthroned bureaucracy ruling over a nation enslaved. Russia, and all who stand with her, are attacking European civilization, and especially Anglo-Saxon civilization and all it stands for today.

"This is a very real and deadly conflict. The spirit which animates

the 'Russian' group at this time has again and again precipitated the greatest of world convulsions, and has given rise to many of the most terrible physical upheavals, and conflicts between nations, and between rival parties in single nations, since the historical world began. It is causing such an upheaval today, and is now manifesting itself in the revolution which is sweeping China; Russia; in the unrest which is causing such wide spread distress in the world; which is threatening us with world revolution."

3. THE STUDENTS OF THE WORLD WILL TELL YOU THAT THE ACTIVITIES OF THE SPIRIT OF EVIL ARE NOT CONFINED TO ONE PEOPLE.

"The activities of the spirit of evil are not confined to one people or nation, nor to one century or period. Now it manifests itself here, and now there. For instance, voiced by Voltaire and his associates, it took advantage of conditions in Monarchial France. When the people there, galled by unwise and unbearable governmental conditions, struck out for "liberty, equality and fraternity"—excellent things in themselves —this spirit of evil captured the lead of the popular movement and drove the people onward to the terror of the Commune.

"A century later, when in China the people, long held in thraldom by the Manchu regime, struck for freedom, this spirit of evil seized the guidance of the movement and has caused in China a welter of blood and cruelty for the last eighteen years; that is to say, since the Empire fell in 1912 A. D.

"Prior to 1914, voiced by Nietzsche and Treitschke, this spirit of evil fanned the flame of greed for conquest in the Empire of Germany and precipitated the Great War.

"Taking advantage of the reverses of Russia and of the inflamed minds of the people, when the people decided to strike for freedom, this spirit of evil hurried them to the fearful tragedy of the revolution and to all the horrors which have taken place since. Established in Russia, this spirit of evil has become vocal throughout the world, finding a ready instrument in the national organization of Russia for the furtherance of the plans for the world revolution. Now, a spirit which breaks out thus age after age in this land and that land, is manifestly one spirit and is consistent with itself in all its activities. What it was centuries ago, it is today, and will be to the end. We are therefore right when we say that it is a spirit of evil, and it is voicing itself in doctrine which takes possession of and hurries the minds of men on to terrific disaster.

"WAR AGAINST THE EMPIRES. Let us see what destruction has already been wrought by this spirit of evil.

It has brought about the ruin of China.
It has brought about the dissolution of the Turkish Empire.
It has compassed the destruction of the great Russian Empire.
It has put away the Empire of Austria.
It has destroyed the Empire of Germany.

"Instead of all these organizations it has produced only confusion worse confounded and is threatening the things and countries which remain.

"We must awake now, and save the things which are left, or see our own Anglo-Saxon world and all that remains of the civilized world go down in absolute ruin.

"WAR AGAINST TRADE AND COMMERCE. In destroying these Empires and overturning governmental institutions and systems, the spirit of evil has already disorganized and destroyed the part these Empires and governmental institutions took in world trade and commerce. It has thus destroyed:

Our trade with China,
Our trade with Turkey,
Our trade with Russia,
Our trade with pre-war Europe, and has weakened the driving power of our pre-war trade with Egypt, India, and so on.

"It is because of this activity of the spirit of evil that our mills are closed, our ships idle and our people unemployed by millions. It is because of these things that the stagnation of trade and industry broods over all lands. It is further the avowed object of those who are animated by that spirit of evil to DESTROY ALL THAT REMAINS OF THE WORLD'S TRADE AND COMMERCE.

"WAR AGAINST RELIGION AND SOCIAL ORDER. When we have considered the obvious destruction of governments and commerce, resulting in stagnation of industry, we have only told a small part of the story.

The same spirit of evil is directed against God, and against all faith in God. It is directed against religion in all its devotional forms. It is directed against all revealed truth, and against all moral laws, whether natural or revealed. It subverts the family. It reverses the Commandments, which lie at the basis of our moral practice. It disregards the rights of the individual, and enslaves all the people to an entity which is dubbed "The State."

"A properly-constituted 'State' is a good thing; but 'The State' preached and experimented with in the movement under discussion, is an incarnation of the spirit of evil. This is the thing which is making war upon humanity at the present time.

"WAR WILL AGAIN BE INVOKED. The spirit of evil which has been carrying out this campaign through the ages, produced the atmosphere desired through the disturbance caused by the Great War. The mad ambition of the Kaiser and the military class was but a pawn in the deeper game. In the last war, Germany attempted to conquer the world by the sword, but in this greater war the forces of evil are attempting to conquer the world by DOCTRINE. The fury of world-wide propaganda which has been carried on since the Great War has been unparalleled in history. It has not yet reached its climax.

"The result of all this fury of propaganda will be again to precipitate war on a large scale, in order that in the confusion and unrest thus caused they may again move a step forward with world revolution.

"Let the leaders of the nations be awake to this greatest of dangers.

"When the Anglo-Saxons awake to the fact that the anti-God doctrine of the spirit of evil will destroy them if left unchecked; or that the doctrine of the Kingdom of God taught by Moses and the Prophets and by our Lord and the Apostles (it) will build them up again with even greater health, prosperity and moral and spiritual power—then we shall see the Anglo-Saxon calling upon their God and doing wonders for the spiritual regeneration of the world."

4. The war against God has entered the church. They would change the hymn books; they would re-write the Bible; they would omit the Ten Commandments; they would drain the blood from the cup of life. They would crush hope and faith if they could. They are trying to produce a Godless world.

5. This war against God and righteousness has invaded the schools and filled them with atheism, socialism, and communism. The faith of your children is being undermined. They are trying to leave your children in a world darkened by atheism.

Again we answer that the true remedy, the correct answer, is to be found in a return to God, and we believe that the Holy Spirit is working mightily and that the revival is coming.

"The answer is in the trend of our future policies in our homes, in society and in the life of our nation if those who are to make them have no belief in God, no belief in a hereafter, and that one is to gratify every desire of this life because it is the only life there is, and the truly educated individual will get all he can out of it.

"What the remedy is to be I do not know unless it be a great sweeping revival of religious faith. I mean the old-fashioned religion of our fathers. I have no use for any other. And this is what we need.

Listen to this quotation. It is from the Wall Street Journal, and it is all the more significant coming from such a source. It says:

"'What America needs more than railway extension, and irrigation, and a low tariff, and a bigger wheat crop, and a merchant marine, and a new navy, is a revival of piety, the kind mother and father used to have—piety that counted it good business to stop for family prayers before breakfast right in the middle of the harvest; that quit work a half hour earlier on Wednesday night so as to get the chores done and go to Prayer Meeting. That is what we need now to clean this country of graft and of greed; of worship of fine houses and grand social functions and of Godlessness in general.'

"The New Paganism cannot last. We have found ourselves facing serious conditions before. But the Lord's arm was not shortened. Neither is it today.

"They tell us that in 1872 in Princeton there were but two students who professed to be Christians; at Bowdoin in 1810 there was but one. The College Church at Yale in 1783 had but five members and when Lyman Beecher entered Yale as a student he found that most of the Senior class were infidels and called one another by such names as Voltaire, Tom Paine, Rousseau, D'Alembert, etc.

"If this is true conditions were worse then than they are today. That is, so far as Atheism goes, but they were not sufficiently educated in those days to know anything about this 'New Psychology' with its 'Libido' and its license, that esteems virtue lightly and would make a mockery of the holy ordinance of wedlock.

"And yet in 1802 Yale experienced a revival of religion. One-third of the student body professed conversion and one-half of these became ministers. What happened at Yale happened at other colleges. At Williams in 1806 the famous Haystack Prayer Meeting took place where revival forces were born that moved the world. What happened in colleges happened everywhere. People turned again to God. Atheism was checked, the Church took on new life and power and the things of God became uppermost once more in the minds and lives of men.

"I believe it is to be so in our day. There are those who say we are on the eve of some such great revival even now. But this I know—in spite of the Atheistic tide in our universities, in spite of the poisonous psychoanalytic philosophy that threatens the very moral fiber of our youth, in spite of the present-day wide-spread unbelief—I know that in answer to earnest, persistent, and prevailing prayer we have a right to expect and we ought to expect a gracious outpouring of God's Spirit that will mean the shackles of doubt and of darkness broken from unnumbered thousands of our students, and the bringing of people in

general by thousands and tens of thousands into the light and the liberty of the glorious Gospel of our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ."

6. Again, Christians, we tell you that the answer to the world crisis is the development of the spiritual life. Our complete answer is to be found in Jesus Christ, whom we have sworn to magnify, to glorify, and to preach to a lost world. There is no hope outside of Christ. There is no remedy outside of the Gospel. There is no foundation, except the foundation laid in Christ Jesus, His vicarious death, supernatural resurrection, ascension, and His glorious coming. It is our business not only to defend the Tomb and the Christian religion, but to propagate the Christian religion. The world remedy is to be found in the Gospel of salvation. There must be a revival of Gospel preaching. Preachers must return to the pulpit with the open Bible, with the blood-stained Cross, with the doctrine of repentance, justification by faith, and the acceptance of Christ who died in our stead, who died for us that we might be saved. The people must repent, confess, and return to God.

The world's condition is due to the fact that people have forgotten God. They have neglected Christ, they have emptied their pews, they have gone to the wild fields of idolatry. They must come back through repentance, confession, and salvation. There must be a revival of pure, undefiled religion. It is impossible to expect a revival among the Pharisees, Sadducees, Herodians, and pagans. They have repudiated Christ, have seared their consciences and are dead. The world is facing a crisis when men neglect Christ and the Gospel, therefore, this crisis is calling us to arms and to the performance of our duty.

May every one be loyal, faithful and courageous. When we are called into the home above may it be true that we can say, "We have fought in the good fight, we have kept the faith, and we know there is a reward of righteousness awaiting us."

To arms, soldiers of the Cross. Your Christ is being attacked by a pagan, sodden, sin-cursed world. Awake! To arms! Forward march!

The Church's Supreme Duty

By REV. MARK A. MATTHEWS, D.D.

Mark 16:15—"Go ye into all the world, and preach the gospel to every creature."

Philippians 4:13—"I can do all things through Christ who strengtheneth me."

There are three great stubborn facts confronting the churches of Jesus Christ; **first,** the church herself, her place, her duty, and her program; **second,** the great unsaved world in the throes of an incurable agony; **third,** the only salvation for this sin-sick, sin-cursed, sin-disturbed world.

The church stands before this sin-cursed world as God's decreed ambassador. The church is the only spokesman for God and it is the only messenger from God to a lost world.

The church has something to present to the world; namely, the Gospel of Jesus Christ. The business of the church—the supreme business of the church—is the evangelization of that world, lying out before the church; and, the only thing the church has with which to evangelize the world is the Gospel of Jesus Christ. It cannot evangelize it with any human programs, with the use of any humanly constructed machinery, nor with any humanly devised philosophy. It cannot reform the world, and by reformation save it. The only thing the church can do is to present the supernatural means by which the world can be saved. Therefore, if the church is going to succeed in evangelizing the world, there are certain definite things it must do.

First. The church must be absolutely loyal to Christ as the Son of God and Savior of man. The church cannot look at Christ in any other light than as the Son of God. It cannot present Him in any other way than as the Savior of man. He is the eternal Son of God, and He is God's only apparatus for the salvation of man.

Second. The church must be absolutely obedient to the leadership of the Holy Spirit as the third person of the Trinity. He is the executive of the Trinity; he is in the world representing the Trinity; he is here to present Christ; he is the leader of the church; he makes the church's program and directs the workers. He is not the influence of God; he is the third person of the Godhead, and the church must be loyal to him as the third person of the Trinity.

Third. The church must be absolutely obedient to the Bible as the infallible Word of God. It is the only textbook of the Christian. It is the only guide of the saint. It is the only revelation God has ever written to man. It is the infallible Word of God, the only rule of faith and practice. It is the seat of authority and the power of God unto salvation.

Fourth. The church must be absolutely loyal to the full Gospel of Jesus Christ as the only means of salvation; the Gospel of the Incarnation, the Crucifixion, the Resurrection, the Ascension, the mediatorial work of Christ, the Coming for His Saints, and, the eternal victories in the everlasting Home with Christ. We must determine to know only the blood of Jesus Christ shed upon the Cross of Calvary as the means of salvation.

Fifth. The church must pray incessantly; prayer for preparation, prayer for power and prayer for perseverance in the work.

Sixth. The church must work incessantly in the field of personal evangelism. It is hand-picked personal work that is going to reach the world. Each man can bring his man to Christ every day if he has a passion for souls and if he works at the supreme business of evangelizing the world.

Seventh. The church must insist upon consecration of the purse, power and personality of her members. Each individual must remember that he is God's steward, that he is Christ's missionary, and that he and all he possesses belong to Christ and has been by God dedicated to the work of the evangelization of the world.

This kind of a program will make the Christian Endeavor Society inside of the Church of Jesus Christ a most powerful agent, and it will send our young people out into the field as successful evangelists.

The movement today must be by the young people to the young people, or the youth of this age is lost, irreparably lost. The young people must be the evangelists to the young, or the young will not be evangelized.

Our Country at the Crossroads

By REV. FRANCIS SCOTT McBRIDE, D.D.
General Superintendent of the Anti-Saloon League of America

INTRODUCTION

Our country is today at the crossroads. It will decide between servitude and surrender on the one hand, and security and safety on the other. The route we take will determine as between liquor sold in a saloon or grog shop, with its evil legatees and offsprings, on the left hand; and the maintenance of the Constitution on the right hand.

The issue is clear-cut. It is: liquor domination such as existed when liquor controlled effectively, or prohibition, which is the one answer to the question, "How solve the alcoholic liquor problem?" Prohibition is an answer, and not a question.

We observe three vital truths as we face the future.

First, we never have lessened crime by whittling down the law to meet the standards and wishes of the criminal. To get rid of murder or vice only a wild man would advocate repealing or modifying the sixth and seventh Commandments. To make the law against murder, and the laws to control depravity what the murderer and panderer wanted these laws to be would be ridicule and idle folly.

The second observation by way of facing the issue of today is the fact that the saloon never made the liquor problem. The licensed traffic in liquor made the saloon problem. License liquor, and you revive and intensify this problem. The drinking of alcohol in the saloon, and that alone, made the saloon problem. A saloon without alcohol would be as harmless as a soda fountain.

An additional observation is that our country has never yet surrendered to any enemy either from within or without. We cannot now afford to present an innovation by surrendering to the cringing, criminal, lawless, lying, liquor traffic, now outlawed.

The soul of the Eighteenth Amendment is in the inherent character of prohibition. The reason for opposing liquor is the undeniable scientific fact that alcohol is an ethyl poison, and a habit-forming drug. The Eighteenth Amendment clearly establishes the just principle that no one shall be given the LEGAL right to impair the health, stultify the well-being, or endanger the safety of the individual or society by

the manufacture, sale, or distribution, as a beverage, of alcohol—which is a mind-destroying narcotic, and a habit-forming poison.

The fight for the maintenance of prohibition is not an easy one, but if anyone thought when prohibition came that the fight was over and the contest ended, he did not know LIQUOR. It is no surprise that liquor fights back hard. This **viper** is fighting for its **life.**

Liquor is the most perfect replica of the Dragon of the Revelation that has yet been produced. It sticks its head out at one point. It is knocked down, but it appears at another. Here it is a many-headed monster, there the scarlet woman, yonder a deadly plague; but in all a **devil** with the one purpose and objective of causing Babylon to fall.

Liquor appears in the grog shop, in the saloon, the chief feeder of the red light district; and, whether legalized or outlawed, liquor is always the close companion and associate of the gambling den.

The liquor problem is today the greatest issue before the American people. Our country must face the issue and destroy the traffic, or our country will die by the hand of liquor. Because of liquor our country is at the crossroads. If we would go right, we must:

I. MAGNIFY RESPECT FOR PROHIBITION LAW

There are those who say: "Repeal the law, because a goodly number violate the law." When did the liquor traffic keep any law under license? The law to tax, regulate, and prohibit the sale of liquor has never been obeyed by the wets. The first martial hand ever raised against our government was by liquor in the Whiskey Rebellion of 1794. We enacted laws against selling to minors, but the liquor traffic, for money sold to little children. We passed laws against selling to drunkards, but as long as the drinking man was able to hang upon the bar and place his foot upon the brass rail and reach his hand down into his pocket for his silver, they took it. They trampled under foot God's holy Sabbath to break down the laws for Sunday closing. Wet territory slopped over into dry under local option. The wets forced liquor upon drys against their will, but now they resent prohibition against the drinker's will.

The national prohibition law has been enacted by a vote of 282 to 128 in the House, and 65 to 20 in the Senate, and has been ratified by 46 of the 48 states. No other line in any of the Constitution, or in any state statute, has had a more commanding expression of the people. And yet the wets, true to their nature, defy constitutional authority and demand surrender to old-time liquor control conditions.

The gangman, the gunman, and the bootlegger are not the product of prohibition but of liquor. These grew under license with a certain government sanction. They will continue to exist under prohi-

bition until Uncle Sam, with the cooperation of the different states, fights through not for repeal but for prohibition effectively enforced.

Whence comes the gunman? Prohibition has helped to reveal the racketeer, but the saloon, always a lawless institution, begot him. Racketeering has not been coexistent with prohibition. Neither would it end were prohibition to end. Racketeering was born and grew in the atmosphere and influence of the old saloon. For nearly one hundred years at certain intervals gangs have terrorized New York. Back in the 60's Peter Mitchell, the gang leader, amassed more than $350,000.00 from the rackets, within two years, from one saloon. But liquor was not the only means of racketeering. Counterfeiting, confidence men, and bunco operators prevailed. The racket system established in the 60's in New York was patterned after the Maffia system, which first started in Italy. It came first to New York; then within the last quarter of a century was transplanted to Chicago and builded its system under saloon domination and control. Only a few years ago I saw two well-known gunmen of Chicago sit for two hours behind the speaker, on the speaker's davenport, in the State Capitol at Springfield, Illinois, and look out over the Legislature. They were well-known. The invitation was a recognition of their political power. Most of our Legislatures were at one time saloon-controlled. Attorney-General Mitchell, in a radio address a little while ago, stated that 80% of the racketeering was in fields UNASSOCIATED with liquor, and that there existed now in the United States 48 different kinds of rackets. A notorious racketeer, in an interview, said that "the profits of liquor racketeering would be very much greater if a legalized saloon system was substituted for prohibition." Al Capone stated, in a newspaper interview, that his troubles began with the coming of prohibition. But his life of racketeering remained the same. He said his game was safer under a license. The solution of this problem is to decide and determine who is running our Government?

The answer is that the people will not surrender to the wet outlaw. We will never tear down the stripes and dip the white stars of our flag to the black banner of the bootlegger. The stars and stripes sprinkled with the blood of our fathers will never be hauled down. America will not yield to the yellow cowardice of lawless beer, the red anarchy of outlawed wine, or the black piracy of smuggled whiskey.

In 1918 the Judiciary Committee of the United States Senate presented the following findings as to the corrupt activities of the brewers: first, they furnished large sums of money for the purpose of secretly controlling newspapers and periodicals (this should furnish a perspective to us of the cause of wet propaganda); second, they controlled primary elections and political organizations; third, enormous

sums of money were contributed by them in political campaigns. This indictment, after a careful investigation, is enough to answer the wets' propaganda for beer. Not one single element of difficulty in enforcing prohibition would be removed by the return of beer.

An awakened conscience vs. liquor is much needed. The politician or voter who carries no load of responsibility as to this issue, and succumbs to the rabble has forgotten the fact that **to license the liquor traffic is a sin.** The liquor traffic in the days of the licensed saloon ravaged the people. This aroused and awakened their consciences. There is a need of a present-day re-awakening of the conscience as to liquor.

Prohibition is the law, and it is a **good law.**

II. RESIST REPEAL

The first and necessary step in the wets' program to get rid of prohibition and to secure the renewal of a licensed liquor traffic is to submit some proposed amendment repealing or modifying Amendment XVIII. The wets falsely call such a step a resubmission.

The Eighteenth Amendment cannot be resubmitted. To do so would be to send it down as it is to be approved or rejected. This is an impossibility. For a congressman to vote for the wets' program by proposing an amendment to the Eighteenth Amendment, either repealing it or modifying it, would be for that congressman to render a maximum service to the wets at this bloody angle in the battle of the liquor traffic to come back. Why should any dry aid the wet program by voting to help them get repeal or modification through Congress? When the wets are willing to present some method, which has not already been tried and failed, that will better solve the alcoholic liquor problem, that will be time enough for a dry to advocate proposing to state legislatures an amendment as a substitute for prohibition. When the official records of Congress show that the wet leaders have requested their wet representatives in Congress to vote for the submission of the proposal for prohibition, that will be time enough for drys to join hands with the wets in proposing an amendment to the Eighteenth Amendment.

The only approach to a referendum on the Eighteenth Amendment, unless a time comes when the amending clause is, under constitutional processes, amended to provide a referendum on constitutional provisions, is in the election of congressmen. Article 5 of the Constitution, which is the amending clause, says: "Congress, whenever two-thirds of the members of both Houses shall **deem it necessary,** shall **propose** amendments to the Constitution." Accordingly, Congress

could not resubmit the Eighteenth Amendment in its present form to the Legislatures. It would be necessary for Congress to submit a new proposed amendment for the REPEAL of the Eighteenth Amendment or propose a new amendment which would substitute for the Eighteenth Amendment some other method of dealing with the liquor traffic. Then such amendment would not be merely submitted or referred, but would be, as the Constitution provides, PROPOSED BY CONGRESS. Congress would be RESPONSIBLE for the exact form of the amendment proposed and would be primarily RESPONSIBLE FOR THE CHANGE IN THE CONSTITUTION in accordance with the provision of Article 5 that amendments may be proposed when **deemed necessary** by two-thirds of the Congress. The proposal of a new amendment relative to the liquor traffic either to repeal or to substitute for the Eighteenth Amendment would mean that such an act by Congress would serve notice upon the legislatures that two-thirds of the Congress deem the change **necessary** exactly as provided in the proposed amendment; and that Congress wishes the states, not to decide as to their wishes on the subject, but to ratify, confirm, or assent to the action already taken by Congress. Congress carries the responsibility of saying just what the "something" is they propose to substitute for prohibition.

The theory that Congress may properly submit or propose a constitutional amendment and maintain an attitude of NEUTRALITY on the subject is entirely erroneous. Probably the most outlandish proposal the wets have made to dry congressmen is that a congressman can vote to propose a repeal amendment in Washington, in the capacity of a Congressman or a Senator, and then go back into the states and maintain his position as a dry by opposing its ratification as a citizen. Imagine a Congressman, or U. S. Senator, after having voted to propose the amendment, appearing before a committee in a state house on such a proposition. He would make himself a huge joke. Besides, the man who votes to propose an amendment in Washington has by that act lost whatever influence he might have had in influencing voters in legislative districts within a state against his amendment. His constituency will not likely trade willingly the obligations of a senator or congressman, who represents thousands or millions, as the case may be, for a single vote as a citizen. He who proposes such a bargain is trying to fool somebody.

The platforms of both political parties deal with this issue, but do so more or less carelessly. Our Administrative Committee, as well as the Board of Strategy, representing outstanding prohibition leaders affiliated with all organizations, have the following to say concerning the platforms:

"THE REPUBLICAN PLANK"

"The platform plank on the Eighteenth Amendment adopted by the Republican Party Convention declares for obedience to and enforcement of the law and the preservation of gains admittedly accomplished under the Eighteenth Amendment. It declares against nullification, non-observance, referendums without constitutional sanction, the submission of a mere repeal amendment, and any 'backward step.' The plank declares that prohibition has been and is a non-partisan question. It does not pledge nominees or members of the party to follow any specific course, declares against the 'evils inherent in the liquor traffic' and pledges the party and its nominees to enforcement.

"With that portion of the plank we heartily agree.

"The plank further declares that Congress should submit a substitute amendment which would give the people an opportunity to decide whether they will retain the Eighteenth Amendment unchanged or adopt a substitute permitting the several states to legalize the sale of intoxicants as their citizens may determine subject to the power of the federal government to protect those states where prohibition exists and to safeguard citizens everywhere from the return of the saloon and its attendant evils.

"To this portion of the plank we are opposed as we are to the submission of any repeal or weakening modification of the Amendment. This plank, however, does not declare any party preference as between the Eighteenth Amendment and the substitute proposed, but leaves that to be determined by the people in the event Congress submits such a proposal.

"The Republican platform neither pledges the party power nor binds the members of the Congress to vote for any such submission. Lest its general utterances calling for party loyalty be taken to extend to the imposition of a duty to vote to submit, the declaration on the Eighteenth Amendment gives specific release by the direct statement that 'no public official or member of the party should be pledged or forced to choose between his party affiliations and his honest convictions upon this question.

THE DEMOCRATIC PLANK

"The platform plank adopted by the Democratic Party Convention declares specifically for the repeal of the Eighteenth Amendment, and demands that Congress propose such repeal to ratification conventions in the states. It urges the party, in case the Eighteenth Amendment is repealed, to cooperate in the enactment of state measures to

prevent the return of the saloon, and demands that the federal government protect the states against importation of liquors in violation of state laws. It also declares for the immediate modification of the Volstead Act to legalize beer and other alcoholic beverages permissible under the Constitution, for beverage purposes.

"This plank would eliminate the Eighteenth Amendment in its entirety from the Constitution and would open the flood gates to wholesale and uncontrollable violations of the law."

The first, and necessary, step to retain Prohibition is to support congressmen who are against submission.

III. MAINTAIN THE OMNI-PARTISANSHIP POSITION

Prohibition has been secured through non-partisanship methods. If repealed it will be by non-partisan efforts. It has received in about equal proportions support from both political parties. The wets, in trying to resist prohibition, have secured support from both parties in practically equal numbers. It will take votes from both major parties to mutilate or mangle the Eighteenth Amendment. When the Eighteenth Amendment was submitted by the House, it was by a vote of 282 against 128. The vote for the submission of the Eighteenth Amendment to the states for ratification, in December, 1917, was as follows:

Yea	Non-Partisan League	1	
	Independent	2	
	Progressive Democrats	2	
	Prohibitionists	1	
	Republicans	137	
	Democrats	139	282
Nay	Socialist	1	
	Independent	1	
	Republicans	61	
	Democrats	65	128
Not voting	Republicans	13	
	Democrats	10	23

In all these years of contest there has not been a time when either major political party could have been classed as a dry party. The political bosses have, as a rule, been wet. When did Cermak of Chicago, Michael Igoe of Illinois, Walter Brown of Ohio, Vare of Philadelphia, Hague of New Jersey, Smith of Tammany Hall, New York, ever favor a limitation or prohibition of liquor? These leaders wrote the wet planks. These wet leaders most of all are responsible for the wet declarations of the two leading political parties. As Henry Ford puts it in his article in "Collier's," there is no indication of a reaction

against prohibition in the fact that there are these unfavorable declarations among the provisions in the platform of a political party. Party bosses write party platforms.

The members of a political convention poorly represent the sentiment in the congressman's district. Most of these delegates are chosen through political manipulations. Planks on political platforms, like the steps on a motor coach, are more often used to get in on than to stand upon. Why should a member of a Resolutions Committee of a political convention, or a member of the Convention itself, from the Virgin Islands, Hawaiian Islands, or the territory of Alaska tell the congressmen from a congressional district in Indiana, Maine, or Kansas how they should vote on the prohibition question in Congress? Why should the wet political boss from Chicago, Detroit, Toledo, Trenton, N. J., or New York City, who lives on political patronage and represents underworld political manipulations, tell the dry congressmen from Mississippi, Kentucky, Tennessee, or Kansas what measures they should support dealing with the prohibition question? For a dry congressman to be coerced into voting to misrepresent his convictions and his constituency is to clash with the very foundations of representative government.

This issue down the years has been dealt with in a non-partisan way. The Anti-Saloon League has never asked any party to declare for the **principle** of Prohibition. We have never believed it a party issue. We have dealt, and will continue to deal with the attitudes and records of the candidates themselves. This will be our policy, from the President of the United States to the President of the City Council. Facing the facts in this regard, as to the records and attitudes of the candidates in the coming election, our Administrative Committee, and as well the Board of Strategy, find the following:

HERBERT HOOVER

"While Secretary of Commerce, Mr. Hoover said: 'There can be no doubt of the economic benefits of prohibition. Viewing the temperance question only from this angle, prohibition has proved its case.'

"In his speech of acceptance at Palo Alto, California, on August 11, 1928, he said: 'I do not favor the repeal of the Eighteenth Amendment. I stand for the efficient enforcement of the laws enacted thereunder. Whoever is chosen President has under his oath the solemn duty to pursue this course.'

"In his inaugural address, Mar. 4, 1929, discussing disrespect and disobedience of laws, he said: . . . 'It must not come to be in our Republic that it (the law) can be defeated by the indifference of the

citizen, by exploitation of the delays and entanglements of the law, or by combinations of criminals.'

"In sending to Congress the Wickersham report, January 20, 1931, he said: 'The Commission, by a large majority, does not favor the repeal of the Eighteenth Amendment as a method of cure for the inherent abuses of the liquor traffic. I am in accord with this view.'

"During the presidency of Mr. Hoover, Federal enforcement of the prohibition laws has steadily advanced and has attained a higher degree of efficiency than in any other period since the adoption of the Eighteenth Amendment."

We add this since the above statement was prepared.

In his Acceptance Speech, on August 11, 1932, for his campaign for re-election, he spoke emphatically for continued enforcement. He cited the benefits from the Eighteenth Amendment, and the weaknesses in the conditions now prevailing, and said it was his belief that a change in the fundamental law is necessary.

"That each state shall be given the right to deal with the problem as it may determine, but subject to absolute guarantees in the Constitution of the United States to protect each state from interference and invasion by its neighbors, and that in no part of the United States shall there be a return of the saloon system, with its inevitable political and social corruption and its organized interference with other states."

FRANKLIN D. ROOSEVELT

"On October 25, 1928, he declared, concerning the re-enactment of the state enforcement act repealed several years earlier: 'There is no practical advantage in enacting another Mullan-Gage law as a part of the statutes of New York. That is the way I feel about it. That is where I stand.'

"On September 9, 1930, as a candidate for re-election as Governor of New York, he declared that he endorsed the Democratic state platform of 1928 which platform favored repeal of the Eighteenth Amendment.

"On March 31, 1931, he signed a bill requesting Congress to call a national constitutional convention to repeal the Eighteenth Amendment.

"In his acceptance speech at the Chicago convention, July 2, 1932, he said: 'This convention wants repeal. Your candidate wants repeal, and I am confident that the United States of America wants repeal. * * * I say to you now that from this date on the Eighteenth Amendment is doomed.'

"He further said: 'That admirable document the platform which

you have adopted is clear. I accept it 100 per cent,' which includes his endorsement of all the provisions of the Democratic convention plank on prohibition."

In these statements giving the platforms of the two parties it is clearly seen that there is a difference in the two platforms, as already described above. But while one is better than the other, neither is entirely satisfactory. We do not deal with platforms. They are the product of political bosses rather than the expression of the people. If we did deal in platforms we could unreservedly endorse neither.

In the records of the candidates, as embodied in service rendered and attitudes expressed, it is also clearly seen that there is a difference. The difference is chiefly with reference to the enforcement of the law. These records we gladly leave with our constituents. They made them; we merely carry them on. They speak for themselves.

Both candidates, however, in their Acceptance Speeches have declared an attitude towards the continuance of the Eighteenth Amendment which we cannot support. One is for modification; the other is for repeal. We favor neither. Our major task as to the coming campaign is clearly presented in the election of congressmen, who in the last analysis have sole responsibility for amending the Constitution. We will support those candidates who stand definitely committed to opposition to either repeal or modification. We will fight both Repeal and Modification in the next Congress, and if by any chance the drys are defeated in Congress, which is the first line of maintenance, we will fight on in the states and in Congress at every turn of the way until the lingering, lawless liquor traffic surrenders to the law and the Constitution. And no program proposed can safeguard against the return of the saloon. If liquor comes back the saloon will be back.

The first line of defense is to resist all efforts looking towards any repeal or modification program. These should be supported without regard to party affiliations and party labels. As in the past, we will stand for those candidates who favor the Eighteenth Amendment as against those who seek to destroy it.

The politician who is willing to sell the birthright of the next generation in the hope of a mess of political pottage in the next general election deserves sure defeat.

IV. WIN THE NEXT ELECTION

The next election can nail down prohibition. On the other hand it can permit it to be a political issue for the next generation. The imperative objective in winning the next election is to save the next generation.

The next election will be a fight, war to the hilt. The issue will

be dry legislative and dry executive officers. Prohibition was worth fighting hard to get; it is worth fighting hard to keep. Two things will have to be done. First, organize to get the vote in the ballot box, particularly the church vote. The last voter must be given the attitude and records of candidates for office, particularly those running for Congress. This takes active organizations. Our leaders must become vocal. Mark Hanna said to Wayne B. Wheeler, referring to the church folk: "Your kind of folk are all right at a prayer meeting, but they are of little account in a political caucus." Mr. Wheeler, with his broad smile, said: "We shall see," and he did see. These two men lived long enough to see that the ministers and their Christian laymen found their place in the field of best political action. If the Christian gives politics into the hands of the leaders of the underworld, the Eighteenth Amendment will be doomed; likewise our country destroyed. The other thing that must be done is to get the vote out on election day. The shame of the age is the undeniable fact that good people too often do not vote. In the 1928 election, when the issues were so clearly defined, only 57% of the possible vote was cast on election day. 43 out of every 100 voters did not go to the trouble of voting. In 1930 61% of the voters stayed at home. When a big vote is out the drys win. A small vote usually means control of the corrupt forces.

There will be 6,000,000 new voters in this election over the one in '28. The church, the school, and the home carry a responsibility as to these in the next election.

State-wide referendums will be held in the November election in 15 states. To win the next election means to carry these states dry, and to hold the first line of defense in Congress.

CONCLUSION

This is no time to beat a retreat. It is a time to fight through for prohibition enforced. It is a time to avoid on the one hand the six-headed monster, Scylla, as it cranes forth its necks from the top of the cliff: beer, wine, liquor control, state control, submission, or repeal; and on the other hand the whirlpool, Charybdis, of license.

The greatest thing that prohibition has done is not the closing of the saloon, as some would have you believe. The saloon is an incident to liquor. The real achievement has been the outlawing of the license system. License brought a stain upon the flag. What the wets, in their clamor to leave the question of liquor to the states, are seeking in their proposals for modification or repeal is to write into the federal Constitution a constitutional grant of right to each state to license and sanction the liquor traffic. The status of the liquor traffic has been and is one of **privilege.** They would have it changed to one of **con-**

stitutional right. If they succeed, the Congress could not ever prohibit the traffic without the consent of the state, and the nation could never destroy the traffic without the unanimous consent of all the states. For liquor they would rewrite the Constitution, so that, as to liquor, national sovereignty would be abdicated. This would put an indelible stain upon our flag. We will fight to the last ditch against this, for it is

"Your Flag and my Flag
And how it flies today
In your land and my land
And half the world away.

"Your Flag and my Flag
And O how much it holds,
Your land and my land
Secure within its folds.

"Your heart and my heart
Beats faster at the sight
Sun kissed and wind tossea
The red, the blue, the white."

When the church got ready to outlaw the saloon it was done. When she gets ready to weigh in her power prohibition will be maintained. The prohibition forces down to date may have been efficient, but they have not been sufficient. This is a time to stand up and fight.

The Inspiration of the Bible

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Any attempt to discuss the inspiration of the Bible involves the consideration of three questions:

First—Is the Bible inspired?

Second—What is the nature of its inspiration?

Third—What is the extent of its inspiration?

The first of these questions is of course non-technical, and there is general agreement as to its answer. It is probably no exaggeration to say that if this question should be put to a thousand intelligent educated men selected at random, the large majority of them would answer without hesitation, "Yes, the Bible is inspired." Thus far there is general unity.

The other two questions are not so easily settled. Suppose we go to these men who believe the Bible is inspired, and ask of them, "What do you mean by **inspired?** What **kind** of inspiration is it, and how far does it extend?" At once our beautiful unity is shattered, and a multitude of conflicting voices are lifted up in defense of the various theories of inspiration. To enumerate and discuss all these theories would be a task both endless and profitless. But several of them deserve mention as an introduction to our subject.

(1) The **ordinary** theory. God influenced the writers of Scripture as he influenced Tennyson. This theory degrades inspiration to the level of mere human genius.

(2) The **limited** theory. Parts of the Bible are inspired. The Bible is not the Word of God. It only contains the Word of God. This theory is worthless! Who is competent to inform us which parts are inspired and which are not?

(3) The **degrees** theory. Some parts of the Bible are more inspired than others. This theory is impossible. Truth is not subject to degrees. A thing is either **true** or not **true.**

(4) The **dynamic** theory. The material is of God, the form is of men. The thoughts are of God, the words are of men. This theory is unscientific. Thoughts cannot be expressed apart from words.

(5) The **moral** theory. The moral and spiritual teaching of the

Bible is inspired; the historical element may or may not be true. This theory is inconsistent. If the Bible may be mistaken in "earthly things," how can we trust it to speak on "heavenly things?"

(6) The **mechanical** theory. The Bible writers were mere machines through which God dictated the Scriptures. This has an element of truth, but it ignores the facts, and betrays ignorance of God's methods. His working is never mechanical.

All these theories of inspiration, if not positively erroneous, are at least **inadequate** to explain the Bible. The wise method is to put them all aside and formulate our doctrine as we consider the testimony of the Book itself.

I. IS THE BIBLE INSPIRED?

The lines of proof for the inspiration of the Bible are numerous and convincing. There is its marvelous **unity**, unexplainable apart from the divine authorship. There is its righteous **character**, giving it indeed a right to be called "the Good Book." There is its transforming **power**, as evidenced in the lives of men and nations. There is its consciousness of **authority**, unparalleled in any merely human book. There is its mysterious **indestructibility**, a link which surely binds it to God, "who only hath immortality." Besides all this, we have strong proof for the inspiration of the Bible in its **fulfilled prophecy**, in its **scientific** accuracies, and in that latest but not least of the Biblical sciences—archaelogy. Taken alone, each one of these lines of proof constitutes a powerful argument. When taken together, they are overwhelming and unanswerable.

In my estimation, however, the crowning proof of inspiration is not among these already mentioned. I am a Christian, and I am speaking to Christians. To us there is one voice above all—a voice that is final. That voice is the voice of the "Son of God who loved us and gave himself for us!" I am willing gratefully to employ all the resources of a reverent textual criticism in order that I may know exactly what he said. But when I find what he said, upon any subject whatever, that to me is **truth**! Therefore, when I find what Christ thought about the Scriptures, that is what I must think about the Scriptures, for "the servant is not greater than he that sent him."

What then did Christ think about the Scriptures? The first thing that will strike the careful reader of the Gospels is our Lord's constant **reference** to the Scriptures. These references seem to cover the whole period of history recorded in the Old Testament. He speaks of Man's creation, the institution of marriage, the death of Abel, the days of Noah, the flood, the destruction of Sodom, the history of Abraham, the appearing of Jehovah in the burning bush, the manna from heaven, the

lifting up of the brazen serpent, the life of David, the glory of Solomon, the ministry of Elijah, the sign of Jonah, and the martyrdom of Zechariah. Besides these references, we find him continually **quoting** from the Scriptures. Over and over from his lips we hear the formula, "It is written!" Still further, if we study the Gospels closely, we shall be amazed at the number of his **indirect allusions** to the Old Testament. He knew the Scriptures as no other one has ever known them. His mind, his memory, his speech, were saturated with the Scriptures. Yet in all the record we have of His Words, there is not the slightest intimation that the Scriptures may be untrustworthy at any point. Can we not with appropriateness quote the Lord's own Word here: "If it were not so, I would have told you."

But let us examine a few specific instances of our Lord's reference to Scripture. They are so many it is difficult to choose.

When the time arrives for him to begin his public ministry, he finds in Isaiah 61 the prophecy which announced it, and declares, "To-day hath this Scripture been fulfilled."

When the cities where he preaches refuse to hear the message, he reminds them of the awful fate of Sodom and Gomorrah.

Speaking to Nicodemus about the kingdom of God, he declares that, "As Moses lifted up the serpent in the wilderness, even so must the Son of Man be lifted up."

If the Pharisees demand a sign, he points to the much ridiculed experience of Jonah, and declares nothing further shall be given.

When the disciples come asking about his second coming and the end of the age, he answers with a prophecy from Joel, another from Daniel, an illustration from Genesis, and concludes by saying, "Remember Lot's wife."

When the Sadducees come with their astonishing argument against the resurrection, he confutes them by finding continuity of life after death in the present tense of a verb understood in the book of Exodus. And he points to the source of their blunder as "not knowing the Scriptures."

When the Jews are about to stone him for blasphemy because he called himself the Son of God, he quotes in self-defense an obscure passage from the Psalms, and reminds them of what they all admitted, that "the Scripture cannot be broken."

When Peter draws the sword to defend him from the mob which sought his life, this impulsive disciple is sternly rebuked with a reminder that all those things written in the "Scriptures" must be fulfilled.

After his resurrection he finds two disciples on their way to Emmaus. He might have turned their despair instantly into joy by simply

saying, "It is I." But, instead, he begins at Moses and all the prophets to show them the things written concerning himself. Their faith must rest upon the written Word.

While hanging on the cross, our Lord had seen Scripture after Scripture fulfilled. The sheep had been scattered. He was left alone with no comforters. His hands and feet were pierced. His bones were out of joint. His garments were parted. Lots were cast for his vesture. At this point John, as an eye-witness, writes, "Jesus, knowing that all things were now accomplished, that the Scriptures might be fulfilled, saith, **I thirst!**" Why did our Lord say that? Certainly there was the physical necessity. But there was another necessity. In the 69th Psalm it had been written, "In my thirst they gave me vinegar to drink." And he could not die until that was fulfilled! This is the doctrine of inspiration we learn at the cross. These modern theories of inspiration which dishonor the Bible were not formulated in the shadow of the cross.

Thus far all the testimony of Christ we have considered has been concerning the Old Testament. What about the New Testament Scriptures? Not one page of them was written while our Lord was upon earth. To this it may be answered that if Jesus Christ be the eternal Son of God he is competent as a witness to the inspiration of Scripture even before it is written. To deny this is to deny his Divine Sonship. While upon earth Christ plainly declared he was leaving revelation unfinished. "I have many things to say unto you, but ye cannot bear them now." He also promised that revelation would be completed when the Holy Spirit was "come." He therefore chose certain men through whom to make this revelation, and gave to their words all the authority of his own. He even foretold the content of the New Testament revelation. The Holy Spirit would "bring to their remembrance" things which were past. He would show unto them "the things of Christ." He would declare unto them "things to come." He would guide them into "all the truth." Thus New Testament revelation, as outlined beforehand by Christ, would be **historical, doctrinal, prophetical** and **final.** I need not point out that our New Testament is exactly this.

Now our examination of Christ's testimony has been only partial and superficial, but it has been sufficient to reveal his estimate of the Scriptures. To him Scripture was the infallible and eternal Word of God, of which not one statement nor word can possibly be broken, the final court beyond which there is no appeal. This is the mind of Christ, according to his recorded testimony, and most Christians will be content to follow the apostolic injunction, "Have this mind in you which was also in Christ Jesus."

No man has ever successfully disputed the fact that our Lord's recorded testimony supports the most absolute doctrine of inspiration. The only alternative left for dissenters is to advance certain theories which are intended to destroy the value of his testimony. Of these theories I shall mention two.

First, there is the "**accommodation** theory." According to this theory, Christ knew the Scriptures were filled with errors, but because the people to whom he spoke believed "the Scripture could not be broken," therefore he accommodated his teaching to their ideas in order to give no offense. This reduces our Lord to the level of a second-rate politician, and will be rejected by every loyal Christian as viciously false to all we know about him. He corrected the errors of mankind instead of acquiescing in them.

Another popular theory is the "**kenosis** theory." This takes its stand upon the Christological statement in Phil. 2:7, and contends that Christ, at his entrance into the world, "emptied himself," among other things, of his omniscience, thus becoming, as a man, liable to the mistaken notions of his day. An adequate discussion of this theory is, of course, impossible in our limited time. But this much may be said: We can admit there was some sort of a true "kenosis" or "self-limitation" involved in the incarnation without at all admitting the wild conclusions drawn from it. In the first place, **limited knowledge does not necessarily involve the teaching of error.** Granted our Lord knew not the hour of his return, let us at least give him credit for never attempting to set the date of it! Even here he is the infallible Teacher! We could wish that some of his professed followers might so emulate his example as to teach only those things of which they are sure. In the second place, **our Lord claimed infallibility in all that he taught,** solemnly reminding those who heard, "He that rejecteth me, and receiveth not my words, hath one that judgeth him. The Word that I spake, the same shall judge him in the last day. For I spake not from myself, but the Father that sent me, he gave me a commandment, what I should say, and what I should speak." "I do always those things which please him." In the light of these words, the very "kenosis" of Christ becomes the guarantee of his infallibility! For He "emptied himself" to become a bond-servant, to be the perfect example of what a bond-servant should be! But, as Bishop Moule has pointed out, a perfect bond-servant must render a perfect bond-service. He must act and speak always in accordance with the will of him that sent him. Is any Christian so rash as to say that Christ failed here? His challenge has stood for eighteen centuries, "Which of you convicteth me of sin? If I say the truth, why do ye not believe me?" I repeat, therefore, the kenosis of our Lord, whatever the precise nature of it was, does not

make him the fallible creature of the "destructive criticism." It is rather the guarantee of his infallibility.

II. WHAT IS THE NATURE OF INSPIRATION?

Here I wish to emphasize two distinctions which have been pointed out by different writers, among whom we should mention Kuyper, and Hodge, and Gray.

First, **Inspiration is not merely a heightened form of spiritual illumination.** Such illumination is common to all Christians; is subject to degrees; and has always been continuous to some extent. But inspiration is not common to all Christians; is never subject to degrees; and most certainly has not been continuous. The fact of the matter is that no Scripture has been written for eighteen hundred years. Those who contend that inspiration is nothing more than spiritual illumination should demonstrate their theory by writing some Scripture for us! No doubt their assistance would be greatly appreciated by the staff of a recently established Lectureship, which, we are told, is to bring our Bible up to date.

Second, **Inspiration is not even revelation in the strict sense of that term.** Revelation is God's act in communicating divine truth to the human mind. Inspiration is the result of God's act in controlling those who impart this revelation to others. As Chalmers put it, the one is an inflowing; the other is an outflowing. I am inclined to believe that the failure to distinguish properly between revelation and inspiration has been the chief source of many theories on the subject of inspiration. It is said, for instance, that the ten commandments are more inspired than the story of the Exodus, because Jehovah gave the ten commandments and the Exodus was only a historical event which Moses knew without special revelation. But the method by which a writer of Scripture secured his information is never the measure of its inspiration. God has many and various methods of revealing truth to men. He spake face to face with Moses; to Daniel in visions; to Joseph in a dream; to Paul directly by the Holy Spirit. At other times revelation was given in historical events. Here is a great mass of revelation, given at different times and in various ways. The problem was to get it before the world accurately and in permanent form. To do this necessitated a divine act in so influencing certain men that they would select the right material, and record it with infallible accuracy. The result of this divine act gave to the world an inspired Bible.

The nearest approach perhaps to a definition of inspiration is found in II Timothy 3:16. Here we are told that "all Scripture is given by inspiration of God." The Revised Version changes this to "Every Scripture is inspired of God." Both translations are somewhat mis-

leading. In fact, as Warfield has pointed out, the English word "inspiration" is really a misnomer for the thing we are discussing. But it has become so firmly entrenched in our theological language that we shall probably never get rid of it. To say that "Scripture is **in**-spired of God" gives the impression that Scripture is something already existing, **into** which God breathed. Paul did not say this. He said, "All Scripture is **theopneustos—Godbreathed!**" Breathed **out**; not **in**! That is to say, all Scripture is the product of the creative breath of God! No stronger term could have been chosen to assert the divine Authorship of Scripture. The "breath of God" in the Bible is a symbol of his almighty creative Word. So we are told the heavens were made "by the **breath** of His mouth. He spake, and it was done!" Into the first man, God "**breathed** the breath of life . . . and man became a living soul." To say, therefore, that Scripture is "God-breathed" is to place the Scriptures in the same category as the universe and the spirit of man. All three are "God-breathed," the direct product of Almighty God.

All this makes it plain that the **object** of what we call "inspiration" is not the **man**, but the **Book**; not the writer, but his writings; not the speaker, but his words. The purpose of God in inspiration was not to give us a number of infallible men who would soon pass away, but to give us an infallible Book which would never pass away. As the prophet said, "All flesh is grass . . . the grass withereth, the flower fadeth, but the Word of our God shall stand for ever." Flesh may fail, but the Word stands. Here is the dividing line—the great gulf fixed between most theories of inspiration and the truth. Theories look at the writers. The truth looks at the Book. Theories say, "Matthew, Mark and John were inspired." The truth says, "The Scriptures are inspired."

It is also evident that inspiration describes a **result** rather than a **process**. How God could control a man so that what he wrote would be the very Word of God is an inscrutable mystery, and I venture to say it will always remain so. But why should such a question concern us? What we need to know is not, "**How** did God breathe forth the Scriptures?" but "Did he do it?" When we are hungry the thing that interests us most is that there is food on the table. How the different dishes were made we are willing to leave with the cook. How the different elements were combined so as to make food, we are willing to leave to the savants. Let them discuss it. We shall eat. So to the Christian it is enough to know that the Scripture is God-breathed. He will feed upon it as the living Word of the living God, and let the doctors wrangle over how it came to be so. I suppose that the **process** of inspiration will always be a field of legitimate inquiry, but it is the

result that interests me most. It is better to have life than to be able to explain life. It is better to know the Scriptures are God-breathed than to know how it was done!

III. WHAT IS THE EXTENT OF THE BIBLE'S INSPIRATION?

How far did God exercise his influence over the writers of Scripture? Did it extend only to the **thoughts** and **ideas** expressed, or did it extend down even to the choice of their **words?** On this point the Bible bears no uncertain witness. The Words of Scripture are inspired. Out of the mass of testimony we shall select only three references:

(1) "All Scripture is God-breathed." But Scripture is **"graphe"**—writing! And writing is impossible without words.

(2) Writing to the Corinthians, the apostle Paul declares he speaks "not in **words** which man's wisdom teacheth, but which the Holy Spirit teacheth."

(3) The testimony of our Lord is not less definite, but really advances far beyond all other declarations on this point. He reminded His hearers that heaven and earth might pass away, but not "one **jot** or one **tittle**" could in any wise pass away from the law "till all things were accomplished!"

An inspired Bible apart from inspired words is an unthinkable, absurd proposition. There is but one kind of Biblical inspiration, and that is **verbal** inspiration. For no matter what your own particular theory may be, it has to do with **words.** The Bible is a Book of words! Take away the words and you have nothing left but the paper.

"No," some one says, "we have more than that. We have the thoughts of the Bible left, and **they** are inspired."

This is a statement which can easily be tested. Show me a Biblical thought apart from its words! Yes, I know you might dramatize a thought, and thus show it to me. But where and how did you get your thought? There is but one answer—the Bible! It may be fascinating for some to ride these metaphysical merry-go-rounds, but when the thing stops, and we get off, we are back to **words** every time!

The doctrine of verbal inspiration has been severely criticized on the ground that it is mechanical, degrades the writers to the level of mere machines, and leaves no room for free-agency! This criticism is unfair, and reveals an ignorance, not only of the thing criticized, but also of the nature of free-agency. But suppose the criticism were based on fact. Even then we might well reply in the words of another, "The accuracy of God's revelation is a thing vastly more important than the free-agency of a few men!" But the doctrine of a verbally inspired Bible, does not rob its writers of their free-agency. The ultimate aim of every Christian is to be controlled by the Holy Spirit, in thought

and word and deed. If this means a loss of our free-agency, then we are all working toward a goal which will make us nothing but machines. How foolish! The Spirit-controlled man pleases to act in accordance with the mind of the Spirit. There is nothing at all mechanical about it. Furthermore, the very men who object to the idea of inspired words are willing to endorse the idea of inspired thoughts. They seem to feel that God could control the **thoughts** of man without violating his free-agency, but not his **words.** Here we might ask with Dr. Gray, "Where does the free-agency of man reside; in his mind or in his mouth?" Shall we say that man is free when God controls his thoughts, but he is not free when that control extends to the expression of his thoughts? The whole argument is well summed up by A. J. Gordon, who remarks, "To deny the Holy Spirit speaks in Scripture is an intelligible proposition. But to admit that he speaks, then it is impossible for us to know what he says except as we have his words."

Certainly it must always be remembered that when we speak of the inspiration of the words of Scripture, we logically mean those words which were written by Paul, Moses and others. To this it has been replied that the documents written by Paul and Moses have perished. Why contend for the inspiration of something we do not possess? Here it is well to remind the objector that the same question might also be asked of those who believe in **any** kind of Biblical inspiration. But there is an answer. Granted the original documents are lost, the **words** of those documents are still with us through copies made before their loss. And insofar as we have these words, we have a verbally inspired Bible today. The whole science of textual criticism proceeds upon the assumption of an inspired original. And we cannot honor too highly that company of godly scholars who have labored to lead us back to this original.

Verbal inspiration does not deny there is a human element in Scripture. Or perhaps it would be more exact to speak of it as a human **aspect.** Every book bears the imprint of the human writer. Who has not felt the "human touch" as Paul asks for "the cloke left at Troas, the books, but especially the parchment"? Or in a thousand other instances? The Bible is the most human book in the world! That is one reason why people love it! But this does not make void the Bible's divinity and infallibility! Human things are not necessarily fallible or false. We have gotten that idea from observing a sinful humanity. Let us contemplate our Lord Jesus Christ. He was human, in the only true sense of the word. Yet He was divine, sinless, and never wrong. He was the **Truth.** So the Bible is the most human Book in the world, yet it always speaks with divine authority, and with infallible accuracy.

Difficulties with this doctrine there may be, but they are only such as might be expected. When we refuse to accept a doctrine of Christianity because we cannot immediately solve its difficulties, we shall probably cease to be Christians. What man has ever solved all the problems of the triune God, or the incarnation of Christ? Besides, **no** theory of inspiration has ever been advanced without its difficulties. And the doctrine of verbal inspiration has this tremendous advantage: **—It is based upon the testimony of our Lord and the Book itself.**

I conclude with the beautiful figure of Gaussen. You have watched the skilful musician place his fingers upon the key-board of the organ. And then you have heard the whispering of the winds, the crash and thunder of the storm, the tramp of armies, the chiming of the bells, and perhaps the sobbing as of a heart torn with grief. Is the eternal God less a genius than man? To sound forth his revelation he used a human key-board extending over sixty centuries. When he chose to reveal the coming of the only begotten Son into the world, he laid his right hand upon Enoch, the seventh from Adam, and his left hand upon John, the weary exile of Patmos. The celestial hymn began with Enoch, "Behold, the Lord cometh with ten thousand of his saints." And in the eternal harmony of revelation, the voice of John echoes in response, "Behold, he cometh with clouds, and every eye shall see him!"

On this wonderful key-board we sometimes hear the sublime and untutored simplicity of John. Again, it is the startling argument of Paul; sometimes the fervor and solemnity of Peter; or the majestic poetry of Isaiah, the simple narrative of Moses, the royal wisdom of Solomon. There is no deception here. It was John, and Paul, and Peter, and Isaiah. But, above all, it is **God!**

The Problems of Verbal Inspiration

By REV. ALVA J. McCLAIN, D.D.

"No educated man any longer believes that the Bible is verbally inspired." So we are told quite often in these days of theological uncertainty. The insinuation is that "education" is somehow an obstacle to faith in this particular Christian doctrine. Such an insinuation is false, of course. It would not be difficult to name a large number of men, both intelligent and educated, who do believe in a verbally inspired Bible. Furthermore, this charge of ignorance can with some justification be turned back upon the heads of those who first uttered it. For in many instances at least it is not education, but **ignorance,** that causes men to reject the doctrine of verbal inspiration. And by "ignorance" I mean ignorance of the very matter under discussion. Too often those men who talk loudest about the "insuperable difficulties" of verbal inspiration are themselves densely ignorant of the thing they criticize. Many of the difficulties they raise cease to exist once the doctrine is really understood. Others were adequately answered long ago. What we need is less of mere assertion, and more of information.

The religious world of today is cursed with too much amateur and irresponsible opinion. The organized church is carrying too many men who, like mischievous little boys, find a peculiar pleasure in throwing things away. Such men seem to think they can toss away the doctrine of a verbally inspired Bible, and that is the end of the whole matter. But it is not so simple as all that. There is a certain moral and intellectual responsibility which rests upon intelligent men who call themselves Christians. They may ignore this responsibility, but it rests upon them nevertheless. When such men reject the doctrine of verbal inspiration, the church has a moral right to make certain demands of them. (1) They must in some rational way dispose of the evidence presented in support of verbal inspiration. (2) They must bring forth some other view of inspiration which is in accord with all the facts. (3) They must present adequate Biblical proof for their view. (4) They must show that their view is attended with fewer difficulties than the historic view. Certainly, all this has never been done.

No well informed Christian denies that there are certain difficulties and problems connected with the historic doctrine of verbal inspiration. But the existence of such difficulties should not surprise anyone. On the contrary, we should expect them. A revelation coming down from

an infinite Mind to finite minds must necessarily involve difficulties. This is true of all Christian doctrine. Take for instance the doctrine of God, or immortality, or the incarnation. There is no Christian doctrine altogether free from intellectual difficulties. (For that matter, there is no scientific doctrine free in this respect.) Once we begin to reject the doctrines of Christianity because they involve some intellectual difficulty, then we shall finally reject them all. But when we have done this, when we have sought refuge in atheism, we shall find ourselves no better off than before. For the intellectual difficulties of unbelief are immensely greater than those of Christian faith. Let us settle one thing right here:—We live in a universe of thought, and **there is no place in this universe of thought where we can escape from all intellectual difficulties.** True, we can stop thinking, and stick our foolish heads into the sand of stupid unbelief. But who wants to be an ostrich? It is better to face the difficulties. Perhaps they may not prove to be so difficult once we have looked them over. As Christians we must not be afraid to face honestly and squarely every difficulty that really exists.

This raises another question, "What if we are faced with a difficulty so great that we can not solve it? Shall we not then be compelled to surrender our belief in the verbal inspiration of the Bible?" The answer is, certainly not. Such an action would be foolish and most superficial. Why should any one assume that because **he** can not solve a difficulty, or because it never **has** been solved, therefore, it never **can** be solved? Here we need to lay down a most important principle, one that no Christian should ever forget. **It is not essential that every difficulty shall be cleared away from a doctrine before we can believe it.** If the facts upon which a doctrine rests are well established, we can believe the doctrine in spite of its difficulties. Now the doctrine of verbal inspiration rests upon the established testimony of Jesus Christ and his accredited apostles. Therefore, as Christians we may believe it even before we have solved all its difficulties. This is a principle recognized by all intelligent men. Charles Darwin once wrote a book on "The Fertilization of Orchids by Insects." The doctrine set forth aroused considerable opposition in that day. One correspondent called Darwin's attention to a Madagascar orchid possessing a nectary eleven inches long and as slender as a knitting-needle. The existence of such an orchid seemed an insuperable obstacle to the doctrine of insect fertilization, and the correspondent felt he had demolished the doctrine, but Mr. Darwin was unmoved. Knowing that his doctrine was based upon well established facts, he answered that the existence of such an orchid was "a conclusive demonstration of the existence of a moth with a tongue eleven inches in length, even though no such moth is known!" And not long afterwards, such a moth was actually found!

Now the Christian feels about the inspiration of the Bible as Mr. Darwin felt about his doctrine of insect-fertilization. He knows there are problems, and he is not afraid to face them, but he will not therefore yield his faith. He is certain of the main grounds upon which the doctrine of verbal inspiration rests, and he is willing to wait for the solution of whatever problems there may be, confident that just as a more complete knowledge has solved more than one difficulty in the past, so it will be in the future.

It will be impossible, in the time allotted, to deal with every specific problem that has been leveled against the doctrine of verbal inspiration. We shall consider seven general classes in which I shall give concrete examples, and then state those principles which explain them.

I. THE PROBLEM OF INEXACT QUOTATION

The New Testament writers quote many times from the Old Testament. Most of these quotations are fairly exact, but some are very free, and others are little more than a loose paraphrase. For an example compare Isaiah 40:3 with Matthew 3:3. Now the critic says, if the Bible were verbally inspired, surely the New Testament writers would quote the Old Testament exactly word for word. To this we answer:

(1) The doctrine of verbal inspiration does not require that the New Testament writers shall quote the Old Testament word for word. It only requires that the New Testament writer shall express the truth of the Old Testament without error.

(2) In some instances it is very clear that the New Testament writer had no intention of quoting. He is only using the language of the Old Testament to express a New Testament revelation. Let the student compare Habakkuk 2:3, 4 with Hebrews 10:37, 38, and note that the writer of Hebrews says nothing about quoting from Habakkuk. He is only using the language of the prophet to set forth a new truth. The minds of these writers were saturated with the writings of the Old Testament. It is not surprising, therefore, to find incorporated in their writings the phrases and expressions of the Old Testament. Even preachers and writers of today sometimes fall back on these phrases and expressions in setting forth their own thoughts.

(3) In other instances the New Testament writer may be giving only an interpretation of an Old Testament passage. And who has a better right to interpret the Old Testament than these Spirit-filled men who had learned at the feet of the God who was the Author of its writings?

(4) Any linguist knows that the matter of translation would tend

to produce some variation between Old Testament passages and their quotations in the New Testament. The Old Testament was written in Hebrew; the New Testament in Greek; our versions in English. Now notice what happens when an Old Testament text is quoted in our New Testament. The text as it appears in our English Old Testament has passed through two languages, from Hebrew to English. The same text as it appears in our English New Testament has passed through three languages, from Hebrew to Greek, and from Greek to English. It is not surprising that some verbal variation appears.

(5) It is a well recognized literary principle that the author of a book may quote his own words freely. The assumption underlying this principle is that an author can explain his own writings better than any one else can. Surely we can allow to the divine Author of the Bible the same liberty we allow to the human author.

II. THE PROBLEM OF VARIANT REPORTS

Oftentimes the same event or teaching is reported by different writers in different words. There are many examples of this in the four Gospels. The parable of the Sower is reported by Matthew, Mark, and Luke; and no two accounts are exactly alike. The same is true of the wilderness temptation of our Lord. The superscription over the cross is reported by all four of the Gospel writers, and each one has it slightly different. Now the critic asks, if the Bible is verbally inspired, would not all these reports be exactly alike? To this we answer:

(1) In the case of an event, it is possible for several writers to write an account of the event, each using his own words, without having any one of the accounts verbally incorrect. Four men, viewing the same object from different angles, would write four entirely different descriptions, and yet each one might be absolutely correct.

(2) In the case of Christ's teaching, it is not only possible, but very certain that he taught the same parables and truths, not merely once, but many times on different occasions. How absurd to suppose that our Lord, having uttered the Sermon on the Mount, never once again referred to its wonderful truths during the whole remaining period of his ministry! That would be harder to believe than the doctrine of verbal inspiration! Let the student, for an example, read the so-called Lord's Prayer reported in Matthew 6 and in Luke 11. The two reports are not alike. But a little attention to the context reveals the fact that this prayer was given on two separate occasions; first, when Christ was teaching on "the mountain;" and second, when he "was praying in a certain place." Matthew reports the first, and Luke reports the second. The difference between the two certainly teaches

us that this prayer was never intended to be used in the parrot-like fashion common in many places.

The four accounts of the superscription over the cross are cited so often against the verbal inspiration of the Bible that they deserve special consideration. It is interesting to set them together thus:

"This is Jesus.....
the King of the Jews"—Matthew
".....
the King of the Jews"—Mark
"This is.....
the King of the Jews"—Luke
"Jesus of Nazareth.....
the King of the Jews"—John.

Now a child can see that these accounts are not contradictory, but supplementary. The Gospel writers were interested particularly in the "accusation" in the superscription (Mark reveals this plainly). This accusation was, "He said, I am King of the Jews," and all have that alike. Besides, we should remember that there were three superscriptions according to John 19:20; one in Hebrew, another in Latin, and another in Greek. This fact is sufficient to account for all the variation.

(3) If there has been a revision of Christ's words in some instances, as some believe, we must remember that such "revision" was made by the same Lord who originally uttered them, and is therefore verbally inspired.

III. THE PROBLEM OF LITERARY STYLES

Those who are well acquainted with the Bible know that with few exceptions each of its writers has a literary style of his own. The energetic, impassioned style of Paul is as different from the simple style of John, as the style of Roosevelt was different from that of Woodrow Wilson. Let the student read John 1:1-5 and Romans 9:19-21. Now the objector says, if the Bible had been verbally inspired of God, then it should have but one literary style. To this we answer:

(1) In a very real sense the Bible does have a literary style of its own, a style which no impostor has ever been able to reproduce. The writer of the Book of Mormon tried it, and miserably failed. The reader who really knows his Bible notices the difference at once when he enters the Apocryphal books.

(2) This God who gave the Bible is in a certain sense the Creator of all literary styles! For in him all men, good and bad, "live and move and have their being." He created the personality and genius

of Shakespeare, of Milton, of Dante. Surely it would be passing strange if such a God, in giving to the world a revelation of himself, should be limited to but one literary style.

(3) Even human writers have displayed more than one style in their writings. Witness William Cullen Bryant who was both a poet and a newspaper editor. There is a vast difference between the style of his poetry and the style of his editorials. Shall we say that God is more limited in this respect than man?

IV. THE PROBLEM OF ANTAGONISTIC PASSAGES

The Bible contains certain passages which seem to be antagonistic to the doctrine of verbal inspiration. We shall examine three which have been cited often:

(1) In Romans 3:5 Paul writes, **"I speak as a man."** This sounds bad, as if he were disclaiming inspiration. But a careful reading of the context shows that the apostle has in the preceding sentence stated the argument used by certain men against the doctrine of justification by faith. He states their argument in order that he may answer it in the next verse. Their argument was false, but Paul's statement of it was true. And lest the readers of the Roman Epistle should regard this false argument as from him, the apostle carefully guards against misunderstandings by adding, "I speak as a man," or as the American Revised has it, "I speak after the manner of men." In other words, "I am telling you how men speak." And this account of how men spoke in Paul's day is verbally inspired! Men did speak in exactly that way.

(2) In first Corinthians 7:6 the apostle writes, **"I speak this by permission, and not of commandment."** Here, we are told, he is writing something not "commanded," and therefore not inspired. But the context shows that the "permission" referred to is not from God to Paul; it is from Paul to the Corinthian Church. The Holy Spirit is not giving Paul "permission" to write something not commanded of God. Paul, moved by the Holy Spirit, is giving the church at Corinth "permission" to do something not specifically commanded.

(3) First Corinthians 7:10, 12 is often quoted against the doctrine of plenary inspiration. In verse 10 Paul writes, "Unto the married I command, **yet not I, but the Lord."** In verse 12 he writes, "To the rest **speak I, not the Lord."** Here, the critics say, Paul is claiming inspiration for what he writes in one verse, and denying inspiration to what he writes in the next verse! But the critics should read their Bibles more carefully. In the 10th verse Paul is merely repeating something Christ, while on earth, had already taught regarding the

marriage relation, and he gives proper credit for the command. But in the 12th verse Paul is declaring something **new** about the marriage relation, something not already taught by the Lord. These two verses constitute a good proof text for the inspiration of Paul's writings, for here he places his own writing on the same level as the words uttered by his Lord and Master. Certainly this is "consciousness of inspiration."

V. THE PROBLEM OF UNSCIENTIFIC EXPRESSIONS

The Bible talks about the "ends of the earth," and about the "four corners of the earth," when in fact the earth has no "ends" nor "corners." The Bible speaks of the "sun rising" and of the "sun setting," when every school boy knows the sun doesn't actually "rise" and "set" at all, but the revolution of the earth only makes it **appear** that way. Now the critic says, how can the Bible be verbally inspired when it uses such unscientific expressions? The answer is:

(1) We ourselves are accustomed to use such expressions. Why then should we find fault when the Bible uses them? But some one may say, **we** know better! To be sure, and is it not possible that the God who gave us the Bible also knows better?

(2) The most learned scientists of today use such expressions. As some one has suggested, when the head astronomer of an observatory wishes to make an observation of the sun in the early morning, he does not say to his servant, "James, when this terrestrial globe has revolved sufficiently upon its axis so that the solar ray falls upon the longitude of this observatory, then call me!" But like a sensible man he will say, "Jim, call me before sun-up!"

(3) The Bible was written for all mankind in all ages. And the great toiling masses of humanity have had but little time and opportunity for the study of science. Therefore, the Bible speaks to its audience just as any sensible scientist of today would speak to such an audience—in the **language of appearance.** Such language is understood by all men, the learned and the ignorant, in all ages. If the Bible were written in the language of science—the FINAL science—, no one would be able to understand it; not even the greatest scientists of the present! Most intelligent Christians will thank God that the Bible is not written thus.

It is just one more evidence of the Bible's inspiration that scholars are finding out that the New Testament was written in the "koine," the language commonly used by the people.

VI. THE PROBLEM OF MANUSCRIPT TRANSMISSION

The writings of the Bible have been transmitted down through the centuries and preserved for us by means of manuscripts which, before

the invention of printing, were laboriously copied by hand. Skilful as were the professional copyists who did this work, they were not infallible, but made mistakes. Sometimes a word was misspelled, or two words were transposed, or a word was omitted, or a whole line was skipped where two lines happened to begin with the same letter or word. As a result, in the New Testament manuscripts extant today there are many variant readings. Strange to say, in the Old Testament manuscripts there are practically none.

A certain school of critics have made a great deal out of this problem, going so far as to exaggerate unfairly and misrepresent its significance and bearing upon the doctrine of inspiration. They say, "If God originally gave to the world a verbally inspired Bible, surely he would have preserved all succeeding copies of it verbally exact; and since he has permitted mistakes to creep into these copies, why contend for a verbally inspired original?" To this question we answer:

(1) The inspiration of the Bible and its preservation are two distinctly separate matters, and they should not be confused, but each one should be settled upon its own merit. Even if God has not chosen to preserve every manuscript copy of the Scriptures free from the mistakes of copyists, it does not follow that he did not give the Scriptures free from mistakes originally. Such a method of reasoning would force us to conclude that since man is a sinner today, therefore, God created him a sinner; or that because we find an automobile wrecked at the side of the road, therefore, it was sent from the factory in that condition!

(2) The character of God is involved in our contention that the Scriptures as originally given are verbally inspired. Dr. James M. Gray, in his illuminating article on Inspiration, tells of a certain critic who once remarked that it was of small consequence to know that a pair of trousers came originally from the tailor in perfect condition if they were full of holes now! To this a famous Christian scholar retorted that even if it were not a matter of consequence to the **owner**, it certainly would be a matter of no small consequence to the **tailor!** Tailors, if they have regard for their reputations, do not wish people to suppose they are in the habit of sending out trousers filled with holes. However badly man may have failed in his preservation of the Scriptures—that is not under discussion here—the very character of God requires us to believe that originally the Scriptures came from the hand of God in perfect condition; either that, or they are not from God in any real sense.

(3) This whole problem of variant manuscript readings is a thing which, like the death of Mark Twain, has been greatly exaggerated. Among the manuscripts of the Old Testament there are practically none. And when the critic triumphantly announces that there are be-

tween 150,000 and 200,000 variant readings in the whole number of New Testament manuscripts, we need not become frightened. Too often the critic fails to tell the whole story. First, he often fails to explain that the same variant reading is counted every time it occurs in all the different manuscripts. Second, he does not explain that the vast majority of these variant readings are of little importance, and that in no instance is any vital Christian doctrine involved. Third, he omits to mention that there are over 4,000 manuscripts of the New Testament either in whole or in part, and that it is improbable to suppose hundreds of copyists, working at different times and in various localities, would all make the same mistake in the same place. Where one copyist got drowsy and left out a word, we often have several hundred others to give us the true reading. Fourth, he fails to state the conclusions of competent scholarship in the field of textual criticism, that only about one word out of every thousand in our present text is really under any serious suspicion.

(4) Our conclusion from all the evidence is that God has providentially preserved his Word in a marvelous way. Even if he has not seen fit to preserve any one manuscript copy of the Scriptures entirely free from all mistakes of copyists, he has preserved for us a sufficient number of manuscripts so that by comparison we may ascertain the true reading of the original in almost every passage where there is any question. And if we had but one complete manuscript it would be sufficient to give us all the fundamental doctrines and truths of the faith of Christianity. This providential preservation of the Scriptures is in itself a stupendous miracle which is unparalleled in any other writings; a miracle foreseen and declared by the Book itself 2,500 years ago.

"All flesh is grass.
The grass withereth,
The flower fadeth:
But the Word of our God shall stand
FOREVER."

VII. THE PROBLEM OF CONTRADICTORY STATEMENTS

We are told that there are in the Bible certain passages which contradict one another; that other passages contradict the findings of science and the facts of history. Our answer to this must be a challenge: Let the critic produce **one** such passage, and let him **demonstrate** that it really involves a contradiction. The burden of proof rests upon him. And this is the task laid down by Dr. Hodge for him who would demonstrate the existence of a contradictory passage in the Bible:

(1) He must show that the passage was in the original text.

(2) He must show that the translation which he has of the passage is absolutely correct.

(3) He must show that his interpretation of the passage is the only possible one, and that it represents the exact idea which the writer intended to express.

(4) He must show, when science is involved, that the present state of our scientific knowledge is final.

(5) When he has done all this, then he must show that the task of reconciliation is impossible.

It is scarcely needful to say that all this has never been done by any man. But let us hear from a great scholar, one whose sympathies were on the side of criticism, Dean Farrar. He said, "The widest learning and acutest ingenuity of scepticism has never pointed to one complete and demonstrable error of fact or doctrine in the Old or New Testaments." So much then for the past.

What about the future? Will unbelieving scholarship at last succeed in breaking down the integrity of the Book, and demonstrate its untruth? Here we quote from another man, a Man who was without sin, a Man who spake as never man spake, a Man whose every utterance was an expression of divine truth, a Man who in his own person was the Truth, a Man whose name is called the Word of God—the MAN CHRIST JESUS! We quote his Words, and his Words are the Words of life! He said,

"The Scripture can not be broken."

The Nature of God

By REV. GEORGE McNEELY, D.D.
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The idea of God is the one great universal idea common to man. There has never been found a kindred, tribe or people without the idea of a Supreme Being, who is God. If men in any place descended to worship a man of like passions with themselves, it was because they deemed him to be in some way a superior representative of the God whom they idealized as The Supreme.

Among all the millions of China, the multitudes of India, the tribes of Africa, and the inhabitants of the Isles of the sea, none have been found without a God. This universal knowledge of a God, proves the idea to be fundamental to life, and proves it beyond all reasonable doubt. The reason for the existence of atheists in Christian lands is that the Christian idea of God is final. Others are feeling after Him, if happily they may find Him. The Christian has come into contact with Him, and when any refuse to accept the God of Christianity, there is none else to whom they may go.

Of all that God created in order to manifest Himself, man is pre-eminently the chief instrument. It is recorded in the Bible, that "God made man in His (God's) image, and after His likeness." The Bible record is in agreement with "Reason" in thus speaking of man. So much of God may be traced in man, that many are inclined to deify humanity. There is a difference to be noted in the Bible record of the manner in which life was imparted to man, and the way life was imparted to other living beings. Of other lives than man's, it is written that God said, "Let the earth or sea bring forth." Of man it is written, "The Lord God formed the man out of the dust of the earth, and the Lord God breathed into man's nostrils the breath of life, and man became a living soul." It is indicated in this record that life other than man's, is an outcropping of "cosmic force." But man's life is an impartation direct from God. Other lives are mediated and exist as part and parcel of the "cosmic whole." Man's life is independent of the cosmos and has its final recourse in God, and so it is written, "Man shall not live by bread alone, but by every word that proceedeth out of the mouth of God." All beings constituted as living souls through "cosmic force" have this in common; they bring forth after their kind. The truth of these things may be ascertained by the most

superficial study of nature. The ants are the industrious creatures they were when man began to note their habits. The bees continue to make the honeycomb and store honey, as in the beginning. The sheep, nature yet leads it silently to the slaughter, and the leopard continues in a spotted skin. Only man has power to change environment. In this power to inaugurate change, man displays the image of God, in feeble measure.

Let us now endeavor to trace, however dimly we may, the nature of God in the nature of man.

We must first note that there is not only a distinction, but also a difference between the image of God and the likeness of God, as they are displayed in man. As in the image of God, man represents God. As in the likeness of God, man manifests Him. The manner in which man represents God is illustrated by the Bible account of the visit of the Pharisees to Christ, with the question, "Is it lawful to pay tribute to Caesar, or not?" In answer, Christ held up the tribute money and asked, "Whose image and superscription is this?" They say unto Him, "Caesar's." The image on the coin represented Caesar to the minds of those who looked on it. So does man "re" present, or again and again present God to the minds of those who look upon him. The image of God continues to reside in man, and man thus represents God. The likeness of God by which man manifested Him, man no longer retains. We will use as an illustration of these facts, the parable of the benevolent property owner who put his estate into the hands of an agent with instructions to manifest the benevolent character of the property owner in all dealings with the tenants on the estate. For a time the agent acted conformably to his instructions. After a certain season, he saw that tenants on other estates were paying more than the tenants on the property he managed were paying for equal privileges. The agent then reasoned that if his principal was foolishly benevolent, that was no reason why he should be so. And, as his remuneration was on the basis of income received from the estate, he determined to increase his remuneration by increasing the income. Going, therefore, to the tenants he announced to them an increase in rent. The tenants began unanimously to plead that though they knew how much more reasonably they retained their privileges than did others, yet they were paying all that they could afford to pay, and if the agent insisted on increasing the rentals, they, being unable to pay them would be forced into inferior quarters. The agent insisting upon the increase, left the premises. After his departure, who was blamed for the state of affairs? Was it not the property owner? Who all unknowingly was getting the maledictions of the tenants heaped upon his head. His agent represented him, but did not manifest him, thereby causing the

property owner to be wrongfully blamed. So man, in his failure to manifest God to his fellows and the brute creation under him, has caused the name of God to be blasphemed. God has given a wonderful cosmic property to man, that he may so administer it, as to both represent and manifest God. But representing God improperly and not manifesting Him at all, "man's inhumanity to man makes countless thousands mourn."

As we proceed to make exposition of man's nature in order to understand God's, let us bear in mind that a few small facts are much more than many big words. With this truth before us, let us inquire if we have any means of knowing what was the appearance of man as he came from God in God's image, and after His likeness. In Psalm 104, it is written of God, "Thou clothest Thyself with light as with a garment." Man, therefore, was clothed with light when he came from the hand of God. By breaking God's command, man lost his glorious clothes of life, and knew that he was naked. He next proceeded to make for himself a clothing of leaves, and hid himself among the trees of the Garden. In this way, seeking to convince himself that he was one with his surroundings, instead of a being fallen from a higher estate. It is a fact that man persists in this attempt to be part of nature, and in conformity with this persistence has invented the hypothesis of "Evolution." The Bible records that man at his beginning was clothed with light, and afterward fell into nakedness. That the Bible record is true, is confirmed by the fact that man is the only creature in the world that does not clothe itself. Christ used this fact to instruct the people of His time. He spake to them saying, "Behold, the lilies of the field, they toil not, neither do they spin, yet I say unto you that Solomon in all his glory was not arrayed like one of these." How did Solomon prove inferior in clothing to the lily, if not in the method of obtaining it? The lily has but one color, however many shades of it she may wear. Solomon was arrayed in purple and scarlet. Every precious stone to be obtained loaned its brilliance to his raiment. When the Queen of Sheba, attired in beauteous garments of which Cleopatra's were but the faded remnant, beheld his glory, his uprising and downsitting in his ascent to the throne, with fainting heart she exclaimed, "The half hath not been told!" Yet, Solomon was inferior to the lily. The lily bulb being planted in the black earth, clothes itself from within, by its own essential nature. Everything Solomon had on was obtained from without, at second hand. Nature supplies us with light on this matter. The creatures all clothe themselves from within. Everything man wears is "second hand." The sheep wore the wool before it was spun into cloth. The silkworm wore the strands before ever they were plied into ribbon. The doctrine of the sinner being clothed with righteousness from the hand of God by gift through faith

in Jesus Christ is supported by nature. Jesus Christ, in his life, perfectly obeyed God, and in the crisis of His days went up the Mount of "Transfiguration," where from within He was clothed with a garment of light so that the disciples bore record that His body shone. In the consummation of the days "When Christ who is our life shall appear, then shall we also appear with him IN GLORY." Then will man not only represent God, but also manifest God to a wondering creation. This is the appearance of God's nature.

In the Gospels, we have the record of Christ's refutation of the Sadducees' doctrine; that there is neither angel nor spirit. In refuting their argument, Christ informed them that the angels neither marry nor are given in marriage. In other words, there are no fathers or mothers among the angels. When instituting human nature, God created man different from the angels. The angelic host is composed of individually created beings. Each of them is generically separate from the other, and has no ties of kinship with any separate member. Man is, therefore, a superior means of manifesting God, for he has means of knowing God which the angels have not. God says, "Like as a father pitieth his children, so will I pity you, oh my people." What can the angels know about God's emotions? For there are no fathers among the angels. So also God declares, "As a mother comforteth her baby, so will I, your God, comfort you." The angels can have no understanding of heart comfort, for there are no mothers among the angels. But what father or mother embracing the little children of the family, begotten in love, and brought forth with sorrow and travail, will not bow the head and unite the heart in saying to God, "I know Thee, who Thou art, Thou blessed God, who sorrows in all our sorrow and art afflicted with all our afflictions, bearing in long-suffering and tender mercy with the ungodliness of men, wherein they devour one another."

God has all the nature of father and mother. This is the explanation of the name "El Shaddai," which God claims for Himself, and translated in our English Bible, "God Almighty." In interpreting this great name, let us remind ourselves again of the superiority of "common sense" to technical skill. I shall here make use of an illustration taken from the examination of a theological student who desired to be ordained to the work of gospel ministry. The young man had been taught according to the fashion of the day, and in true Socratic manner, he but knew that he knew not anything. He had opinions about everything under the sun, but convictions about nothing. A delegate from one of the country churches asked for his understanding of the Book of Job. He replied, "Professor so-and-so taught that it was fiction, constructed in wonderful and dramatic style, whereas Professor so-and-so affirmed it to be an historic account of event which actually transpired." As for himself, he had an open mind so that if it were

proved to him that the book was fiction, he would believe it. On the other hand, if it were proved historical, he would accept that truth. The delegate thereupon brought up what was written in another book; "All Scripture is inspired of God and is profitable, etc." "Do you believe that God inspired the writer of the Book of Job to write fiction?" he inquired of the candidate. At this point, a delegate from one of the large city churches concerned, arose and called attention to the fact that in the "revised version" the passage in question was rendered, "All Scripture inspired of God is profitable, etc." "Yea," the delegate from the country rejoined, "I know something about the revised version also. In the King James version the third verse of the third chapter of the Epistle of James reads, 'Behold, we put bits in the horses' mouths, that they may obey us.' The revised version reads, 'Behold, we put the bridle in the horse's mouth.' Now, any fool knows that we don't put the bridle in the horse's mouth, we put the bit." The facts mentioned in this story prove that, "Great men are not always wise, neither do the aged always understand judgment." The learned men who carried on the work of "Bible revision" were great men in technical skill, yet they failed in a matter of common sense. Let us use common sense with what technical skill we have as we seek to obtain the meaning of God's name, "El Shaddai."

In the eleventh chapter of the Book of Numbers, the children of Israel are crying for things which they do not have. It is not foolish, therefore, to apply the term "cry-babies" to them. In conformity with this situation, Moses appeals to God, demanding of God that He act according to His nature. "Have I conceived all this people? Have I begotten them, that Thou shouldest say to me, 'Carry them in thy bosom, as a nursing father beareth the sucking child?'" Moses inquired of God. It will easily be discerned that Moses in declaring himself not a "nursing father," predicates that character to God. In the title "nursing father," thus given to God we have an inspired interpretation, as well as translation, of the name "El Shaddai." In the English Bible, the term "El" is translated God clearly enough. But the term "Shaddai" translated "Almighty" when in connection with "El" is elsewhere invariably translated "breasts," and refers especially to a woman's breasts. God then is a father who is an Almighty Father, because he has a mother's breasts, in addition to a father's strength. In proceeding further with this subject, "A little child shall lead us" very literally, and common sense shall keep us company. Imagine a home into which a little baby is come. Mother is just able to be up and about for the first time, and in the enjoyment of returning strength bids father to "mind the baby" for a few moments, while she runs to the kind neighbors to thank them for the many favors shown her during the trying days just past. Mother departs for the set time, and father is left

with the baby. Of course, the baby cries and for a time father very cheerfully, then very bravely, but soon very desperately, tries to comfort the baby; with the usual result. The more father tries to comfort the little one, the more fright and anguish he seems to impart, until in his despair, he too cries out, and for the mother to return. The father is absolutely helpless in spite of his strength. He might compel a vicious dog to come whining to his feet, begging for mercy. He might subdue a desperate horse, and bring him under control. The baby has a spirit and it might be killed, but not subdued. At the moment of greatest trial, mother returns; stooping she takes the kicking, screaming baby and "puts it to the breast." The strident voice is hushed, the little feet are quiet, the little hands are clasped, the spirit is sweetened, and on the face a look of blissful contentment. Mother's breast has done what father's strength could never do. If only there were nursing fathers for crying children!

What is this poor world of humanity but sinning cry-babies, crying for what they have not. Only God, the God and Father of our Lord Jesus Christ can satisfy them. He is El Shaddai—the Nursing Father of humanity, God who changeth not. From everlasting to everlasting, Thou Oh God, art El Shaddai.

The Great Order of "Gimmes"

By REV. GEORGE McNEELY, D.D.

Read Luke 15th Chapter.

This is a story of Salvation, how we are saved, what we are saved from, and to what Salvation brings us. The great question of former generations was, "How can a just God receive unjust sinners?" For then it was no trouble to believe in what we now call the Miraculous. That God should heal the sick, give sight to the blind, make the tongue of the dumb to sing, and cause the lame to run like deer on the mountain, was an easily accepted proposition to them. But that one claiming to represent God, should receive sinners on his behalf, claiming that God can, and does save sinners, making those who before could not look to His Holy Place and live, now feel at home in His presence, was a proposition that those of former days refused to see demonstrated, claiming that it was an impossibility. It was to move the minds of men into a patient consideration of the proposition of Salvation that Jesus Christ told this story of the forgiving Father, expecting that it would lead to the demonstration in our experience that our Heavenly Father receiveth sinners and recreates them into a new life.

So magnificent an office was this preaching of salvation that the Son of God Himself came from Heaven to establish it, and up to recent times the Great Intellects of every generation sought to adorn with every power of mind, body and estate the art of declaring that whosoever will may ascend the Hill of the Lord and stand in his holy Place, and that God receiveth sinners and cleanses them from all sin.

Now, however, so great has become the carelessness toward the welfare of men, and so great the contempt toward the goodness and forbearance of God, that men no longer aspire to the anointing of God that will enable them "to preach the Gospel to the poor, to heal the broken-hearted, to preach deliverance to the captives of evil habits, and recovering of sight to the blind, to set at liberty them that are bruised, or to preach the acceptable year of the Lord."

Now we have Cow-boy Evangelists, Musical Saw Evangelists, Pugilistic Evangelists, Child Evangelists, etc., who clothe the art of preaching with such tawdry robes that none values the salvation which is thus preached, as worth taking. The fact that God receiveth sinners is made of such little worth that sinners are given to think they are conferring a great honor on God when they receive Him.

Not so was the situation in which Jesus Christ revealed God as a forgiving Father. Then it was a situation of wondrous awe in which many thought it too good to be true that God could receive sinners and recreate them so that they would feel at home in His presence.

Jesus spake of a father who had two sons. The younger son being much dissatisfied with his home, demanded from his father a sum of money which we may assume the father had promised him in an effort to placate him on a previous occasion of fault-finding. This younger boy evidently "nursed a grouch" as we say, or as Burns put it, "He nursed his wrath to keep it warm," and now he breaks out with heat in a demand upon his father, "Father Gimme."

This "Gimme" is the saddest word a decent parent can hear, for long before the children recognize their need, father and mother have anticipated it, and planned to make provision for it. Good children beget in the hearts of kind parents such a love that they will work all day, and worry all night in an effort to keep the children from distress and suffering. It was a shock, therefore, when the father heard that "Gimme" from his younger son. It brought to a crisis the boy's dissatisfaction.

This dissatisfaction evidently grew out of the circumstances of the home life. The living at home was evidently under the shadow of a legal process known as "entail." This process of entail being invented to keep estates from being sub-divided away to nothingness.

In the older countries one formerly could not obtain land either for love or money. Every foot of land was soaked with the blood of its defenders and conquerors. Then when land was obtained at the cost of blood, the conqueror divided it up among his captains, who held it by loyalty to their Lord.

Large families were the rule with those captains, and if one had a family of ten children and the land was divided among them at the father's death, and then each of the ten children in turn had ten children of their own, among whom the property was subdivided, and then each of the hundred had a family of ten, at the fourth generation the original estate would be distributed in such small portions as to make each portion of no effect. To prevent this futility, the legal process of entail was invented. By this arrangement the estate was usually given to the oldest son at the father's decease, the younger children being scattered to wherever their well-being might be insured. That this was the condition in which the family lived, to which Jesus referred, is proved to a demonstration by the contents of verse thirty-one. The father is recorded as saying to the elder son, "Son, Thou art ever with me and all that I have is thine." This is equivalent to saying that at his decease the elder son inherited the estate. It may be objected to this interpretation that from verse twelve, it appears as if the younger

son was entitled to part of the estate, but that verse may be made clear by recognizing that if the father, by successful use of the estate, produced an excess over what was needed to maintain his family, this excess might be disposed of according to his own desire. Over the instrument of production, he had no power of disposal. It was the elder son's instrument in turn at the father's death.

It seems then that during the years of the younger son's discontent the father had endeavored to mollify him by laying before him the prospect of inheriting the excess profits. That these were no part of the real property is evident from the words of verse thirteen, "And not many days after the younger son gathered all together and took his journey into a far country." We have in this situation the grounds for the younger son's dissatisfaction. The harder he worked, and the more fertile he made the land, the less he would receive in things as contrasted with his brother, who was to receive all. The only power that could have kept the younger son contented and happy at home, was the power of love for his parents. If he had loved his father enough to have enjoyed the progress of his father's daily program, then he would have found happiness at home, but not otherwise.

This discovers to us a great principle of life. It is that God has committed the earth into the care of humanity as stated in Ps. 115:16, "The Heaven, even the heavens are the Lord's; but the earth hath he given to the children of men." The majority of humans have lost all sense of responsibility for their trusteeship and deny that they are accountable for their obligation to produce a happy world. The result is that decent people who feel their responsibility are tempted to say, "What's the use?" To deny in works if not in speech that they are accountable for as much world welfare as it is possible for them to produce, that it is never right to pursue a good result with a wrong method.

The younger son without the love which would make the happiness of his parents the only necessity for his contented living, could not longer endure his environment and therefore demanded prematurely the portion his father had been preparing for him, on the principle that "I want what I want, when I want it," a principle of action which has produced such inhumanity of man to man, as to make countless thousands mourn.

"Experience keeps a dear school, but foolish people will learn in no other." And as our Heavenly Father does to the present, so that father had to do then—permit the foolish child to gather what he could together and with it go off to that far country, where "he began to be in want." But long before the boy left the home, before he reached that far country and began to be in want, the father had begun to

want. He wanted his boy's love and did not get it. Long before the boy's feet crossed the threshold to take his journey away from home, his heart had been a thousand miles away from his parents, and they could not reach him, no matter how they pleaded. They had long before begun to want for the boy's love, now he wants for the father's house. The only substitute he can find for it in that far country, is a pig sty. He is distributing the swill to the pigs, but we are told that "he would like to have filled his stomach with the husks that the pigs had to eat, but no man gave to him." The question naturally arises, "Why did he need any man to give him what he was feeding to the pigs? If he wanted it, why did he not take it?"

We have often heard of a quality called horse sense. Here we need a little pig sense. That which we feed to the pigs we call swill, because in it is every bit of garbage and waste that the dining room affords. The swill looks bad, and smells worse. Many portions of what was good food may be seen in it. Half slices of toast, bits of meat bone with meat still attached to them. If only someone had called to the boy from the back door of the house before they had mixed all these odds and ends of food-stuff into pig-swill, and given him a chance to eat it before it was cast into a foul mixture fit only for pigs! But no man gave to him first, a call, or a chance.

What a vivid picture of conditions in our world today! Take for example the motor car. What a means of welfare it may be! Aged people brought in comfort to where unspoiled nature in all her beauty may be enjoyed, sick and wounded brought quickly from the place of pain and sorrow to the hospital haven where they find relief. Yet how the motor car has been mixed up with unseemly stenchful things. The gunman uses it to murder his victim and make a quick "get-away." The fool who determines that he will not reap as he sows, uses it for reaching the roadhouse of evil reputation to such extent as to make the New York State Matron of Wayward Girls declare the motor car the greatest inducement to immoral conduct we have today. Or take the moving picture film: It is not so long ago that because of it educators were promising a new era in education. No longer would teachers depend only on the ear gate, wherein line upon line, precept upon precept, instruction was forced with such difficulty that school teachers were furnishing more than their share of insane patients to the asylums. Now by means of the moving picture industry, instruction would be imparted so successfully through the eye gate, that teaching would become a pleasure, and learning an enjoyable process. Doubtless there are good picture films, but, are they not so mixed up with the "Barney Google," "Yes we have no bananas" imbecilities, if not with the worse scenes of bedroom immoralities which complete the nauseous "triangle"

story making up the greater part of the "movie" industry as to make pig swill?

The far-off Son came to himself in this crisis. Before, he had thought only of things. Thinking that life consisted of the abundance of things possessed, now he realizes his personality, and that a man is **worthful** apart from things. Realizing this, he comes to a decision. He will return to his father and change his plea from "Gimme" to "Make me." Herein is the whole secret of a successful life. To realize that there is a Creator. "Every house is built by some man." This universe wherein we move and have our being was builded by Him whom we know as God, Creator, who is Lord over all. To come to Him, not with "Gimme" in our mouths, but "make me" in our hearts, is the beginning of a successful life.

> "Have thine own way Lord. Have thine own way,
> Thou art the potter, I am the clay.
> Mould me and make me after thy will
> Whil'st I am waiting yielded and still."

Now consider the process by which the father made him. First the boy thought to be made a hired servant, but he little knew his father's nature. How could the parents have their boy, their own flesh and blood with them at home as a hired Servant? If he is to be there at all, it must be as a son in the home, not as a servant. The father receives him back as a son, and begins to empower him for sonship by giving him the equipment of a son, and more, he gives him the best robe. He puts new shoes on his feet, he makes provision for a welcoming feast, he gives to the welcome, music and dancing, and to crown all, he anticipates the loving loyalty of his restored son by putting on his finger the signet ring of authority.

During the hostilities of the great war, many men were put in unexpected places of executive responsibility which required them to sign legal documents. In so many cases were signatures illegible that the government issued a proclamation to the effect that all signatures should be plainly typed and the pen and ink signature placed underneath. The ancients had anticipated this procedure by making it customary for one in authority to have a signet ring, with which he endorsed any paper he issued. The father took this ring off his own finger and put it upon his son's, thereby declaring that he delegated his authority to his son, and that he who had been so unprofitable in the past was now profitable. He who had been so unreliable was now to be depended upon, so with all confidence in his good will and ability, the son had come back to his father to be made, and his father had made him. He who had lost himself in his effort to find things, had now returned to his own proper self.

Let us now go forward in imagination to what follows reception and restoration of the remade son. We can imagine the feasting, music, and dancing ended. The guests are saying goodbye and invoking the blessing of the Father in Heaven upon this now obedient son. For becoming obedient to his earthly father whom he would see day by day, he would be pleasing to his Heavenly Father. Thus the friends and neighbors depart and the parents are left with their son. It is no great stretch of the imagination to see the Mother take the light in her hand, and lead the way to the boy's bedroom. See her roll back the covers, and with love in her heart, assure her boy that the sheets had been changed and the bed aired ever since he left home, in anticipation of his return. We hear the father say, "Let us bow our heads and unite our hearts as we give thanks to God the Creator for the return of joy to our home." Then with thanksgiving in their hearts we see the parents depart, leaving the boy to himself. Does he go to bed and fall asleep? Nay, who could think he would? Rather, does he sit upon the edge of his bed, and speak to himself. We can plainly hear what he says, "You old fool you, to be feeding pigs for people who care as little as the pigs what becomes of you, when at home the smallest effort for Father brings a thousand fold reward, in seeing the grateful look on his face. As sure as God lets me live, I'm going to the fields tomorrow and do more work then any hired servants my father's got, and there will be no trouble about my pay either."

Now love is in his heart for his father. Love that makes him satisfied with his lot in life, but not contented with himself until he has made the best possible use of it. Many things beyond his control will seem not right to him. But he trusts his father's power to make all things work together for good. Persecutions and trials will come from that elder brother, but he has learned to bear and forbear.

"Toiling, rejoicing, sorrowing
Onward through life he goes,
Each morning sees some task begun
Each evening sees its close."

Bravely, if not cheerfully, he lives, doing the things that please the father.

It would not be fitting to close this word about "The Great Order of Gimmes" without a reference to the elder brother's attitude toward the father. In verse twenty-eight we read that when he learned that his brother had come home and was being welcomed with feasting and music, he was angry and would not go in. Therefore, because he was angry and would not go in, the pleased father came out and entreated him. There doubtless is an element of misunderstanding in the attitude of the Anarchistic, Communistic, Angry Red Propagandists today.

These who have things, do seem to be devouring the world's living with harlots, and we who have not, are tempted to turn against God because by forbearance toward the rich malefactors he seems to agree with their doings. There is but one alternative, however, to longsuffering with these moral criminals, and that is to kill them. That seems to be the design of a great many elder brothers today. Not realizing that the long-suffering of God means the salvation of some who, having their portion now are spending it in riotous living, they set up the cry, "Down with everything that's up! Down with everything that's up." And if you draw near to inquire, "Brother, what shall we put up in its place after we've pulled all down?" The answer equals, "We don't know, but anything would be better than what we've got. But would it? Is there not a possiblity that as God gave Israel so little in Egypt, and yet made them there a great people, so now, God is not giving things primarily, but making men? And out of the suffering, sorrow, and tears, there will issue "A great multitude that no man may number," having palms of victory in their hands, and singing triumphantly, "We have fought a good fight, we have finished our course, we have kept the faith." With them we pray to God not "Gimme" but "Make me."

Come with us in our love to man and obedience to God!

From Bootblack to Pastor of the Pines

By REV. GEORGE REDDEN, D.D.
"Pastor of the Pines," Bend, Oregon
He has established twenty-nine Logging Camps under the auspices of the Presbyterian Board of National Missions, U. S. A.

This will be my last chance to meet you, for we have to leave tomorrow morning. We have 2,800 miles before us, and must be back by next Sunday. We have a Ford to make it in, and I am able to crawl under it, if it is necessary to keep it going, so this will be a message of goodbye. It has been a benediction to my life to be here and to meet some of the great men and to hear the great messages and to have this sweet fellowship, for I don't meet ministers in my work. I am all alone. That is, humanly speaking, but God is always with me.

I was born in Dracutt, Massachusetts in 1882, in one of those quiet New England towns with one store, where one could buy about anything that was needed. In this store you would find the long whiskered men gathered to discuss the politics of the nation. As a lad I thought they knew more than the President of the United States and Congress.

In the village square was the old watering trough, hewn out of a great log, where the beasts of burden quenched their thirst. Along side of this watering trough was a pole, about eight feet in height, on top of which sat a large kerosene lamp. Each night the constable came and lit this light. Here the mosquitoes met in conference to decide who would be the victim that night.

Nestled in the foothills was the house that we called home. Round and round this home clung the old grape vine. To one side grew the great Hubbardson apple tree, whose apples grew, as we thought then, larger than our heads. There were the pear trees, apple trees, peach trees and then came the barnyard with all kinds of live stock. Long will be remembered the time when father went to town, warning us boys not to pick the pears which were just beginning to ripen, and on his return, found the pears on two of the trees about gone. Thinking we had picked them, he was about to whip us, when the oldest brother told him he had better look at the trees, which he did, to find that we had not picked the pears, but had climbed up the ladder and eaten the pears, leaving the stems still on the trees. He saw he had lost and said nothing more.

It was the fall of the year and we watched George Hamblett as he made his winter supply of cider and rolled the barrels into the barn and covered them with straw, thinking perhaps that there they would remain undisturbed. We boys watched our chance, driving a nail hole through the stopper of the bung hole, with a long straw we sucked cider until we could not see straight. Suddenly we realized we were not alone, for with the crack of a whip and a turn of the body, we realized that George Hamblett was present. Some very deep impressions were made that we did not forget soon. One day, while stealing some of his high grade apples, we thought we were making a good getaway. The eldest boy tried to make the picket fence, but found he did not quite make it, for the seat of his overalls met with a picket, and there he stayed until someone removed him.

Another time when apples were ripe and we had our pockets full we saw George Hamblett coming across the field with a horsewhip in his hand. Will was up in the tree. Before he could reach the ground George Hamblett was upon him. The chase was on. Will hit the ground, running. Doyle and myself had a good start. We hid ourselves in the barn while we watched Will make his getaway—over the stone wall, across the field, straight for the ice house. Just as he reached the top of the ladder that reached to the roof of the ice house, a big hornet stung him right over the eye. George Hamblett could not climb the ladder, but he always thought that Will was well punished.

There was the old swimming hole on the Merrimac River, with its sand bank 150 feet high, where with a piece of tin we would shoot-the-shoots into the swimming hole. This was where I first learned to swim, and they took me in a boat to about the middle of the river, and there threw me out and said: "Sink or swim." I swam.

Long will be remembered the evening hours, as one stood looking toward the West, where grand old Helios, God of the Solar system, was going down and the cows and the horses, pigs, chickens, ducks and turkeys were going to their places of rest for the night. We find ourselves gathered around the old fireplace. Even Rover, the dog, was there. Father would say: "It is time to go to bed." Reaching up to the corner of the mantle piece he would take the Bible and read, and after prayers, we made our way up the old attic stairs, each one knowing where we slept, some in beds and some on mattresses filled with straw on the floor, for there were sixteen of us in all. Mother then would make her rounds, tucking the bedclothes in to make sure that Jack Frost would not get us. Then those great arms of hers, that looked almost like elephant trunks, would go around our necks, and a kiss of love was placed on each of us. As she returned to the living room, we could hear the old stairs squeak, squeak, as if they were say-

ing: "My, I'm glad you are down," for mother stood only five feet two inches, but she weighed 265 pounds. She was a mother whose love never changed. She loved her home, her God, her Lord and her Church. She never lost faith, even when there were times that father was flat upon his back for months at a time, and the wolves howled at the door. She believed in God. Once when we did not know which way to turn, or what to do, a wagon drove up into the yard and backed up to the door and started to unload a barrel of flour, mother said: "Stop. We cannot buy this for my husband has been sick many months." We all stood behind mother, wondering what would happen next, when he said: "That's all right, my good woman. It has all been paid for. Your husband belongs to the Odd Fellows, and is always in good standing. We heard of your needs. Now, if you will get out of the way, we will unload, for we are in a hurry." Off came the barrel of flour, a tub of butter, sack of sugar, canned goods of all kinds,—everything that one needs to make a big family well and happy. What a day that was.

At last the night came when dad told us that he was going to the city in pursuit of work, that he might be able to earn more money. He was gone for over a week. When he returned, not one of us knew him, not even mother. Someone said: "There is a strange man coming into the yard." Not even the dog knew him until he spoke and then we all knew him. When he left he had a beard. We never knew him any other way, but now he was clean shaven. What a time we had that night. How our eyes opened. How I listened as he told about the great buildings, stores and streets and great engines that went on tracks, had bells and whistles,—how the streets were filled with men and women, boys and girls—how they were lighted with electric lights —cars drawn by horses on tracks. We didn't sleep much that night, but dad said he would tell us the next morning when we would go to the great city. When we did sleep, we dreamed of the things he told. After breakfast the next morning, we were told that everything would be auctioned off as soon as possible and then we would leave. The auction day came. Men and women, boys and girls came from all quarters, some in ox-carts, some in hayracks and some in their democrats. It was a time of sadness and of gladness. Sadness because the old home was to be broken up. Friends and neighbors that we loved were to be left behind. Gladness, because of new opportunity, greater advantages lay before us. Everything went under the auctioneer's hammer but those things that were held most dear to us. The big dinner—the farewells.

THE BIG CITY—Our first ride on the train. You had better watch out for that red headed kid, were the last words I heard the con-

ductor say after we left the train upon our arrival in Boston. It took the rest of them to keep me from being lost in the crowd. After walking it seemed to me for an hour, through the crooked streets, we arrived in front of a livery stable. The building was four stories high. The first thing we noticed was a big sign, "Charden St. Livery Stable." Father led the way through a door which led up three flights of stairs, where we were to live. Next day, on an investigating tour, we found the second story was where they kept the horses, 250 of them, so I suppose they put the jackasses on the third floor. I remember the first bath tub, eight feet long, two feet wide and two and a half feet deep. It was put in the corner of the kitchen. Every Saturday we had our baths, whether we wanted them or not, and what a time mother had seeing to it that each one of us removed most of the dirt. We could stand on the edge of the tub and dive. This splashed much water on the floor, so dad bored a hole in the center of the floor, so that most of the water ran down. One Saturday, while we were taking our baths, a big Swede, named Olson, came rushing upstairs into the kitchen, wanting to know where the water was coming from. Mother said if he would keep the stink down, she would keep the water up, and nothing more was said.

One day, while sitting on the steps of the organ factory, next to where we lived, a man passed by with a big cigar in his mouth. Will and I watched him as he turned to go into the stable. When he threw away his cigar, we both made a high dive for it. I succeeded in capturing it. It was our first attempt at smoking. After cutting the end off that he had been chewing on, I took a big draw; then Bill took a draw; then I took one, and handed it to Bill, who took one more, then handed it to me for another draw. When I went to hand it back to Bill, he put his hand up and said: "No," while he held his stomach with the other hand. He became very seasick. So much so that he could hardly get upstairs. I finished it to the end.

My first job was in the Boudoin Square Theatre feeding monkeys, until one day dad found me just about the time I was feeding them. He introduced his shoemaker to my tailor, and I never went back. One morning when the thermometer was below zero, I ran around the Round Oak stove in my nightdress. Mother told me to be careful. I forgot her warning, pulled my night shirt off and reached down for my underwear, when I left my marks on the stove. Mother fixed me up as best she could and sent me to school, padding the seat of my trousers, which were made out of the legs of dad's old trousers, with cotton batting. It was impossible for me to sit straight on my chair. The teacher became angry at me and said I must sit straight on the chair. When I wouldn't because I couldn't, she called me to the platform. What is the matter with you, young man, that you can-

not sit straight on your chair? If you do not tell me, I shall rattan you." "If you want to know," said I, "I burned my backside." At this she sent me home, and mother had to go back with me and straighten it out.

It seemed from that time on I was always in the way. Dad said he must find something for me to do, so he made me a box with a footrest and gave me two brushes, two daubers and two kinds of blacking. Mother made me a piece of carpet to kneel upon to shine shoes. So, I started out on my new pursuit. I liked it. This was the beginning of a new epoch in my life—a schooling that I could receive in no other way. It trained me to look up into the faces of men and ask them a question without flinching. SHINE, Mister? Only a nickel—half a dime. When business was poor, I put my footbox on a curbstone and my carpet in the gutter and sang "My Rosie O'Grady," "Under the Shade of the Old Apple Tree," or "I Took My Girl to a Ball One Night," and many other street songs with which I was familiar. While I sang I watched my opportunity. Men would stop and listen, and before a man would know what had taken place, I would get his foot, place it upon the footrest and shine it. He would say: "I don't want a shine," but by the time he said this, I would have the shoe half shined. I would say: "Well, you can't go with just one shoe shined." "No. Shine the other one and sing us another song." This brought me much business. However, it threw me in with boys who had no fathers or mothers or homes. Many of them were older than myself, but because I always had a smile and a song and was willing to learn, they were glad to have me around. I learned the ways of the world.

We moved to Roxbury when I was nine years old. Starting in a new school gave me a fresh chance, but I soon found they had but one mould whereby they hoped to shape every life. I had one old maid school teacher who thought the only safe place for me, while her back was turned, was under her desk with the waste paper basket. The next thing she knew the school was in an uproar. At first she did not know why, but on the second look, she found I had turned the desk around and was making sport for the school room.

One day the circus came to town. It was the usual custom to let school out that they might see the parade, but this year the principal of the school refused to do so. A circus to me was more than my eats. Thinking that we would be dismissed, of course, I went to school and the school teacher announced that we would not be allowed to see the parade. I at once started to think out a way whereby I could see the parade. I found in my pocket a ball of string, of which I made a small ball with a string tied to it, about two feet long. I swallowed the small ball on the end of the string, and when it about reached the bottom,

I started pulling it up. Of course, any one knows what took place. Everything else came up with it. I managed to get the string and the ball out of sight. "Are you sick, George?" said the teacher. "Yes, madam," said I in a very faintish voice. "Then you may go home." The fresh air revived me. I soon was in line watching the circus go by, but the biggest circus of all was that night when dad and I had a one ring circus in the bath room, with the razor strap playing the leading role.

One day after some of my pranks, the school teacher ordered me to stay after school. I was taken to the third story. All the pupils had gone. There to my great surprise I found two other school teachers awaiting us. After closing and locking the doors, I was informed by them that I was about to get the worst rattaning I had ever had. Whereupon, each of the teachers produced a very fine rattan. What was I to do? I was big and husky and could fight, but not three school teachers, empty handed. I made a survey of the room. Erasers made of wood, covered with felt. I could see many of them. Before they knew what I was up to, I had gathered more than two dozen in my arms, like firewood. They started for me. I let drive one of the erasers which went through one of the windows. The next one took the ink bottle off the teacher's desk. I kept circling around, picking up the erasers and driving them as fast as I could. I knew they meant business, and if once they could get hold of me, it would be all off, so I fought and fought hard. After many close calls for them, one of the teachers unlocked the door and told me to get. I made the three flights of stairs in six jumps. That meant dad must move again. We moved to New Dorchester, where I made new friends, but I found the school teachers just the same—same old mould—same old machine, with the same ideas about me. "He's a devil. We'll keep our eye on him. We won't study him. We won't help him. We'll just watch him." Well, they had lots to watch, for I knew their game, and I was always just one step ahead of them.

One day on my way to school I saw a bunch of boys on a railroad track, near a bridge. Wondering what was up, I was on the spot in just a jiffy. "What have you got?" said I. "Snakes," said one of the boys. I pushed my way through and there was a nest of green snakes. It seemed as if there were hundreds of them. I reached into the nest and took a whole fist full and put them into my pocket and started off for school. "Hey!" said one of the boys, "what are you going to do with snakes?" "Never mind," said I. It seemed that we were in school about an hour, when I commenced to concentrate upon my pocket and the snakes, rather than my lessons. Putting my hand into my pocket, I took one of the snakes by its tail. I looked at it for a moment as it straightened itself out and stuck its fang out at me, for

they were only little fellows. Then I looked right across from me. There sat a very hysterical girl, about 14 years old. I whispered as I held the snake toward her: "Sis, look out." She gave one scream and how she jumped. I was ordered to the platform, and after the teacher had spread a newspaper on her desk, she asked me to put what I had in my pocket on her desk. I managed to get all the little snakes out with one thrust. I threw the snakes on the paper. What a scream and what a jump. Boy! How she jumped on top of the chair and pulled her skirts up! Nothing but a high-jumping microbe could ever have touched the bottom of her skirt. She was white with fright, and I was scared blue. It was red, white and blue. What a time! And I waited for results. The next thing I knew the door opened and there was the principal. Oh! Boys! The last fellow in the world that I wanted to see. She says: "Come here quick." She was still on top of the chair, holding her skirts up, and you know what a funny looking sight she was. It wouldn't make any difference nowdays, but it did then. So, what did he find? "What is the matter? What is all the difficulty about?" he says, and she looked and there wasn't a snake to be seen. They all got behind the books. They disappeared. "Why," she said, "what did you do with them, you little brat?" I said: "I didn't touch them. They are all under the books." She said: "You take them out," and the man lifted the books up and he said: "You come to my office," and I went. Boys! He had one thing on his desk there that he used to make me stick my hand in. It was a vice, and he strapped it down and then whaled the tar out of me, because I couldn't get away, until one day I found the door open, and I started through the door with the desk and all, and he never tied me to that desk again.

Dad was waiting for me again. Dad used to have to whip me once a month—once a week, and almost once every day to keep me straight, but mother prayed. I turned my dad's hair gray. I sent him on his back with nervous prostration for a year and a half. I turned my mother's hair gray and put wrinkles on her face. I helped to send her into an untimely grave, and those days came when the boys didn't want me—when the schools didn't want me. No one seemed to want me, but they kicked me around like a football—good for nothing but the prison house. And, America has twenty million such boys and girls that can be reached through prayer, and won to the Gospel of Jesus Christ, if we pray.

The gang world opened up, and I stood on the corner of the street one night, fifteen years of age. A young fellow put his hand on my shoulder and said: "Where do you go nights?" I said: "Oh, any place where I am wanted." Some of my own brothers would not have anything to do with me. There was nothing the matter, only I was ambitious—I was red headed, and I couldn't help it. I had a soul that

was on fire, and I wanted to do something. I was so ambitious that I had my clothes on the foot of the bed in a rack, and when the fire engine bell would ring back a block from where I lived, I could jump out of bed and jump into my breeches and shirt and beat the engine to the corner, and I could do it. That is all I wanted. This boy said: "Come on with me," and we walked down the street and through the alleys, and he reached in back of some blackberry bushes and pulled a string, and a door opened and we walked in. There sat thirty-five boys, sixteen, seventeen, eighteen and nineteen years of age. There was a table twenty feet long, with a map of that city, with every blind alley, every patrol box, every beat—knowing every detective and every move of the police force of the city of Boston. I said: "What is this?" "Never mind what it is. You will learn," and I did. There was a young lad who sat at the head. I said one night: "What is that fellow?" "He is the leader." "What do you have to do to be leader?" I said. "Lick him." "All right. That is it," I said. I went to work in a wholesale leather house until I became a giant, and at the age of seventeen years, I could lift 790 pounds, dead weight. I could carry 350 pounds on my shoulder up a flight of stairs without even batting an eye. I could take an average man of 200 to 250 pounds and twist him almost like you would twist a piece of straw. I studied how to be strong. One day a man said to me: "How would you like to go to the Y. M. C. A.?" I said: "Sure, if I can learn to do one thing." He put $20.00 on the counter and I went down into the gymnasium and learned how to use my fists. One night when they left the trap door open, and we went in, I said to the crowd: "Stand back." The leader said: "What for?" I said: "You will lick me tonight, or I will lick you," and our coats were off, and for an hour and five minutes we went into deadly combat until the blood streamed down our faces, and because I had a stronger body and more of a kick than he did, he went down.

Then it was that the policeman knocked on the door and said to mother: "Your boy is in trouble again, but I didn't arrest him. I knew you could do more with him than the law, and we love you because we know you are a Christian woman." Mother would get me in the corner and talk to me about Jesus and it used to soften me.

When I was seventeen years of age, in the old Ruggles Street Baptist Church, underneath the old marble clock, at 8:45, this poor man cried and the Lord heard him and delivered him out of all his troubles. When it came time to unite with that church, the deacons of that church sat in judgment on me, and said: "We can't take him in." Three times I tried, but three times they turned their backs upon me. They said: "The past speaks for itself," but God knew. Never again did I go into the things that I once delved in. Never again could I, because

God was with me, even though they turned me down. Many a night I pillowed my head in tears, and when I would come in, I would hear my mother say: "Is that you, George?" and I would say: "Yes." "Thank God you are in," she would say, and then down on her knees she would go in prayer, until the time came and I fought the Gospel Ministry. Institutions were open to take me as a football player and a basketball player, and pay my way through, but I wouldn't go. I didn't know it until after three automobile accidents, and we turned upside down on the way to the Harvard-Yale football game, and four of us almost went into eternity, and then I said: "Oh! God. I will go."

At the age of seventeen the Savage Opera Company offered me a solo part, if I would take it, but God didn't allow me. One of the greatest human voice teachers that ever lived heard me sing "The Holy City," in the old Moody Church, when I was twenty-two, and asked me to come to his studio in the city of Chicago. He said to me: "Young man, if you will come with me to Europe for five years, the world will sit at your feet and pay you the price you ask. God has given you the physique. He has given you the voice and you should use it," and I looked at him and said: "I don't know what you are talking about." "Don't you understand English?" he said. "I do, but I don't know anything about what you are talking about. I would rather be a doorkeeper in the House of the Lord, than to dwell in the tents of the wicked." He said: "How much do you get?" You see I was working my way through school. I said: "They pay me ten cents an hour for washing the floors and washing windows, and I got a raise in my pay, because I got a job burning garbage. It is a stinking job, but I get twenty-five cents an hour for that." "Do you mean to say that you will turn this offer down? Here is this young man from the First Methodist Church, a bass. He is sailing soon. You won't go?" I said: "I am not interested. I have taken all that music and those great songs, and I have shredded them all up and thrown them in the waste basket. My great passion is to preach the Gospel." He told me he had never met such a fool.

When Dr. Towner heard me sing, he said: "If you stop your preaching and do what I tell you, you will become the greatest Gospel singer the world has ever known." I said: "I have just changed my course from music to the Bible. He said: "That's a foolish thing to do. In five years you won't be able to sing." But, he didn't know. I can still sing, and twenty years have gone since Towner said that to me. If it wasn't for the voice of song, these men would never come out. It was God that led me to the Great Northwest and later led into this great work—out there in the great timbers, where these men are who wear the red flannel shirt and the blue flannel shirt—men whose hearts

beat, men who are forgotten by the rest of the world, 3,500 of them, a thousand women and 1,400 boys and girls. Besides these, I have over 350 families on the highway. I am the only one that brings them any spiritual advice. Last year I gave out 50,000 magazines to these men. I have established library after library. I have established vacation Bible Schools. I have gone hither and thither. As Dr. Matthews said, there should be no limit of time. Start early in the morning, work until late at night, and be happy in it—proud that God has given me the chance to testify of His saving and keeping power. Out of that great family that God gave my mother, she wanted a preacher, and the one she chose, God rejected, because in his heart was infidelity—was unbelief. But God had placed in my heart a faith that this old, infidel world has never been able to shake, and I believe the Old Bible as the Word of God, and God knows I believe His Word. To disbelieve God's word, makes it a sealed book.

In the church where I was converted many years ago, I stood in the pulpit last Sunday morning and Sunday night and preached the Gospel of Jesus Christ to them. Is it worth while? Yes, it is worth while. Would you turn back? No. Discouragements? Yes. Does the world call? Yes. Does the devil try to make trouble, and the flesh call out for me to stop? Yes. What will I do? Go right on. "God is for us. Who can be against us?"

A man in the city of Seattle, after I had been chosen as one of the soloists of the Wayfarer and sang for seven consecutive nights to 26,000 people, at the University of Washington, said: "Come with me. Keep your mouth shut and do what I tell you to do, and I will sign a contract and will send you out in concert work, at $1,000.00 a night." I said: "I can't stop. I can't keep my mouth shut. My wife has told me that lots of times, and I believe it. I must preach for the Glory of God."

Then the Orpheum Circuit came to me and offered me a salary of more than I could make in two months, for a week, if I would go, and I was going to give it up and God took my voice away from me. In a moment it was gone. This all happened one Sunday morning in my church in Seattle. This was the first time in my life that I ever looked back, but never again. As I stood there, without singing, the people wondered what was the matter. Why didn't I sing? With bowed head I confessed my sin. God forgave me. My lips moved. I never sang more beautifully in all my life, and let me say I have never looked back and never will. "Look unto Jesus, the author of faith." That's where I keep my eyes.

With this story I shall close. May it quicken your faith and send you back home to win souls for Christ.

EIGHTY-TWO YEARS WITHOUT CHRIST

He was looked upon as hard-boiled. He would have nothing to do with religion. As I made my circuit, people would ask me the question: "Have you met Jim Black? Have you seen Jim yet?"

I asked them why they were so anxious to know and what there was about Jim that they were anxious to have me meet him. They would not answer, but would only say: "You'll know when you meet him."

Weeks and months had passed before the day arrived when I met Jim Black. I stopped in front of a well-kept ranch. It was supper time. As I passed through the front gate, and was about to knock at the door, the door swung open and a man appeared whose hair was white as snow. His face was tanned like an Indian's. His sharp blue eyes were riveted upon me.

"My name is George Redden," I said, as I reached out my hand in greeting.

"My name is Jim Black."

"Oh, Jim Black," I repeated.

"Yes, that's my name. Anyone been telling you about me?"

"No."

"Come in, you're just in time for supper."

I saw at a glance that Jim was a bachelor, although things were in order.

"Jim, let me get supper."

"Can you cook?" he questioned.

"Sure, and I think it will taste better if I cook it. It will be a change for you."

Soon the bacon was sizzling in the pan; the potatoes and the eggs were ready; the table was set. Jim sat at one end and I at the other. Before we started the meal, I bowed my head and thanked God for the meal. When I looked up, Jim was half way up from the table. He pointed his finger at me, and said: "Who the devil are you, anyway? Are you one of those damned preachers?"

"Jim, pass me the pickles. Did you vote for Al Smith?"

"You bet I did."

"Well, he didn't get elected."

"Say, are you a preacher?"

"Jim, pass me the eggs. That's good bread."

"Yes, but you haven't told me if you're a preacher. You sure aren't dressed like one. You've got me guessing. Did anyone ever tell you how I hate preachers? If I had thought you were a preacher, you never would have gotten past the door. Are you a preacher?"

"Never mind, Jim, what I am. I'm enjoying my supper. Now, let's do the dishes, and then I'll have to be on my way."

Everything was put away. We were standing near the stove in the living room when Jim came close to me and looked into my eyes, and asked: "Tell me, sir, are you a preacher?"

I reached into my pocket and brought out a book of sketches of the life of D. L. Moody. On the front page was a picture of Mr. Moody. I handed it to Jim, and said: "Did you ever hear of that man?"

"You bet your life. That's D. L. Moody. I've heard him preach many times. I've heard Talmage preach too."

"Wasn't Moody a good man?" I asked.

"He was a good man, one of the best men I ever knew."

"Well, Jim," I said, "he was a preacher."

"Yes, are you?"

"I'm not going to tell you who I am, Jim."

And then I sang him a song, "Sweet Peace, the Gift of God's Love."

"I've heard that song," Jim spoke up. "I heard the man who wrote it sing it. He was an opera singer."

I asked Jim whether he remembered his name. His answer was to the contrary.

"His name was Bill Horne," I said.

"That's it. I remember now."

At the close of the song, Jim wiped a tear from the end of his nose with his sleeve, and followed me to the door with the same old question: "Are you a preacher?"

I bade him goodnight. Weeks had passed before I was able to visit Jim. He was glad to see me. One of the first questions he asked me was: "Are you a preacher?"

It was six months before Jim knew that I was a preacher.

"Why didn't you tell me in the first place that you were a preacher?" he asked me.

"Jim, would you have received me into your home if I had told you?"

"No, sir, never," came the quick answer.

"Well, I'm glad I didn't, for we're friends now."

"But you're different," Jim said.

Then he told me the story of his life, how for sixty-five years he had herded cattle and sheep over the mountains of central Oregon. He would always take more whisky than food with him. Preachers told

him that he was fit for nothing but hell. He had learned to hate them. A very Godly woman had taken Jim into her home at one time, and had been a mother to him. Many times she had told Jim that she was praying for him, and that she loved him as a son.

This had left deep impressions on Jim's life, and I soon found that this was the thin edge of a wedge with which I might be able to open Jim's heart so that he would accept Christ. I never argued with him and was always very kind to him. A year and a half had passed when one night in a camp one of the lumber-jacks stopped me and asked if I knew Jim Black. I told him that I did.

"Do you know he is sick? I saw him last night. He told me that if I saw you to tell you he wanted you to come to see him at once."

The next morning we drove out to Jim Black's home. Mrs. Redden and the children remained in the car. I was about to enter Jim's home when I found the door swung open, and there stood a woman in the doorway. I knew then something was wrong and as I looked over her shoulder, I saw Jim sitting in a wheel chair, wrapped in a blanket. He saw me, and cried: "It's George. It's George. Come in."

"I saw Grif last night, and he told me you wanted to see me."

"Yes. I've been wanting to see you for some time. You know, a man can't live forever, and I'm eighty-two years old. You know, we were talking about Christ and eternity and I've lived eighty-two years without Christ."

I then realized that Jim was sinking and that the end was near. I said to the woman and her husband who were taking care of Jim that we would like to be alone for a little while. They went into the kitchen and closed the door. I sat close to Jim and our knees touched. I looked into his face and said: "Jim, you think this has been a cruel, dark world, but when the light of this world goes out, no one can comprehend the darkness of the other world. No one has ever returned to tell us about it. But there is hope, Jim, for where there is life there is hope. Never mind the past or the present, but think of the future. All can be changed in the twinkling of an eye, if you will accept Jesus Christ as your Saviour."

"I know what you're going to say. You're going to say that I'm too great a sinner."

"But that isn't it, Jim. Will you confess with your mouth the Lord Jesus Christ?" I asked him.

It seemed for a moment as though the devil had the victory, for Jim was possessed of a dumb devil. I shook him and looked him straight in the eye, as I said: "Jim, will you accept?"

I began to pray. His lips moved and his hand came out from under his blanket, and he said: "Yes, I confess Jesus."

What a thrill! Men and women are looking for thrills. The greatest thrill that can ever come to a human soul comes when one has been an instrument in the hands of God in leading another soul to Christ.

Jim beckoned to those in the kitchen to come and he told them how happy he was and that he had found Christ. The news spread fast and far and wide, and men and women from the mountain fastnesses came to see Jim Black and to hear him tell how he had found Christ.

Two weeks had passed, when one morning as I was leaving on one of my circuits, I noticed an automobile stop nearby. A man who wore a cowboy hat, a bandana handkerchief around his neck, and shoes with high heels and spurs, left the car and came up to me. As I reached out my hand to greet him, I said: "When did he go?"

"When did who go?"

"Why, Jim. He's dead."

"How did you know?"

"What brings you here? Somewhere there's a horse tied to a fence waiting for his rider," I said.

"Yes, Jim is gone. He told me to come to you at once to make funeral arrangements. He said he wanted you to sing, 'Sweet Peace the Gift of God's Love,' at the funeral, and to tell the people that Jim Black found Christ."

Men and women, tonight, if it had not been for that praying, God-fearing, Christ-loving, Bible-loving mother, maybe Jim Black wouldn't be in Heaven tonight. May be if the man who is talking to you had not heard the voice of Jesus Christ and turned unto him, and turned a deaf ear to the world, Jim Black wouldn't be saved tonight.

I thank God that He turned my life around, and he put within my heart a desire to spend my life in the woods of central Oregon, with those men and women whom I have learned to love, though they damned me and cursed me to hell. I love them tonight, because Christ first loved me. Go away from this convention, as Dr. Matthews said, to start a family altar, and pray that God, by His Holy Spirit, will move upon our hearts. Remember me in prayer, out there in central Oregon.

And, you Presbyterian ministers that are here in this great convention, that want me to come back to your people and to inspire and instruct your people as to what our Church is doing in logging camp work, go to the executive, and the executive in turn will go to the

Board of Promotional, and you will have the great privilege I had last year of seeing your church filled to overflowing with men and women listening—to what? Not to listen to the speaker, but to listen to what God has done through the speaker. It is results that make us rejoice, and God alone gives us results. If you want something to stimulate your Christian Endeavor society, write me a letter, and I will send you some pictures of the work, and tell you about some of the conversions that were made to the cause of Christ.

That is my message to you. Good night and goodbye.

Twenty-Two Thousand Miles Through the Pines of the Northwest with the Lumber-Jack

By REV. GEORGE REDDEN, D.D.

About twenty years ago, it was my privilege to be at Winona Lake, getting subscriptions for the Moody Bible Institute Tithe. That year Frank Higgins was here, I think, for the first time, and I remember how the people were thrilled with his story. You know, we fellow out in the woods don't claim to be preachers. We are personal workers. We go after the man. You see, the preaching doesn't always get them first, but after we get through preaching to them, we follow them to their bunkhouses, and have the rest of the night.

Now, I am not going to preach tonight, but I am going to prove to you that God is not dead, and hasn't fallen asleep. He is wide awake and wherever He finds an individual who is willing to have faith that when the Word of God is preached the Holy Spirit will do His work, then you will find results.

Twenty-two thousand miles through the pines of the Northwest, with the lumber jacks! That is what my territory covers,—just twenty-two thousand square miles. Most of it is through the tall timber, over the hills and down in the valleys and across rivers and across the great lakes, for we have over three hundred of the finest lakes in the United States nestled in the mountains of central Oregon, where the rainbow trout and the eastern brook and the redsides wait for the fishermen to cast their flies upon the waters. Some of them grow big, and they weigh eight or nine pounds, and Bill Sunday can back me up in it, for he lives out that way and he knows. If he thinks I am exaggerating, he can throw a chair at me. I don't know whether he can hit me or not, but he can try. At Diamond Lake you can catch only five a day, they are so big, and you have to stay behind a tree to bait your hook, to keep them from jumping out before you start. This is not a fish story. Come out and try for yourself.

One hundred sixty-eight years ago the Board of National Missions of the Presbyterian Church, whom I represent tonight, was organized by God-fearing men, who deposited $100,000, the interest thereof to be used in promoting home missions. We were the first church to send

missionaries out into the woods to give their whole time. Frank Higgins was the first missionary. We had fourteen at one time. There are seven of us now who give all our time to logging camp work.

When the Board sent me to these camps, they said to me: "George, we want you to use your head, your heart and your feet. Go to it, now, and see what God can do through you." I soon found my head was all right, although there was much to learn, and I knew that my heart was all right, because God had given me a new one, and I knew my feet were all right, too, because I wasn't very tall and I wore size nine shoes, and I knew they would get me somewhere, if walking was going to do any good.

I soon discovered this: That these men were back in the mountain fastnesses, miles and miles away from highways, miles and miles away from the railroad, and if I did ride on the railroad, they wanted me to sign my life away, that if I got killed, my wife wouldn't get anything. I wanted to be worth more dead than alive, if I was going to be killed that way, so I decided to take the highway. With a pack on my back, dressed about like I am now, I started out in search of the lumber camps of central Oregon. The Board of National Missions didn't know how many camps, and they didn't know how many people were harbored in the mountain fastnesses of central Oregon.

I started by bumming rides. I would see a fellow going by in a machine at thirty or forty miles an hour, and I would say: "Hey!" He would pull on his brakes and poke his head out the window to see where the cyclone was coming from. "Hey! Bill. Give us a lift?" "Sure. Get right in. Where are you going?" "The nearest logging camp down the line." "What is your business?" He soon found out what my business was, for I always had Gospels and tracts on me to pass out to men as I met them.

One day I was going up over the Hump, a rise of 2,200 feet in less than four and a half miles. Boy! Oh! Boys! Grand old Helios, God of the solar system seemed to be my worst enemy, shining right on me. Perspiration! I never perspire. I sweat. It is only stylish people who perspire. The sweat was running down off me into my boots, and I felt that if I made the top of the hill, all that would be on top would be a pair of boots filled with grease. I would have disappeared long since. Just then a fellow passed in a Buick roadster, and I yelled: "Hey!" He poked his head out the window to see who it was, and I waved my hand, with a smile. Years ago I learned the secret of meeting men. An Irishman going over Harvard bridge was sitting opposite me. He was drunk and was making all kinds of funny faces. As I looked at him, I couldn't help smiling. He didn't know what I was smiling at, and it was a good thing he didn't. As I smiled, he looked over and twisted his mouth out of shape and said: "That's the

boy. Keep on smiling and you will win your way through the world." He gave me one of the greatest secrets of meeting men, and so I smiled. He backed on down the hill, and said: "If you can get in, you can ride." I said: "I will get in, if you fellows have to get out," and I wasn't very long getting in.

It wasn't long until I commenced to inquire who these fellows were, and the fellow driving asked who I was. I said: "Do I have to tell you who I am in order to ride with you?" He said: "Oh! no." Soon we came to a logging camp. One fellow said: "This is where I get out." I said: "You are a logger?" "You bet your life." I said to the fellow next to him: "What are you?" "I am a bootlegger. Who the devil are you?" "I am the preacher." "Hell! You are." "Yes, sir. Get out on the runningboard and I will preach you a sermon, sing you a song and take up a collection." "You are a preacher all right. They always have the pan out." "A laborer is worthy of his hire. I am not charging for the sermon. All I am charging for is the song."

We said goodbye to the logger and went our way. I said: "Where are you going?" He said: "Tacoma, Washington." "What are you going to do there?" "I have a brother there." "What business is your brother in?" "Hardware." "What is his name?" "His name is Long. Do you know a man by that name?" I said: "Sure, I know him. I have had dinner many a time with him. He never will forget what it cost him for the dinner I devoured the last time. He is an elder in the First Presbyterian Church of Tacoma and you are a bootlegger. What are you going to see him for?" "I have gone out of the bootlegging game, and I am going to buy the Three Pine Tree Hotel at Alturist." "Say, your brother is a fine Christian man." He said: "I used to be too." "Then," I said, "you are going to be again right now. Drive off the highway and stop your car. We are going to have a prayer meeting." "Surely not here." "Sure. You are cold and I am hot, and they say if two fellows get into bed and one is cold and one hot, both will get hot." That man bowed his head and came back to God there in central Oregon, and he almost had me going on to Seattle, for the wife and family were there, and that was a mighty big drawing card. The fellow said: "Come on with me." "Not now. Some other time."

I determined in my life, as I meet men on the highway of life, I am going to tell them of Jesus Christ and His power to save. That is what gives me something to talk about. That is what you want to know tonight—Is there power in the Gospel of Jesus Christ?

It wasn't long before a man—a kind friend of mine—gave me a car. He was a good Baptist. The car had gone 90,000 miles when he gave it to me. You should have seen it. It didn't need a horn. Say!

It rattled so that you could always hear me coming. Let me tell you something. It could go thirty miles an hour, and down hill, if the hill was long enough and steep enough, I could get forty, and boys, how she rattled at forty. Mrs. Redden used to hang onto the seat and say: "How fast are you going?" I would say: "Don't look at the speedometer. Just look straight ahead, and as long as we stay on the road we will get there." It gets thirty or forty degrees below zero, but that is nothing to have a fresh air car. That is what makes me so robust and husky, living out in the open air among the trees of the Northwest.

I determined that I would find every logging camp along the highways and byways of central Oregon. I found three hundred and fifty families isolated in the mountains that hadn't looked into the face of a preacher for thirty years—hadn't been touched with the Gospel. I found twenty-nine logging camps, with 3,500 men, 1,000 women and 1,400 boys and girls. When the Board of National Missions said to me: "Do logging camp work, and that is all," I said: "Let me go. I will do both, if I have to double up. Time is short and these souls must be met with the Gospel of Jesus Christ." I was able to find them with this old machine. The first year I drove it 22,000 miles, but it refused to go further and lay flat on its stomach. It was then that Dr. McCartney heard the S. O. S. call and his church sent me $800.00 to buy a new Ford, and I have covered over 52,000 miles. Last year God gave me the privilege of preaching to 22,000 of these lumber jacks. Two hundred and fifty-five precious souls confessed Christ. I gave out 50,000 magazines to the men.

The fellow I have to bother me is not the drunkard, not the outcast and not the licentious, but it is that fellow who has gone to the university or college, that has such a big head that he thinks he knows more than God. He will say: "Here is a book I have been reading by Dr. So and So. Have you read it? He is a doctor. He is a Ph.D. and an LL.D. He does not believe the Bible." "Is that so? Well, all he needs to finish, his education is ASS in great big letters." I don't pay any attention to them, and I get out the old Book, and say: "This is God's Word. All you have to do is to believe it, and it will transform your life, as it has done mine. Put it to the test. Never mind these hill-billies."

Let's go into a camp. We go to the cook house first. We have to get in touch with the cook. If you don't, you don't get very far. And, hard boiled! Say, let me draw you a word picture of one! Here he stands, leaning up against the table, with a white apron and a little white cap on, with a cigarette in the corner of his mouth, and he looks like a bail of hay with the middle wire busted. He looks cockeyed at me, and says: "What do you want?" "Are you the cook?" "Yes, what

do you want?" "Well, I am a preacher." "You are a what?" "I am a preacher." "Well, you don't think all the hypocrites live around here, do you?" "No, I have met lots of them in the churches back home. I didn't come out looking for hypocrites. I came looking for men." "Say, there was a preacher out here two weeks ago, and we were having a crap game and we were going fine, and he stuck his head in the window and said: 'You are all going to hell.' We told him to get the hell out of here, and we don't know whether he went or not. He has never been back." He said: "You look out." I said: "I am going to watch my step. How are the chances of holding a meeting tonight in the cook house?" "Nothing doing." "Well, can I make an announcement in the cookhouse?" "Yes, but no meeting." I started around to the front. Here is a long cook house with tables and benches enough to seat 168 stalwart lumber jacks. These men, some of them, are not only enemies of the church, but enemies of the bathtub. All you have to do is smell them when they go by. One smell is enough. If you get two, you need an undertaker. I looked them over—Bolsheviks, Communists and I. W. W.'s. Listen! These men, when I met them with the Gospel of Jesus Christ, had such a hatred in their hearts, that they looked upon me as vermin. Dr. Matthews said something this morning about the Peace of God that passes understanding. I say to you that I went out among the toughest and the roughest and the scum of the universe, and was cursed into hell, yet never once was I disturbed. He is our peace.

When it comes time to eat—say! These men march in and take their seats—no ceremony—everything starts going down. I said: "Men, after you get through supper I am going to have a meeting out underneath the trees. I want every man that will, to come. I am not going to take up an offering. I am not going to ask for anything. I am just going to tell you about Jesus Christ." "Hell!" said one of the fellows, "Another parasite has come to town." I saw that the fellow hadn't shaved for three months, and said: "If your boss knew all about you, when you get your check on the 10th of the month, there would be written on it: 'You are a parasite, and you are through.' I'll bet you don't know what a parasite is." They commenced to snicker and to elbow each other, and perpetual motion was discovered at once. Those fellows eat their way in and eat their way out, and holler for more. Then I sang them a song, something like this:

I am on a shining pathway, down life's shortening years,
And my heart has known its sorrows. Mine eyes have seen their tears.
But, I saw the shadows flee, and my soul found victory,
When I trusted in the merits of the Man of Galilee.

When I was through singing, the cook was in the doorway, and with a wave of his hand, said: "Another damn fool has come to camp." I said to myself: "Are they going to bluff me out? Will I be able to go through?" Let me tell you something! In that camp today we have a building 60 feet long and 15 feet wide. We have a Sunday School, with an average attendance of 90. We just closed a vacation Bible School, before I turned my feet eastward, with 155 enrolled, and 125 average attendance, and there were fourteen of these boys and girls that made a public confession of Jesus Christ. This year alone, since the first of April, God has given me 133 precious souls, back there in the mountain fastnesses—boys and girls that are growing up to become men and women of the future, learning about Jesus Christ and His power to save, and knowing what it is to be redeemed by the Precious Blood of His Dear Son.

One night when I went into camp I went over and saw the cook. "I am not coming back to your camp any more." "What is the matter?" "There is lots the matter. Why did you call me a damn fool about three months ago?" "That is nothing, preacher. I didn't mean it. I couldn't help it. It just came out of me. I thought any man that could sing like you, ought to be a damn fool for coming into camp to deal with a bunch of loggers." "Would you ever listen to me, if I did nothing but preach? You would have turned your back, but the song won you. When I stand out on the stump and sing the song: 'Tell Mother I'll Be There,' or 'Where Is My Wandering Boy Tonight,' you stand in that window. I don't see you, but God sees you. You listen to what I have to say because the song has brought you." He said: "I was born in the rear end of a saloon in a whiskey barrel. My mother died when I was two years old, and just before she died she brought me to the Lutheran Church and had me baptised, and when you got through speaking, I wondered if my mother was like yours." I said: "She must have been. If you will accept the same Jesus your mother trusted in, you will meet her." He hasn't accepted yet, but he is nearer to the Kingdom of Heaven tonight than he was four years ago. He is a good friend of mine. He gave me a bunch of neckties before I left, to wear. I don't like neckties. You women are responsible for us wearing neckties and collars. Look at your necks. No collars or neckties. Nothing but a string of beads. Men would look just as pretty as you if they wore the same thing. Let me tell you something! More preachers have ruined their voices from tight collars than anything else. Woman got us to eat the apple, and that didn't stop us from talking, and collars and neckties will never stop me. I don't wear them where I work. In that camp I have seen men's lives transformed.

In dealing with lumber-jacks, one must remember that these men are isolated from the outside world, are back in the mountain fastnesses, and many of them are soon forgotten. Their hearts are hardened. They are driven to their task day after day, and when night comes and supper is over they are ready for their bunks. This is their home—a room eighteen feet long, ten feet wide, with a bed in each corner, and a stove in the center of the bunk-house, which is neutral ground. The only home a lumber-jack has in most cases is that corner.

I had spoken to a fine group of men, and at the close of the meeting I felt led to visit some of the men in the bunk-houses. As I approached this one man, I handed him a tract entitled, "The Sinking of the Titanic." He was lying on his back when I handed him the tract. He read the title, sat straight up in his bunk, his face became crimson, and he narrowed his eyes on me, and said: "You dirty pup. The woman that gave birth to you ought to be in hell."

"Why bring my mother into it? What has she to do with it?"

"Never mind, get out of this cabin before I throw you out, you dirty pup."

I knew in order to avert trouble it would be best to move to neutral ground. Six times he said he would throw me out of his cabin. The other men became interested. Men gathered outside the cabin, hoping any minute to see the preacher come flying through the door.

"Say, you said six or seven times you were going to throw me out. Why don't you do it?" I asked him.

"I will," he answered. But he didn't. I walked out. He had no good words for me. I found out later that his father had committed an awful crime and had to go to jail for it, and he blamed a minister.

Six months had passed and I drove into the camp one day. One of the men hailed me, and said: "George, do you remember Bill?"

"Yes, I remember him. What about him?"

"We took him to the hospital this afternoon. The last thing he said was: 'If the Sky-Pilot comes into camp today, tell him I want to see him in the hospital'."

I wasted no time, and drove straight to the hospital, twenty-five miles away. There I found the poor fellow in awful shape. The doctors told him he would have to be operated upon at once. I asked him what he wanted of me. "You haven't forgotten what you said to me in your cabin, have you?"

"No, I haven't," he answered, "and that is the reason I asked you to come. I am an old man. I have worked in the woods for forty years and that's enough to make anyone hard-boiled and to forget any religious training. But many times I thought of the time I had told you to get out of my cabin, and longed for the time when I could explain it to you. Sky, I'm sorry." And he was.

"I love you, Bill," I said, "and I have longed for the day to come when I would be able to point you to Jesus, who forgave those who spoke against Him. Have you ever confessed Christ as your Saviour?"

"No, I have not."

"Now is the time. You do not know whether you will come out of this operation or not."

"I know that ninety-nine chances out of a hundred are against me," he said.

"Then, why not confess Christ now? Why not say yes to Jesus? God has said in His Word, 'If thou shalt believe in thine heart and confess with thy mouth the Lord Jesus Christ, thou shalt be saved.' Do you believe that?"

By this time the Holy Spirit had done his office work in the heart of the old, rough lumber-jack, for he reached out his hand from underneath the blanket, put it in mine, and said: "Sky, I confess Christ and accept Him as my Saviour. And, if I come out of this operation, I want you to baptize me in the river."

I thanked God, shook the hand of the old lumber-jack, and said goodbye. It was early the next morning when I was called to the hospital. The doctor said: "Hurry, George, Bill has been calling for you for an hour."

As I entered the death chamber, his eyes opened and he smiled, and reached out his hand from underneath the covers, and said: "Goodbye, George, I'll meet you in heaven." And he was gone.

I drove over the snow one winter day, with the old Chevrolet, as she rattled over the high centers and deep ruts. I suddenly found myself in front of a house, unpainted. Outside stood a man. He wore a broad brimmed hat and he had a mustache that came down over his mouth and went back over his ears. I didn't follow it after that. He had a great, big cud of tobacco in his mouth. I'll bet that fellow could hit a jackrabbit sixteen blocks away, without changing his tracks. "Who are you looking for?" he asked. I said: "Partner, I am looking for you." They were always thinking I was a sheriff. He found out afterward that I wasn't the sheriff, and when he found out I was a preacher, he spluttered and spit the cud out of his mouth in the snow, and said: "Come on inside. My wife is a Christian." I went inside and met a great, big, husky woman. Boys! If she ever started for me, I would want an airplane outside, all heated and started ready to go. Let me tell you, she was some humdinger. And muscles! She could take a ten gallon can and put it up on the tail of an automobile and wouldn't have to whistle afterward. She was embarrassed and was trying to cover her dirty apron. She had no time to think about cleaning up. There were thirteen youngsters—three of them her own grand-

children. Her daughter was taken away and left three little ones. She worked hard, back in that isolated place, to keep body and soul together. When she found I was a minister, the tears streamed down her face. She said: "You are the first Christian man or minister that has been in my home in twenty-nine years."

We talk about America being evangelized. We talk about people in America being touched with the Gospel. There are places in central Oregon that the Board of National Missions can never touch, because they haven't the money to send men to do the work, where there are souls that have never heard the sound of the Gospel of Jesus Christ.

After that, I was invited to stay for dinner, and there we sat around a wooden table. No tablecloth. The kids marched in, sizing me up, wondering what I was wanting, or what I had to sell. They all started out to get something to eat. Everybody had first chance. The mother said: "Wait a minute." "Well, what in the heck is the matter, mother?" they said. "Can't we eat? What is the ceremony about?" "There is a preacher here," she said. You should have seen the looks on the kids' faces. They pulled back and looked me over on one side and on the other. The mother said: "We are going to pray."

What would it mean to you, tonight, if you were isolated with a Godless man back in the mountain fastnesses of some great forest, with thirteen children, with a man who didn't believe in God? What would it mean to you? That woman bowed her head and I asked God to bless that home, and he did. Out of that home has come a young man, who accepted Jesus Christ on the front door steps, and he is in Albany College now, making good in his second year. His sister, nineteen years of age, confessed Christ, and she, too, is going this fall to Albany College, to go on and learn that she might go out and give to the world something worth while, and who knows what God might do with some of the rest of that family. That family took communion the first time in twenty-nine years. Does it pay?

I went into a man's home one day, and he looked at me, and wanted to know what I wanted. When I told him I was a missionary, he said: "Well, I would rather see you a missionary than a bootlegger."

I said: "What do you know about bootleggers?" He said: "I am one. I have three boys, and they have never heard the Word of God without cursing. I used to be a Christian man. Here I am. My wife is heart-broken. She is about to have a child now, and the poor woman don't know which way to turn." I said: "Turn to Jesus Christ."

We went down on our knees in prayer. Get down on your knees. Don't waste any time. That is where things are settled, back in the mountain fastnesses, alone with Him, brothers.

When I returned the next time, it was lambing time. He had bought a flock of sheep and gone out of the bootlegging game, and

when I awakened him from sleep, he told me straight out how he came back to God and started a Sunday School, where those boys could learn about Jesus Christ and His power to save. Eighty miles from the nearest church! What an opportunity it is! Listen! We go down the highway and find a bunch of men. Wherever there are men, we preach to them.

I remember one night I went into a camp, and a fellow tried to scare me out. I said to him: "My name is Redden. This man will tell you." I never go into the logging camps unless the general manager or superintendent gives me permission. I never go in without credentials in my pocket. So, I said: "Here is Mr. So and So. Do you know his name? Here is my letter. I never pull it out unless I have to, but if I have to, I will."

"Where are your credentials?" he said. "How do I know you are not a fool or a fanatic?" I said: "There is Mr. G..... Talk to him. He says: 'He is to have a clean bed and the hall is to be lighted and cleaned tonight to hold a meeting, and he can stay as long as he wants to'."

At five o'clock I went over to the commissary timekeeper, and the foreman was drunk, and they were going to have a heck of a time with me. I knew the party was on, but I knew this: My Rescue Mission work in Chicago, and the Union Rescue Mission in Boston, and having charge of the Bridewell while I was a student, had brought me into intimate contact with men. I said: "Where is the key? I will clean up the hall." He said: "We will have it cleaned."

At half past six I went in to dinner, and I said: "I am going to sing you a song," and this fellow jumped up and said: "You blankety, blank preacher. We have a fellow here that can sing rings all around you." I said: "That's fine. Bring him up and we will sing a duet."

When seven o'clock came, the hall wasn't lighted, and wasn't heated and nothing was done. The boys came to the meeting and there was no meeting to be had. At seven-thirty I went around to the timekeeper, and said: "Where am I going to sleep?" He said: "Sleep anywhere you want to." I said: "I want you to find the place where I am going to sleep."

I have a picture of a logging camp here. You may see it tonight. Don't take it away. It gives an idea of what a logging camp looks like in the Northwest.

So he went around to the surveyor's camp, and took me in and said: "Sleep in this bed." I said: "All right. I will sleep in that bed." I made a fire and after reading some Scripture and having prayer, I climbed in. As I straightened my feet out, I felt something funny. I pawed a little, and it got funnier. I said: "I wonder what the heck that is? There is something moving." So I jumped out and pulled the

bed clothing down, and there a rat had laid her little ones. There were about six of them, and they had taken the wool and fuzzed it all up. There these little fellows were sleeping, until I disturbed them.

I said: "I will not sleep there." I looked in the next bed before I got in, and found it was all right. The next morning I walked on down, and I said: "Say, Bud. You are an awful fellow." "What is the matter with you?" he said.

"You put me to sleep with the rats last night." "I never did any such thing," he said. "You did too. Come on with me," and I took him down there and pulled the bed clothing down, and he said: "Gee, I didn't know that."

I said: "That is O. K. I am going down to Klamuth Falls, and I am wondering what to tell the boss about the meeting last night." He said: "Did you have a meeting last night?" "No," I said, "but I want you to tell me what to tell him." "I don't know anything about it," he said.

"You have to tell me, because I am going to see him, and he will ask me, and what will I tell him?"

"Heck," he says, "I don't know what to tell him." I said: "You have to tell me." "Oh! Gee, preacher," he says, "forget it, will you, and the hall will be ready for you tonight and you can stay as long as you want, and you will be welcome."

In that camp we organized a Sunday School, and the only one that I could get to teach it was a girl fourteen years old, who was not a Christian. She said: "I will teach it, Mr. Redden," and I had to teach her and show her the way to Christ. That little girl taught that Sunday School in that camp where those men thought they were going to scare me out.

Men and women, if I had time I could go down the line and tell how God has moved upon the hearts of these people. When Al Smith was running for president, there were only two of us in the camp that had backbone enough to wear Hoover's pin. I was one and the Sunday School superintendent was the other, and he stood behind me all the time. They were Al Smith fans—over 750 of them. I said: "Go to it," and I knew enough to keep my mouth shut.

On the night of the election, they said: "Here is the preacher. He is all dry. He will be wet after tonight, whether he wants to, or not." New York went overwhelmingly for Al Smith. I said: "I am here. The superintendent is gone, but I am here, and I will be here when the rest of you fellows are gone."

When the up-states began to come in, 10,000, 15,000, 20,000 and up to 25,000, the crowd commenced to disappear. Bill was always there and watching me. He was watching that night, and Hoover was ahead. He grabbed his hat and said: "This is no place for a Baer. The preacher

is all alone." I sat there the rest of the night and listened to the returns and was unmolested.

Believe what you believe and stand for it. These men, who damned me in hell and said I wouldn't last but a few days in camp—these same men take their hats off to the preacher today. I have taken the bootlegger home and put him to bed, and put his booze under his bed for him. When he woke up the next morning, he said: "Where is that preacher, and where is my booze?" When he found out, he said: "He must be a man after all." He drank some of it and gave some of it away, and I went out and found that he was about to be fired. I rushed him to the bath house and he looked like he was a piece of beefsteak when I was through with him. I turned on the hot water and then the cold, and he hollered bloody murder. He said: "For God's sake, preacher, stop. You are killing me." I said: "I know you are sober now," and when I rubbed him down, believe me, he needed talcum powder to make him white. The result was that his wife came back to him. He is a Roman Catholic and has never accepted the Protestant religion. He has given up booze, and instead of fighting against me, he fights for me. If any one comes into his place and commences to damn me, out he goes.

It was about four o'clock in the afternoon. I had trailed the mail box back seven miles from the main highway, when suddenly there came into view a log cabin. There stood a man with a black beard, and I could tell by the expression on his face that he was wondering who the visitor might be. The snow was deep; the sun had gone down over the hill; the blue tint had settled over the woods. It was getting colder and colder every minute. The trees seemed to resent the intense cold. You could hear them crack. I soon heard the man's voice from the porch.

"Who are you? What do you want? Who are you looking for?"

"I'm looking for you, sir," I said, as I got out of my car and advanced toward him.

"What do you want of me?"

"I'm a Presbyterian missionary sent out by the Board of National missions to find out who is who in this part of the country. I saw a mail box out by the road and I felt sure someone must live here."

"A missionary?"

"Yes, a missionary." Then he told me his story, how he had found his way to this cabin, where he found this old man and woman, she 80 and he 82, and how they had taken him in and how he had been able to make a livelihood for them. He had been there now for four years.

"They're waiting for the undertaker," he continued, "They don't want to live. They've wanted to die for a long time. They would be

glad to see you, I'm sure. It might cheer them up a bit."

"Very well. Let us go in. But remember, you must not tell them who I am and what my business is, for they will never guess." I was dressed more like a lumber-jack than a preacher.

The door swung open, and we entered a room where the old man and woman sat rocking to and fro, waiting for the undertaker. The fire was blazing away in the stove, for it was cold. The windows were closed tight. Burlap and newspapers were put up to keep out the cold.

"How do you do, folks? I understand you're waiting for the undertaker."

"Well," said the old man, "we might as well be dead as to live this way. We're no use to anyone. We should have been dead a long time ago."

"Oh, I don't know, but I know you'll be ready for the undertaker when I get through with you."

"Well, well, what are you going to do with us?" asked the old man, looking up into my face.

"Never mind, remember what I said, that you'll be ready for the undertaker when I get through. Say, did you ever hear the story of the old lady who had only two teeth? One was on the upper jaw and the other was on the lower jaw, and she thanked God that they met."

At this the old lady put her hand to her jaw, and commenced to laugh. "What are you laughing at?" I asked.

"Well, I have two teeth, but they're both on the lower jaw."

"Did you ever hear the story about the colored man who worked hard all day chopping wood to get money enough to buy a beefsteak for himself? He put the beefsteak on the platter in the kitchen and went out to get wood in the wood shed to fry his steak. While he was gone, a dog came in, stole the meat, licked the platter clean, and left Sambo with an awful appetite. That night was prayer meeting at the church, and Sambo had never missed a prayer meeting, nor had he ever missed testifying. The whole neighborhood had heard of his misfortune in losing his steak. Even the preacher had heard about it. The testimony meeting was about over and Sambo hadn't testified, when the preacher said:

"Brethren and sistern, we all know what happened to Sambo, how he done worked hard all day for his beefsteak and how when he was out in the woodshed getting wood, a dog stole his steak. To relieve Sambo of his embarrassament, we will close the meeting and go home."

Suddenly Sambo sprang to his feet, shouting at the top of his voice: "Hallelujah, Praise the Lord."

"Well," said the preacher, "what makes you shout so? What have you to be thankful for?"

"It's true, the dog did steal my steak, but I thank the Lord I still have the appetite."

We all joined in upon round and round of laughter. Their faces changed. I knew too much of this was not good for them. If I carried this too far, they might in truth need an undertaker, and that would not do. A change had taken place. The first time in many years their hearts had been stirred. They heard their own voices in laughter, and smiles were on their faces.

By this time they were wondering who the stranger was in their midst. What was he doing there? What was he after? Then an old Irish song came to my mind, and I stood back against the wall as they gazed into my face, and sang:

"Sometimes in the hush of the evening hour
When shadows creep from the West,
I think of the twilight songs you sang
And the boy you lulled to rest.
The wee little boy with the tousled head
That long, long ago was thine;
And I wonder if sometimes you think of that boy,
Oh, little mother of mine."

Again the scene was changed. Love had nested in their hearts. The old man and woman sat holding hands, with the tears trickling down their cheeks. I knelt between the two chairs, placing my hands on their knees, and prayed that God would help them, strengthen them, bless them, encourage them, and lead them unto that eternal day when the Sun of Righteousness would take them unto Himself. It was then and not until then that they realized that the stranger within their door was a Christian and perhaps a minister. I could feel their hands tighten over mine, as though to say: "God bless you."

As I rose to my feet, they still clung to my hands. Looking up into my face the old woman said: "We have waited a long time for you. You'll come again, won't you?"

"Yes, I'll be back again. There are many more like you that are waiting and have waited long. Goodbye. Don't forget now. Pray and trust in God."

"As I went toward the door, the old man rose and followed me. He placed his hand on my shoulder, looked into my face and said: "Young man, you've done my wife more good than anything else has for years. You'll come again, won't you?"

"Yes, I'll be back again," I promised.

As I left that home and sat down in the old Chevrolet, wrapping my fur coat about me and pulling my cap down over my ears, I thanked God for the day when I put my hand to the plow and that I had not turned back.

The Subject of Scriptures

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Scripture Reading, Eph. 1:9, 10; Rev. 22:13

One of the essential things in studying the Scripture is that we take a right perspective, for apart from a correct viewpoint, we must of necessity fail in interpreting this entire revelation and miss the vision of its range and the unity of its plan.

We shall never rightly comprehend the content of the Bible until we concentrate upon Christ as the sublime centre of all God's purposes. There was no indefiniteness nor indecision about the Divine Counsels from the very beginning. The whole structure of revealed truth is framed with one predominant motive, and the entire scope of its manifold glory scintillates about one majestic personality.

Let us recognize, as we approach the subject of our meditation, that God is the Master Architect, the Perfect Synthesist, and the Incomparable Centralist.

A visit to the art galleries of Italy reveals two outstanding features in relation to the methods of the great Masters. Tenta Retto assayed to paint the largest painting on canvas in the world, and the production which may be seen in the great hall of the old palace in Venice, measures about 75 feet long by 36 feet high, into which area the compositor massed six hundred life size figures. Although it was a great achievement in the realm of art, the nature of the picture is exceedingly disappointing for it is impossible to discover a subject of any kind in the conglomerate mass of human characters. Tenta Retto lacked one of the great essentials in artistry, namely centrality. He had no pivotal point or central outstanding object in his pictures.

In contrast to this, the Galleries of Florence and Rome, together with the Sistine Chapel, abound with the renowned pictures of Raphael. Although a contemporary painter, he never undertook a task without a definite object in view which he succeeded in producing in such a clear cut way, as to arrest the attention of all who beheld his work with intelligent interest. However many the details, they but contributed to make the central governing object of his work the more conspicuous.

He not only possessed those rare and wonderful powers of a com-

positor, but was the greatest synthesist that lived. Raphael chose the divine method unfolded in the spiritual realm. For in the revelation of the mystery of God's will, He has purposed to gather together in one all things in Christ, both which are in heaven and which are on earth, even in Him." Eph. 1:9-10.

The whole volume of Biblical truth directs our attention to one matchless form, lonely in transcendent grandeur and lovely in radiant splendor. Like as the sun controls our planetary system, so the Sun of Righteousness is the sole governing centre and unto Him all lines converge. In the very gospel in which He claimed to be the "Light of the world," He also said, "And I, if I be lifted up, will draw all unto me."

Christ, therefore, is the subject of the Bible and our objective is to trace in briefest possible outline the threefold division of the concluding passage we read together, which encompasses in its all embracing sweep everything of truth, might and love.

Christ is the crowning purpose of all Revelation, the controlling power of all creation, and the centralizing personality of all history. These stupendous statements of claim are included in the declaration made to St. John.

Firstly: "I am Alpha and Omega." Which implies that He is the subject matter of all Revelation.

Secondly: as "The beginning and end" He stands in relation to Creation as the originator of all and the objective of all.

Thirdly: as the "First and last" He holds priority and precedence in all history.

(1) THE ALPHA AND OMEGA OF REVELATION

In view of the fact that all Scripture contributes something to Christ by way of contrast, comparison or compliment, we may, for brevity sake, divide the Bible in eight sections, as covering the moral, governmental, typical, prophetical, literal, vital, spiritual and judicial glories of Christ.

In the first of Genesis to Deuteronomy, Christ is set forth in prefiguration. We need but recall the promised seed, the only son, Shiloh, the sacrificial lamb, the smitten rock, the sustaining manna, the sanctuary, the Shekinah, the sacrifices, the serpent uplifted, the Star of Jacob, the sceptre of Israel, and scores of other figures which contribute their part in setting forth some aspect of His virtues, character and achievement, and receive their confirmation in New Testament Revelation as being fulfilled by His life.

The second division, Joshua to Esther, presents Christ in prevision. He is the subjugator of alien power as the Captain of the Lord's Host.

The securer of the inheritance from alien possession as the kinsman Redeemer. The sovereign ruler pictured in David and Solomon, and the lustrous Kings of Israel. The supplanter of the Temple as a place of welcome and point of communication between God and man, and the strong deliverer from the bondage of captivity with power to restore, renew and reconcile.

Thirdly, Job to the Song of Solomon, deals with Christ in prescience. He is foreseen as the sure Redeemer, the sterling witness, the sighed for daysman, the subject of worship, the source of supply, the secret of salvation, the shepherd ruler, the smarting surety, the steadfast lover, the stalwart friend, the sum total of wisdom, and the select companion, who is altogether lovely; these and many other illustrations of His offices, vocations and relationships are packed into this section.

Fourthly, Isaiah to Malachi, contributes an equally wonderful share in the setting forth of Christ, in prediction. The five greater Prophets depict Christ on His throne of supremacy. Isaiah presents the character of that throne as Holy, together with its counsels of peace. St. John leaves no reason to doubt the occupancy of the throne for He saith "These things saith Isaiah when he saw glory and spake of Him." John 12:43.

Jeremiah deals with the justice of that throne condemning sin and conquering sin by sacrifice, in order to establish a new covenant. The Lamentations of Jeremiah depict the sympathy of the throne in compassion for the afflicted and concern for Israel in view of the enemies' scorn, gloating over their national calamity.

Ezekiel visualizes the same throne with the likeness of a man above upon it, surrounded by figures which declare its constancy and competency. The whirling wheels are symbols of perpetual procedure displaying the abiding constancy of the administration, while the restoration of the pestilential valley of the Jordan to a health resort, the rebuilding of the temple of living stones, the resurrection of dry bones and renewal of the nation and such like stupendous achievements, all of which reveal its competency. There is no prophet that presents the Grace, Government and Glory of the throne of Christ so vividly and victoriously as Ezekiel does.

Daniel continues with the same subject and describes the Throne in conflict with Gentile pride and in the ultimate consummations, at the end of time.

In Hosea, Christ is the Saviour for Salvation and His appealing love which is referred to sixteen times in the prophecy marks the nature of the one who saves. In Joel, He is our Sanctification; in Amos, our sin-bearer; in Obadiah, the servant of Jehovah; in Jonah, the selfless herald; in Micah, the very semblance of deity. Nahum describes

Him as the stronghold in the day of trouble; in Zephaniah, He is our security, the one in whom we are hidden, a figure which is expressed later in Col. 3.

In Habakkuk, He is our strength with its accompanying joy. Haggai portrays Him as the shaker of kingdoms, confirmed in Heb. Ch. 12:27. Zechariah describes Him as the sentinel of mercy, and Malachi as the Sun of Righteousness.

Truly, as Peter declared, "To Him give all the prophets witness." And as John states, "The testimony of Jesus is the spirit of prophecy." Rev. 19:11. At this stage the O. T. closes and how tragic it would be if this were the end of Revelation. The course we have traversed unveils as far as human need is concerned, the demand for a perpetual priest, a permanent King and a perfect Prophet. These three offices pervade the Old Testament Scriptures. The Priest under the old economy was bedecked in colors of blue, the King in purple and the Prophet in scarlet which intimate the Heavenly Grace, the Kingly Government and the Prophetic Glory that would centre in the Son of God.

We now turn with eagerness to contemplate the one upon whom this age abiding testimony was focussed. In approaching the four Gospels, we behold the Christ in person, the very representative and resemblance of deity, manifested to reveal God the Father. The four evangels depict His four-fold dignity as King, Heir, Priest and Son. These four portraitures are graphic and clear cut. Matthew is chiefly occupied with what He said; Mark, with what He did; Luke, with what He felt; John, with what He was; or to express these in other terms, Matthew records His word; Mark His work; Luke His wisdom, and John His will.

The manifestation is full and complete, spanning the range of sovereignty, service, sympathy and superiority. St. Matthew describes Him in the Majesty of His Kingly dignity, redeeming our forfeited kingship for the kingdom. St. Mark records the ministry as the heir of the estate, redeeming our forfeited heirship to the inheritance. St. Luke presents Him in the meditation as priest redeeming our forfeited fellowship and reconciling us to God. St. John reveals Him in the mystery of His deity redeeming our forfeited sonship and giving us authority to become sons of God.

The first portraiture is the silhouette, with the Old Testament as a vivid background portraying every feature of His Imperial Dignity and Sovereignty. The second is the steel engraving with its strong lines of delineation, throwing into prominence the strenuousness of His industrious devotion and service. The third is the semitone portrait wherein the effulgent light of His deity is filtered through the screen

of His humanity to present the tender tones of His pity and compassion. His lustrous dignity as the Son of Man with all the keenness of intelligent discernment and heartfelt sympathy, mark Him out in His identity with the human race, that He might be a merciful and faithful priest-king, in things pertaining to God.

The fourth is the superlative picture reflecting the full statue of His deity. The final insignia of His sonship is disclosed in seven signs, ranging from one of Creation, to one of Resurrection, to the intent that we might believe that Jesus is the Christ, the Son of God in His infinite diety and superiority. These four set forth the majesty and ministry, manifestation and mystery of the wondrous person of the Christ.

The sixth section constitutes the Book of Acts, where the Lord is seen in prestige, which simply means a position at God's right hand, obtained by virtue of past achievements on the merits of which all future accomplishments are assured. Here also is recorded the gift of His glorification in the person of the Holy Spirit whose work is to enthrone Christ as Lord and equip His servants for a universal program. His great task through the disciples is to manifest Christ and minister Christ in order that men might see in them, living epistles and hear from them, the life giving evangel.

The seventh comprises the epistles where Christ is seen in pre-eminence. We may select for the purpose of condensing our survey the figures used to describe the Church, which is spoken of in this division as a body, a bride, a building, a family, a flock, a fellowship, and a new man. Without exception our Lord holds the supreme place.

In relation to the body, He is the sole head. Of the Bride, He is the bridegroom; of the building He is the foundation and chief corner stone; of the flock, He is the chief shepherd; of the family, He is the first-born; of the fellowship, He is the bond, and of the new man, He is the creator. In every instance He is supreme, that in all He might have pre-eminence. The solving of the five universal problems is likewise reserved for His resourceful and resolute administration. Man is confronted with disorder and chaos in the National, Racial, Civil, Social and creedal realms. The attempt is being made by a League of Nations, to put the national matter right. The movement for racial equality would fain rectify the racial problem. World unions are assaying to settle class disparity. The suffragette movement strives in vain to bring sex strife into accord, while encycles and conferences aim at amalgamation of Churches to put the creed controversy in order.

When all things are gathered together in Christ, there shall be neither Jew nor Greek and national conflict shall cease. There shall be neither Barbarian nor Scythian, the racial cleavage shall end. There

shall be neither bond nor free and class clash shall disappear. There shall be neither circumcision nor uncircumcision and the religious controversy shall terminate. There shall be neither male nor female and the sex conflict shall vanish. Tissot, one of our famous artists has illustrated this perfected society by depicting on the canvas a central figure devoid of all national characteristics as representing Christ, surrounded by a group of individuals of various national features all of whom are attracted to Him, welcomed by Him, and satisfied in Him.

Christ is destined to be the Supreme Administrator among the nations, the sole adjudicator of racial problems, the stately arbitrator in class disruption, the sovereign authority in creed disputes and the sublime advocate in social discord. He will abolish all cleavage and present us before the presence of His glory with exceeding joy.

The final section is the Apocalypse, or Revelation, which deals with Christ in presentation. This section surpasses all others with its crowning unveiling of Jesus Christ.

The last book is a summary of the entire Bible with 332 references to the persons, symbols, and imagery of the Old Testament. The whole body of Truth spoken by the prophets is here focussed upon one central figure as in a great masterpiece.

Chs. 1-3 is what Christ says to the churches by the Spirit. Chs. 4-7 is what He does in the estate. Chs. 8-14 is what He secures in the Kingdom, and Chs. 14-22 shows what He is in the City.

Christ is supreme in each realm. He holds the stars in His hand, as the Administrator in the Ecclesiastical realm. The book in His hand as the Executor in the Government realm. The censor in His hand as Mediator in the National realm, and the sickle in His hand as Adjudicator in the civil realm.

These four divisions are occupied with the Church, the Inheritance, the Kingdom, and the City. Among the potentates of earth, there has never arisen an administrator capable of meeting every phase of jurisdiction.

There has never existed an Executor who could discharge every obligation and wholly fulfill every requirement of God and man.

There has never emerged a mediator adequate enough in character and capability to vindicate divine righteousness, justify man from guilt, emancipate from every form of bondage and corruption and bring man into accord with God.

There has never appeared an adjudicator with power to kill and make alive, who knew all the facts and yet never once deviated from immaculate holiness when dispensing justice, but here such an One is unveiled.

This prevailing Prince has conquered death and possesses the

prerogative to wield the power of the spiritual, material, moral and judicial laws.

He holds the legislative, administrative, mediative, and adjudicative offices, and is sovereign in every realm.

In the first section of the Revelation, Chs. 1-3, He overcomes and sits down upon the Throne of celestial authority.

In the second section Chs. 4-7, He prevails to open the book of divine counsels.

In the third section, Chs. 8-13, He triumphs over all opposition and takes the kingdom and reigns, while in the fourth, Chs. 14-22, He lays hold upon the sickle and having reaped the harvest of the earth, judges all mankind at the Great White Throne.

These stupendous personal acts form the background of His meritorious worthiness and qualify Him to take every garland of fame, every chaplet of honor, every crown of majesty, and every coronet of dignity, so that He rides forth bedecked with the many diadems of His prevailing conquests.

II. THE BEGINNING AND END OF CREATION

With the rapid progress that has been made in recent years along the highway of research and investigation, the magnitude and magnificence of this great universe is becoming better known. If we would understand the purpose of God in establishing this ponderous system, we must accept His key of interpretation.

Christ is the Creator of all things visible and invisible. He is before all things, and by Him all things consist. Little wonder, therefore, that the Bible makes use of figures from the mineral kingdom, animal kingdom, bird kingdom, plant kingdom, and celestial kingdom, to set forth His multiform offices and glories. All the universally common things are called into requisition to display His virtues. The bread reminds us that He is the Bread of God, the river, that He gives the Water of Life. The tree, that He is the Tree of Life. The highway, that He is the Way of Life. Yea, as the Firstborn, the Forerunner, the Firstfruits, the Light, the Shepherd, the Lamb, the Door, the Vine and in a score of other familiar figures He is depicted in the Bible record. The visible things are stepping stones to conduct us to the invisible and eternal. This fact is demonstrated all through the Scripture, until finally in the closing book of the New Testament all are drawn together from every sphere of creation to display His glories.

The wonderful volume of light from a full orbed sun, becomes invested with spiritual treasure when the radiance of His face is likened to its glowing strength. A galaxy of stars scintillate with new lustre when held within His own right hand, as the vibrant sign to all the

world and all its generations of His sovereign administrative power.

The gamut of color in the encircling array of a perfect rainbow, proclaims the covenant faithfulness of His emerald Throne. The sparkling whiteness of the stainless snow sets forth the intrinsic purity of His guileless motives and untarnished thought. The glistening gold purified to transparency displays His unmingled righteousness.

From amid the embattlements of fleecy clouds, He chooses one to sit upon, as He assumes the office of universal Judgeship. Rows of precious jewels and priceless pearls, combine to make a diadem of adornment to celebrate His worthiness, for Isaiah declares that the verdure and gracefulness of the Tree of Life with its manifold variety of luscious fruit is the final emblem of His unfailing resource, by virtue of which He satisfies every capacity of His immortal people for the ages of the ages.

In order to survey this great and grand reality that Christ is the center of Creation, and in our attempt to state it concisely, let us make a selection from the realm of scientific knowledge. Science has rendered us a prodigious service by the classifying of details into their various departments and by specifying the order to which differing things belong. As a result, we have become familiar with the subject of Botany, Astronomy, Zoology, Biology, Geology, Philology and such like.

A moment's reflection will suffice to show that the supreme figures from all of these branches of science pay homage to Christ, and contribute their chaplets to adorn His worthiness.

In the realm of astronomy our minds naturally go back to Galilleo, Henderson, Halle, Sir William Harchell, Sir Robert Ball, to say nothing of the great astronomers of more recent date. These men with their ever improving equipment for investigation have brought to light information almost beyond the mind to grasp. The courses of comets and the constellations of the planets, are subjects calculated to impress everyone with a sense of profound awe.

The centrifugal force of the sun, 800,000 miles in diameter, controls our planetary system and contributes the very conditions necessary for all life, heat and energy on this earth. How befitting, therefore, that God should use the sun as a symbol of Christ and call Him the Sun of Righteousness, the Light of the World, and in consequence, the One by whom all things consist or cohere, that is, hold together. By the almightiness of His unwearying power the heavens and earth are maintained and by His word will yet be consummated.

Turning to the study of plant life which has received for its nomination the science of Botany, we enter the domain of an endless variety of flowers and foliage. In this realm we are introduced to the transparent texture of petals, the delicate membranes of leaves, the

translucent tint and rich colorings of blooms that draw our ceaseless admiration.

Standing supreme in renown in this expansive sphere of knowledge is the rose and lily. Both are esteemed for their preeminent queenliness, the one highest in dignity, the other stainless in purity. These flowers but diffuse the resonance of His fragrant virtues and depict the attractiveness of His immaculate character as the Rose of Sharon and the Lily of the Valley. Consider THIS lily for Solomon in all His glory was not so arrayed. To miss the splendor of the "Plant of Renown" Ezek. 34:29, who grew up before Jehovah as a tender plant is to miss God's centre in the realm of Botany.

Next, we would fain marshal in rhetorical amplification the names and haunts and instincts of all birds from the great denizen of the mountain air, to the humming birds of the Amazon Valley. When we have exhausted the myriad varieties with their distinctive plumage and instinctive habits and made choice of the two outstanding specimens of bird life, our attention is directed to the superiority and strength of the eagle and the sympathy and watchfulness of the hen. These two characteristics are set forth in the Son of God as depicting the glorious competency of His unchanging strength, and the gracious care of His unfailing sympathy. So the science of ornithology also yields up the laurels of its swiftest and most useful of birds to portray additional aspects of Him who is Creation's centre.

On turning to the field and forest and attempting to scan the domain of Zoology, we are confronted with the lion and the lamb. Two figures that incorporate everything of majesty and meekness, sovereignty and submission. They tell in their typology of a dominion obtained by death and of a Crown secured by a Cross. We may by diligent research become acquainted with the animal kingdom from the elephant down to the coney and from the bold lion to the bleating lamb, but if there has been no acquaintance formed with "the Lion of the Tribe of Judah," and "the Lamb of God," the essential facts that mean most in experimental knowledge have been lost to us. "Teach me but Christ, all wisdom you bestow, teach me all else, I less than nothing know." As the Lamb of God Christ cleanses my stain and as the Lion of Judah He snaps my chain to deliver me from sin's penalty and its power.

Geology also has flooded the world with scores of volumes containing the fruits of laborious toils and has filled museum cases with specimens from the multiform strata. The rocky fastnesses of the mountains have been scaled and examined. The bastions of the everlasting hills have been tunnelled. Remote deserts have been crossed, the depths of the sea searched, shafts have descended deep into the

deltas of great rivers. Reaching far back before the glacial, carboniferous, pliocene, and divonian periods, yea, prior to all geological aeons stands the Rock of Ages, our steadfast Lord, who is the basis of our trust, the foundation of our faith, the resting place of our confidence and the fortress of our security. "Trust ye in the Lord forever for in the Rock of Ages is everlasting strength."

Human attempts to settle the question of the origin of life have resulted in the biological theory, the glacial theory and the astronomical theory as proposed solutions. Some of the less noble who have pursued these varying and widely divergent lines of research assume that they have obtained a knowledge of origins that outreaches the superior wisdom of God and try to compensate for their scientific ineptitude by a joke on the Bible, or expose their own decrepitude by a jab at Deity.

Man has been able to bring into visibility by means of powerful lenses and strong light rays, minute forms of life that are far removed from the sight of the unaided eye. In vain, however, has he sought for the key of life, for this is held by a higher hand, the Lord having reserved to Himself the prerogative and power to impart life. The Lord is the "fountain of life" and the "tree of life," in other words, life's source and sustentation. Like as the Father hath life in Himself so hath He given the Son to have life in Himself . . . "and He giveth life to whom He will." John V.

When we turn to measurements, distances and durations in the science of horology, He defies every mathematical measurement. We cannot estimate His capacity, for in Him is all fullness. We cannot range distance against Him for He is omnipresent, we cannot challenge His power for He is almighty. We cannot measure His years with time for He is eternal, and His years have no end. Heb. 1. If we would make a start at the earliest point of measurement He is the First, could we continue to the uttermost bound, He is the Last. From everlasting to everlasting, He abides constant, faithful and true.

Man may traverse between these points but all the unknowable that lies before and beyond which man cannot explore, He is familiar with. He created the stars and calls them all by name. He is loftiest in majesty and lowliest in meekness. He has meted out heaven with a span, weighed the earth in a balance, measured the waters in the hollow of His hand, and He taketh up the Isles as a very little thing, yea—There is no searching of His understanding. Isa 40. "He is infinite, eternal, unchangeable in His being, wisdom, power, holiness, justice, goodness and truth." There are no irregularities in the horologium of nature that He established. All man's chronometers and clocks and compasses must be regulated by the precision of His per-

fect creation and He Himself is without variableness or shadow of turning.

We cannot omit a reference to the great medium of communication called language which leads us to the science of philology. The greatest living marvel in this realm of scholarship is Sir George Grierson who received a special order of merit from His Majesty King George in 1928. Sir George is credited with the exceptional attainment of being able to read and write in 179 languages and 554 dialects. When we direct our attention to the personal creator who is the subject of our meditation we are in the presence of the Maker of the human mind who in His omiscience, not only fully understands every language, but knows the unuttered heart-breathings of all mankind. He interprets the burden of a sigh, measures the broken syllables of grief and discerns the meaning of the penitent cry. Not only so, but as the voice prior to all other utterance and as the speech preceding all other expression, He stands in the realm of philology as the "Word" eternal.

In contemplating these figures which are selected by the Spirit of God to set forth the rights and relationships of Christ we are impressed at finding that they constitute all that is loftiest and noblest in the realms of astronomy, botany, ornithology, zoology, geology, biology, horology and philology. The figure as Sun of Righteousness sets forth the supremacy of His administrative authority. The Lion of the Tribe of Judah depicts the Majesty of His commanding strength. The Fountain of Life and the Tree of Life present the dignity of His primogeniture. The Plant of Renown, and Rose of Sharon show the beauty of His amaranthine virtue. The Rock of Ages declares the priority of His everlasting strength. The First and Last describes his infinite greatness, while as the Word, the verity of His personality and purpose is graphically proclaimed.

Whence but from Heaven could such a book have come which in every part so perfectly agrees in setting forth the lonely grandeur of this Christly form? The Father hath given Christ preeminence in all things whether it be Revelation, creation, or history. We have summarized the first two but must omit the third although it is of equal interest and importance, for He is not only First and Last of all ages and annals and records, but divides eras by the great event of His manifestation. His coming to earth diverted the trend of national life, lifted civilization to a nobler channel and planned the highway for the establishment of a perfect society, a royal priesthood and a holy nation.

The subject of our meditation constitutes a challenge, Christ is the center of Revelation, the subject of all Scripture. He is also the crown of Creation with absolute right as Heir of all things. To what extent have we acknowledged the supreme claim of Christ? Are we

content with regarding Him as a kind of appendage to our lives deserving of five minutes of our time morning and evening and an occasional offering? He graciously condescends to accept such a place and will not allow the life to go unblest that shows this meagre recognition.

Some have been deeply moved by the appeal of His sacrificial life and deathless love and have resolved to give to Him a position of prominence in the affairs of life. This attitude He appreciates but it is grossly inadequate. Yet again there are those who like Jonathan have recognized the unqualified claim of our greater David to ownership and overseership of everything in life and are prepared to acknowledge Him preeminent as the Alpha and Omega, the beginning and end, the first and last. This is the only worthy attitude toward a Creator so majestic and a Redeemer so merciful. Now remaineth place, prominence and pre-eminence, these three, but the worthiest of these is Pre-eminence.

I entered once a home of care
  And penury and want were there
But joy and peace withal.
  I asked the aged mother whence
Her helpless widowhood's defence.
  She answered, "Christ is all."

I saw the martyr at the stake,
  The flame could not his courage shake
Nor death his soul appall.
  I asked him whence his strength was given;
He looked triumphantly to heaven
  And shouted, "Christ is all."

I stood beside the dying bed
  Where lay a child with aching head
Waiting for Jesus' call;
  I saw his smile 'twas sweet as May,
And as his spirit passed away
  He whispered, "Christ is all."

The Shadow of the Substance

By REV. CHARLES J. ROLLS, D.D.

Scripture Reading: I Chronicles: Chapter 28: Verse 1-14 with Matthew: Chapter 12: Verse 6.

A large portion of the Old Testament is occupied with symbols and shadows, all of which direct us to the true substance—Christ. When referring to this imagery in the New Testament the Greek word "tupos" which means type is used sixteen times and the word "anti-tupon" a word which suggests that perfect fulfillment of type in the anti-type. Christ is the exact figure and complete form of all shadows. The shadows of the man gives the general indistinct idea of this image but does not present a single feature clearly, so also was the symbolic witness of the Old Testament to the Savior and his work. Even the Priests ministered in their infirmity but Christ in the indissoluble life of glory. Their work was formal and ceremonial; His was final and complete. Amid the multiform variety of objects and ordinances committed to the Jewish nation, there were three outstanding entrustments which spanned the whole range of the divine objective. The three patterns were those of the Tabernacle, Throne, and Temple. God's great gift was to be so imponderable that long before He sent the supreme expression of His Holy love, He forwarded these miniature symbols accompanied with plans and specifications in order than human hearts might be prepared to rightly esteem and enjoy His grace and to really apprehend and appreciate the magnitude of His loving kindness.

Associated with the Tabernacle was a calendar in which the sun governed the years, the moon the months, and the law the weeks. This is a fact that many prophetic students have omitted to take into account or else have entirely ignored. Also a ceremonial and order of sacrifice at the head of which, mantled in gorgeous array, bedecked with an official miter, and supervising the whole of this ordained institution, was a great High-priest. Attached to the Throne were four figures, representing the principles that upheld the authority and sovereignty, and the plan of the city with twelve gates indicative of the character of the society that was governed by the administration. Occupying this throne on earth and holding the delegated scepter of empire was a glorious king. Associated with the temple was a universal privilege, granting the right of access to men of every clime and character. This structure was designed to be a house of prayer for all

nations and a plan for making known the will of God. The great medium of its ministry was a prophet who bore the insignia of his divine appointment in the character of the message revealed to him for the guidance of Israel and the nations.

The Tabernacle was for dwelling, the Throne was for ruling, and the Temple was for blessing. Around these three models the whole Bible is compiled. When the ultimate objective is reached at the close of the unveiling of the Book of Revelation we read: "Behold, the Tabernacle of God is with men and He will dwell with them and they shall be His people and God Himself shall be with them and be their God."—Revelation 21:3. "The Throne of God and the Lamb shall be in it; and His servants shall serve Him"—Revelation 22:3. "God Almighty and the Lamb are the Temple of it."—Revelation 21:22. The presentation is as profound as it is perfect and as perfect as it is sublime. The Tabernacle is the tabernacle of testimony and displays Christ's witness and work. The Throne is the throne of truth and expresses the word and worthiness. The Temple is the temple of treasure, setting forth Christ's will and wisdom. All three symbols are patterns of things in the heavens and each is majestic in its range of glory and scope of teaching.

Our purpose is to deal with the last of the three. Notice that in Matthew 12:3 Christ made this stupendous claim: "There is one in the place greater than the Temple." When we hear these profound words we are not startled as we should be, because we have not given sufficient time to the study of the symbol to which he referred. Maybe we have not taken pains to glance back at what preceded the claim. From Matthew 11:27 is preparatory and constitutes the basis: "All things are delivered to me of my father." Lying between this and His declaration of being greater than the Temple is a statement that might well arrest us. "I am meek and lowly in heart." Yea, earlier still in Matthew 11:11 He claimed to be the lowliest of the least, for when speaking of John the Baptist as the greatest born of woman He added: "He that is lesser in the kingdom of heaven is greater than he." This is impossible of application to any other than Christ Himself and is one of the seven comparisons made in the gospels. He is greater than Abraham, greater than Jacob, greater than David, greater than Solomon, greater than Jonah, greater than John the Baptist, and greater than the Temple. Besides all these, He is better than angels, better than Abel, better than Aaron, better than Joshua and all the worthies of the Hebrew epistle which incorporate the characters of the virtuous from Abel to Zachariah. He is greater than the great, better than the best, fairer than the fair, and richer than the wealthy. Everything pertaining to Him is superlative. His song is the song of songs; His dwelling on

earth was the Holy of Holies; His abode above is the Heaven of Heavens; His name is the name of names; He is Lord of Lords and King of Kings. The entire volume of truth, with its ruling lines of revelation which run through the entire volume, focusses our attention upon the Son of God.

Let us consider how the greatest of the three God-given symbols is fulfilled, surpassed and superseded by the substance it represented.

I. THE TEMPLE WAS THE CITADEL OF WEALTH: HE WAS THE SUBSTANCE OF WEALTH

The word wealth has a multiform variety of applications, which for brevity sake we may summarize as including material, moral and spiritual things. In relation to material wealth, David amassed the prodigious amount of 939,114,000 pounds sterling in gold and silver for erecting the Temple, that is taking the value at the rate of our present gold standard. This amount is equal to the deposits of gold in the United States treasury. When completed, the interior of the structure was overlaid with gold and studded with precious stones, and contained the numerous chambers which were built as the treasuries of the house of the Lord (I Chronicles 28:12).

In the light of this, how can we reconcile Christ's claim as being greater than the Temple? Firstly, because all things were made by Him and He is greater than the metals and materials He made. But transcending the material realm, and leaving it far remote in the scale of values, in Him are hid all the treasures of wisdom and knowledge. Of knowledge inherent, immediate and infinite, combined with the richer quality of perfect wisdom, with its fine judgment and delicate intuition of both moral and spiritual discernment.

In Him all fulness dwells, and of His fullness have all we received, and grace for grace. We are surrounded by fullness of light emanating from the glorious lightholders, but He is the repository of all moral light, ethical light, spiritual light, and the radiance of His effulgence is unapproachable, which no man hath seen nor can see (I Timothy 6:16). There is also a fullness of laws governing the universe. Think of them in every sphere, of heat, sound, color and seasons; laws controlling stars, sun, planets and comets, ocean tides and mountain torrents, but all these but enlarge the range of mental capacity for the appreciating of His greatness, for in Him all fullness dwells and He is pre-eminent in all things, yea, He is all, and in all (Colossians 3:11).

Of His fulness have all we received, and grace for grace. We need but contemplate the riches of His goodness, the riches of His grace, and the riches of His glory, to get a glimpse of the illimitable

supply of His abounding resource. His love is as full as the radiance of an unsetting sun. His affection is as expansive as an unclouded sky. He is anointed with the oil of joy above His fellows, so that His gladness is an unfading glory. The fullness of His mercy is like a shoreless sea, and His grace as a tideless ocean. "In Him dwelleth all the fullness of Godhead bodily, and ye are filled up in Him" (Colossians 2:9, 10).

II. THE TEMPLE WAS THE CENTER OF WORSHIP: HE WAS THE SUBJECT OF WORSHIP

While the Temple stood, millions met to worship in its courts, but the day arrived when He told them that not one stone would be left upon another that would not be thrown down. Then He immediately uttered a profound truth, "This Gospel shall be preached to all nations."

This Gospel of Christ, of which He Himself is the Servant, the Sacrifice, the Sovereign and the Son. The Gospel has been preached, and what are we to say of the multiform millions that have bowed in adoration, since angels heralded His birth. "When He bringeth the first begotten into the world he saith, and let all the angels of God worship Him" (Heb. 1:6). And so they did, for on Bethlehem's plains a great multitude of the heavenly host appeared to voice their grand doxology. The final unveiling of Christ in the Revelation, contains seven matchless doxologies. The Redeemed of the Church sing their anthem. The Redeemed on entering the Inheritance voice their praise. The Redeemed receiving the Kingdom present their tribute, and the Redeemed whose names are registered for the city of God sound forth their paean of triumphant glory. A survey of these anthems reveals that the Lamb is all the glory of Immanuel's land.

Myriads of angels, millions of the Redeemed, hosts innumerable, stretching far out into the remotest bound, with every articulate being, join in praising the glories of His grace. The range and sweep and character of the worship rendered to Him ratifies forever that He is greater than the Temple.

> "Oh worship the King, All glorious above,
> Oh gratefully sing, His power and His love.
> Our Shield and Defender, the Ancient of days,
> Pavilioned in splendour and girded with praise."

III. THE TEMPLE WAS THE CROWN OF WORKMANSHIP: HE WAS THE SURPASSING WORKMAN

No building ever constructed was as unique and magnificent as Solomon's Temple. In origin of plan, in beauty of design, in method of erection, and in choice of situation it stands out as an exceptional

masterpiece. Hundreds of thousands of stones were cut and shaped by scores of thousands of workmen, and the piles of masonry were reared up on the historic site without the clatter of clanging tools. One hundred and eighty-three thousand workmen were employed for seven years to complete the sacred edifice.

Could the mind suggest anything, anywhere, to outvie, surpass, or even compare, to this holy habitation? Nobody dared to, save the supreme Challenger, "There is one in this place greater than the Temple." He made the worlds and yet He ministered to the weary, so majestic was He and yet so meek. He has quarried stones from nature's domain and cut and shaped them by the million in order to build up a spiritual house, a habitation of God through the spirit. How many of these living stones has He made ready? Perhaps we could appreciate the answer a little more by a reference to Greek numerals. The Greeks did their reckoning, not with figures, but by giving numerical values to the letters of their alphabet. By means of this system of reckoning they could count up to ninety-nine million, nine hundred and ninety-nine thousand, nine hundred and ninety-nine; by including all the values of each of the letters in one addition sum. With a fine dash of satire the Spirit of God directs St. John to quote a figure that is gloriously suggestive.

He tells us that the number of the redeemed that sang the anthem to the Redeemer (Rev. Ch. 5) was ten thousand times ten thousand, that is, one hundred million, one in excess of the total number, which in the Greek language could be counted. This does not mean that the number is limited to just one more, for He goes on to say in Revelation (chap. 7) that it is a great host that no man can number. Why so; because it goes beyond the range of human reckoning. An ordinary adding machine will register 9,999 dollars 99 cents, but balks at registering the next unit and leaves a zero on the paper.

Oh, the sublimity of this figure! Christ has taken dead stones from nature's quarries, has imparted to them His own divine nature and life, has engraced them with moral virtues, spiritual graces and holy excellencies in order to build up the God-like society of the city of God. So unbounded are His resources and power, that upon myriads of myriads He has stamped the likeness of His own image to the end that we should show forth His virtue, who are called out of darkness into His marvelous light. Therefore we can only comprehend by surveying the virtues of all saints, what is the length and breadth and depth and height, and know the love of Christ which surpasseth knowledge.

He has been marshalling His host for six thousand years and, with an irresistible procedure, will yet head up all things in Himself, both

which are in heaven and which are on earth, even in Him. Truly, there is One in the place greater than the Temple.

IV. THE TEMPLE WAS THE CAUSE OF WONDER: HE WAS THE SUPREME WONDER

We are told of the Queen of Sheba's wonderment as she gazed upon the magnificence of Solomon's surroundings. Standing out beyond all other impressions was the effect produced when she saw the ascent by which he went up into the House of the Lord. Robinson discovered the two great arch springs, one on the side of Mt. Zion, and the other at the base of the great Temple platform, built by the King. In those days a deep valley separated between Mt. Moriah and Mt. Zion over 120 feet in depth. Solomon constructed a great causeway built upon seven massive pillars, the stones of which Robinson unearthed, weighing over ninety tons each. By this way of ascent He went from his palace on Mt. Zion to the House of the Lord on Mt. Moriah, and when the Queen of Sheba saw this, there was no strength left in her. What are we to say of the ascent of Christ? They wondered at His ministry in Luke 4:18, when He spake His gracious words of deliverance. They wondered at His power when He rebuked the winds and water in the hour of raging storm (Luke 8:24.) In Luke 24:12 they wondered at His empty tomb, and at His activity in resurrection. They wondered supremely at His ascension. All of these things combined, interpret the competence of His unlimited power. He quenched the thirst of longing souls, He quelled the storms of passionate sin, He quickened the dead and imparted new life; no such sympathetic champion and absolute conqueror had ever before been revealed to men. He transcended and transplaced the Temple, for it was designed as a centre where all nations might pray and meet God. He was that true meeting-place, as the sympathetic Priest, the one Mediator between God and man. In Luke, where His character as Priest-King is disclosed, He said to the Pharisees, "They shall come from the east and from the west, from the north and from the south, and shall sit down in the Kingdom of God, and ye yourselves shall be shut out."

A glance at the map, with Luke's geographical references in mind, reveals that the Ninevites came from the east, the centurion from the west, the widow of Zarephath from the north, and the Queen of Sheba from the south, which expresses vividly the teaching He gave. The sons of Abraham found in Him the ratifier of the promise made to the fathers. The Greeks found in Him the perfecter of life, and the Romans found in Him imperial command. His universal purpose of blessing is again vividly set forth in the representatives of the three

races that occupy Acts 8 to 10; the Ethiopian Eunuch of Africa, of the race of Ham, Saul of Tarsus, the Jew of the race of Shem, and Cornelius, the Roman, of the race of Japheth. When the third of these was admitted to the Christian faith, Peter exclaims, "Why He is Lord of all"—Lord of all racially, and Lord of all redemptively. Peter realized the universality of the purpose. St. Paul also comprehended this when he saw the solution of the problems of nation, race, class, creed, and sex all solved in the Son of God (Col. 3:2; Gal. 3:28).

The wonder of the Temple was that it provided a common meeting ground for all, but was limited in that it was localized, while Christ is accessible everywhere because of His Omnipresence. He has made known to us the mystery of His will that in the dispensation of the fullness of times He might gather together in one, all things in Christ, both which are in heaven and which are in earth, even in Him.

"In Christ shall meet both East and West,
In Him both North and South.
All Christly souls are one in Him
Throughout the whole wide earth."

V. THE TEMPLE WAS THE CHAMBER OF WITNESS: HE WAS THE SUBLIME WITNESS

The Temple stood as a charming witness to the goodness and beneficence of God, to the bounty of His resource and the liberality of His nature. Thereby Deity was sent forth in Trinity and Unity. The Priest, King and Prophet resorted thither to discharge obligation and receive commissions. Thus the witness was twofold; first, it localized and expressed the divine glory because of the effulgence of the Shekinah; secondly, within its fragrant sanctuary and inner chamber, God spake to the prophets.

Christ is the manifestation of the God-head. "He that hath seen me hath seen the Father." He, too, is the final speech of God to men, for "God who at sundry times and in divers manners spake in time past unto the fathers by the prophets, hath . . . spoken unto us by His Son" (Heb. 1:1).

"I have not spoken of myself; but the Father which sent me, He gave me commandment, what I should say, and what I should speak" (John 12:49). The fullest and final witness has been given, therefore St. John uses his note of assurance in the verb "know," one hundred and seventy-seven times. We know, for the true light hath shone forth. We know the way, the truth, and the life. We know that God so loved the world that He gave His Son. We know He came to gather together in one the people of God that are scattered abroad. We know that He has gone to prepare a place for us and will come

again. We know that when He shall appear we shall be like Him, for we shall see Him as He is. "These things saith the Amen, the faithful and true witness, the beginning of the creation of God" (Rev. 3:14).

"In Thee most perfectly expressed, the Father's glories shine,
Of the full Deity possessed, eternally Divine.
True Image of the Infinite, whose essence is concealed,
Brightness of uncreated Light, the heart of God revealed.
Worthy, O Lamb of God art Thou, that every knee to Thee
should bow."

VI. THE TEMPLE WAS A CREATION OF WISDOM: HE WAS THE SOURCE OF WISDOM

Infinite wisdom had created the plan, while the spirit of wisdom, as He is called in Ephesians, imparted the specifications to David (I Chron. 28). David was not permitted to wander in the confusion of bewildering guesswork; the pattern of things in the heavens was disclosed to him by the Spirit. The dimensions and the design of the structure were given in minute detail, in order that the completed Temple might be a glorious monument to the wisdom that produced its design and purposed its function.

Christ is the personification of that wisdom in its fullest and final expression. The designer is greater than the design, "There is One in this place greater than the Temple." The Temple, with its far-reaching fame, is forever outvied in grandeur by the glory of His own enduring name. Christ is the age-abiding "I AM," who lent the effulgence of His name as a resident Shekinah to immortalize its beauty and renown. This stood out supremely as a massive fingerpost of direction to herald the great miracle of His coming manifestation in the world.

"The world's a city with many a crooked street;
And in death's market-place all men meet.
If life was merchandise that men could buy,
The rich alone would live, and poor men die."

There was found in it a poor wise man and he by his wisdom delivered the city (Ecc. 9:15). He came into the midst of our defeat and scattering, as the stateliest among the pure, and the purest among the stately, He met the challenge of sin with its corruption and violence, and stripped inquity of its power that he might transform the stained of earth into the select of heaven. Here is wisdom, "Christ the power of God, and the wisdom of God" (I Cor. 1:24). "Who of God is made unto us wisdom" (I Cor. 1:30). When Haman issued the decree of death over all the Jews, he did not see that it would affect the throne

of Ahasuerus, but Esther was a Jewess, and Haman's decree became his undoing. The devil allured man into a state wherein he could hold him in bondage to death, and death was passed upon all men. The enemy had no foreknowledge and did not foresee that this power of death he held was going to touch the throne of God. But the man Christ Jesus appeared in this world, and that meant the overthrow of him who had the power of death and the emancipation of mankind, who through fear of death were all their lifetime subject to bondage. He by His wisdom delivered the city:

"He hell, in hell, laid low,
Made sin, He sin o'erthrew,
Bowed to the grave, destroyed it so
And death, by dying, slew."

The galaxy of Christ's titles, such as no other being could claim, are suggestive of the range of His infinite wisdom. He is the Daysman who in meditation stands between the soul and the holiness of God. He is the Daydawn who floods the universe of mankind with divine light. "The light that lighteth every man that cometh into the world."

He is the Daystar of radiant hope to His redeemed people. He is the Firstborn of the wondrous family that no man can number. He is the First-fruits of the prodigious harvest field of all missionary and evangelical enterprise. He is the Forerunner in His faithful leadership of the hosts of loyal saints whom He conducts into the courts of the abiding sanctuary. Yea, He is richest among the wealthy, and the wealthiest among the rich, who condescended to men of low estate, met the obligations of human bankruptcy, and endows His redeemed with a suitable character to inherit an estate that is incorruptible, and undefiled, and that fadeth not away.

"Join all the glorious names of wisdom, love and power,
That mortals ever knew, that angels ever bore:
All are too mean to speak His worth,
Too mean to set Thee, Saviour, forth."—Watts.

VII. THE TEMPLE WAS THE CERTITUDE OF WELCOME: HE WAS THE SYMPATHETIC WELCOMER

Let us go back a moment to the immediate context. "Come unto me, all ye that labor and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest" (Matt. 11:28). Combine with this 12:6, "In this place is One greater than the Temple." We read that David desired to build a place of rest (I Chron. 28:2). Christ is the true rest.

When the powers of personality begin to dawn in the life, we find ourselves possessed of mysterious capacities we had not dreamed of,

and the babel voices about us appeal with their claims. What are we to do, where are we to go, who are we to believe? "Come unto me," said Christ, "and I will give you rest." The Rest of Knowledge that satiates and suffices. I can reveal the Father (Matt. 11:27). Philip expressed the highest philosophy of the heart when he said, "Show us the Father, and it sufficeth us." Absolute satisfaction is assured in knowing the Father.

> "Absolutely tender, absolutely true,
> Understanding all things, understanding you,
> Infinitely loving, exquisitely near;
> This is God, our Father, why have care or fear?"

Let us consider in brief an illustration of Christ's readiness to welcome any honest inquirer. Andrew was a common, plain man who had heard John the Baptist say, on that never-to-be-forgotten day, "Behold the Lamb of God, that taketh away the sin of the world." Andrew was convicted of sin and longed to have his problem solved. When Jesus saw him following He turned and said, "What seekest thou?" Andrew as much as said, "I have a great deal I fain would enquire about, and would like some time with you; where dwellest thou?" Christ said, "Come and see," and he abode with Him that day. He received a right royal welcome and had his sin question settled. But he was also concerned about his brother, Simon, an incorrigible, impossible chum, a puzzle to everyone. I doubt not that when Andrew had had his problem of sin settled, he said, "Lord, could you do anything for my brother Simon? He perplexes us all, and I'm so concerned about him." We know what the answer must have been, for "Andrew first findeth his own brother Simon, and he brought him to Jesus." Later, Andrew was conscious of human need as he saw a hungry multitude, and told of a lad with five loaves and two fishes.

He had confidence that Christ could solve this difficulty also. Then again, Greeks came to him and desired to see Jesus, and Andrew was assured that Christ would grant their request because of the welcome he himself, had received, and he courteously brought them to Jesus. Finally Christ spoke to them of the end of the age. Andrew was challenged with the future and what it held, and voiced the request, "When shall these things be, and what shall be the sign of thy coming, and of the end of the age?" On this occasion again Christ welcomed his enquiry and answered his difficulty. Have we conviction of sin, and concern for a brother? Are we conscious of human need and considerate toward inquirers? Are we challenged with the future and what it holds? Let us bring all to Jesus, He is the sympathetic welcomer greater than the Temple, for He will receive all, accommodate all, an-

swer all, meet all, and settle the problems, if we are at all sincere in our quest. "Come unto me, all ye that labor and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest." Do as Andrew did, come to him freely, tell Him frankly, trust Him fully, and find in Him the welcome of an infinite sympathy and immeasurable compassion.

Christ's claim abides uncontrovertible to this very hour. He exceeds the Temple's wealth by His own intrinsic worth. His praise far surpasses the magnificence of its worship. He forever outvies the wonder of its fame and eclipses its lustrous witness. He transcends by His virtue and excellence all its beauty and design, and exceeds it absolutely as an expression of perfect wisdom. Yet above all, the rarest and grandest proof that He is greater than the Temple is enshrined in His great, pulsating heart of infinite love, which assures the straying and wayward of a welcome that is vital, resplendent and real. His very omnipresence makes Him accessible everywhere, and available to all.

"Speak to Him, thou, for He hears,
And spirit with spirit can meet.
Closer is he than breathing,
And nearer than hands or feet."

The Jewish Passover

By REV. PHILIP SIDERSKY, D.D.
Evangelist, born in Russia

(On Saturday morning, July 13, 1932 at Winona Lake Bible Conference.

This service was demonstrated; on the pulpit there was a table spread and on it all the details and articles that go to make up the regular Orthodox Jewish Passover service.)

"And they shall take of the blood, and strike it on the two side posts and on the upper door of the houses, wherein they shall eat it.... For I will pass through the land of Egypt this night, and will smite all the first-born in the land of Egypt . . . and when I see the blood, I will Pass Over you." Exodus 12:12, 13.

The PASSOVER of the Jews, which corresponds to the date of the Christian Easter, began this year, 1932, at sunset on Wed., April 20. According to the Hebrew calendar it came on the eve of the 14th of Nisan of the Jewish year 5692.

This Feast of joy and liberty looks back to the emancipation of the Jews from Egypt. It is observed by Jews all over the world, and has become a lasting memorial to Israel.

The Passover Feast among the Jews is based on the first fourteen verses of the twelfth chapter of Exodus.

Every year the true Jews who believe in God and trust in His Old Testament observe this memorial feast of the Passover according to the Exodus command. The day before the Feast—in fact, the week before, —is a busy time with all Israelites. The houses are cleaned, every corner from top to bottom; all cooking utensils are scoured and purged; all dishes of china, glass or stone are set aside and new ones take their place. Even new clothing is the order of the day.

The department of New York City has expressed delight that the Passover comes once a year, because it means an annual house-cleaning in the large Jewish sections of the city.

All Jewish holidays and festivals begin on the evening of the day previous with the appearing of the Evening Star. The last gathering of Passover leaven is made before sundown. After the service in the Synagogue the family gathers about the tables in their homes, which are tastefully decorated and provided with unleavened bread, bitter

herbs, wine, candles, an egg, salt water, greens and the shank bone of a sheep and grated apple.

There is a place at the table for every member of the family including the smallest child, for everyone is expected to be at the Passover service from sunset until midnight.

THE TYPOLOGY

The unleavened bread and the bitter herbs are true to the Exodus command, but all of the other items at the Passover Table were added later by the Rabbis. God commanded three things: (1) the lamb, (2) unleavened bread and (3) bitter herbs. The last two are still in use, but the first, the most important of all, is not used today, nor have Jews eaten the lamb at Passover since Jesus Christ observed the service with his disciples just before he went to the cross. Jesus fulfilled the type of the Passover lamb in Exodus.

"The next day John seeth Jesus coming unto him, and saith, Behold the Lamb of God, which taketh away the sin of the world." John 1:29. "He was led as a sheep to the slaughter; and like a lamb dumb before his shearer, so opened he not his mouth." Acts 8:32. "Redeemed . . . with the precious blood of Christ, as of a lamb without blemish and without spot." I Peter 1:18-19.

Concerning the unleavened bread; more will be said on this subject presently, showing that it is a type of the Blessed Trinity.

Concerning bitter herbs; horseradish is used generally at the modern Passover table looking back to Exodus, and in memory seeing the horrible, bitter suffering in the Egyptian brick-fields under the lash of the task-master.

Concerning grated apple: this substance turns to the color of clay, and was introduced by Jewish leaders as a reminder of the clay from which Egypt's bricks were made.

Concerning the wine: we know that Jesus observed an orthodox Passover service because the New Testament story mentions that he took the cup. This is where wine originated at the Christian communion table.

Concerning the candles: this table decoration was, presumably, the product of the furnishings in the tabernacle.

Concerning the egg: Jewish Rabbis put it at the table because there are qualities of life in the egg which is a type of the resurrection.

Concerning the salt water: This is a reminder of the tears shed in Egypt.

Concerning the greens: this bit of vegetable is used to dip into the salt water. It is in this dish that Judas dipped at the Passover table with the Lord, just before the betrayal.

Concerning the shank bone: this is all the modern Jews have of

the historic Passover Lamb. They say that it resembles "the strong arm" with which God delivered them out of Egypt.

THE COMING OF THE MESSIAH

There are two lessons emphasized by the Jews at the Passover service; the first one, the deliverance of the forefathers from Egypt, the second, the expectation of the coming of the Messiah, Who will deliver them from their bondage and provide them with an earthly kingdom.

At one end of the table there is a silver cup (the others are made of glass), also filled with wine; there is also a plate and an arm chair, which no one occupies during the service, as this is set aside for the Coming One. This chair a type of the Coming One, has been empty at all Passover services these hundreds of years. Jesus occupied the empty chair when he observed the Passover with his disciples just before going to the cross.

The apparel on this eve is usually white. The rules of the Feast are observed to this day as in the days of old, even as in the days of Jesus. Jews do not know that Christ fulfilled the Passover types.

TYPE OF THE TRINITY

There are on the table three unleavened loaves of bread on a plate (called in Hebrew "Matzos"). The first or upper one is dedicated to Lasham, Jehovah; the second or middle one to Lacohan, Priest; the third to Leom, the people of Israel. The middle loaf or cake, signifying the Priest, is taken and broken; one-half is laid aside for the Coming One under a napkin at the head of the table. Jews do not know that this actually represents the broken body of Jesus. They do not know that the three loaves are a type of the Trinity.

CLOUDS AND SUNSHINE

In the first fourteen verses of the twelfth chapter of Exodus, on which the Passover service is based, we find recorded three commands given by God to Moses for the Children of Israel to carry out in connection with their observance of the Feast. The first command was the killing of a lamb, the second, unleavened bread, and the third, bitter herbs.

We notice that many details were given in connection with the first of the three commands, for they were not only told to kill a lamb, but they were told what kind of a lamb; they were told to sprinkle its blood on the two side posts and on the upper door post, a type of the cross. Two sides and upper makes the form of a cross. They were also told to roast the lamb by fire, and many other details were given in connection with the first of these commands.

No details were given in connection with the second command of

unleavened bread. They were not told how to bake it, or how to preserve it; merely mentioned by name, unleavened bread.

Neither were any details given in connection with the third command of bitter herbs: They were not told what kind of herbs, nor were they told how to prepare them. It simply mentioned bitter herbs.

This helps us to understand that the first command was of greater importance than the second and third, and, of course, it was of greater importance, for this related itself not only to the Jewish people but to the whole world, as it was the type that was to be fulfilled when our Lord would come and give His life to fulfill this important type concerning Himself. He was to be the slain lamb, and the first part of the Passover looked forward to His death.

It is of great importance to notice that while the Jewish people are strict in many ways in observing the Passover Feast, they do not carry out any more the first and important command—the killing of the lamb, for no killing of lambs takes place at the Jewish Passover services any more, but they are very strict in carrying out the second and the third commands. This is a testimony outside of the New Testament that Jesus came and has fulfilled this very type by giving His life and shedding His blood that whosoever believeth on Him shall not perish but have everlasting life, and as stated above, the last record that we have of the lamb being killed at the Passover service is recorded in the New Testament when Jesus participated at the Passover with His disciples in the upper room. Never has the lamb been used at the Passover tables of the Jews since Jesus was crucified. All they have on their tables is a shank bone. The absence of the lamb tells that Jesus fulfilled this type.

JESUS THE ATONEMENT

Jesus came in the fullness of time when Israel had departed from observing the Word of God and observed rather the traditions of men, and He fulfilled all the law of the Prophets. Jesus observed the Jewish Passover service just before He went to the Cross. So let us leave the Passover table of the Orthodox Jew and look into the upper room as Jesus entered that night with His disciples.

He gave Himself as an atonement for sin. He sat down with the twelve, and looking about, He said: "With desire have I desired to eat this Passover with you before I suffer; but verily I say unto you, one of you which eateth with me shall betray me." And they began to be sorrowful and asked: "Lord, is it I?" Simon Peter beckoned to one who was leaning on Jesus' bosom, that he should ask who it would be that should betray him. Jesus said: "He it is to whom I shall give the sop when I have dipped it." And when He had dipped the sop, he gave it to Judas, and after this Satan entered into him. Then Jesus

said: "What thou doest, that do quickly." Judas, having been exposed, went out, and it was night. It is always night when a soul departs from Jesus. Let it be remembered that Jesus observed a regular Orthodox Jewish Passover service.

And, at that service Jesus occupied the Empty Chair while seated at the table with his disciples. In Jewish homes today the chair is empty. My people, the Jews, do not know that Jesus fulfilled the types of the service and really occupies that chair.

When Judas had gone out, Jesus took the half a loaf of unleavened bread from under the napkin which is laid aside for the Coming One, and He said, "Take this, and do it in remembrance of me." This was a type of his broken body.

There is upon the Jewish Passover table a sauce made of apples, and frequently with the apples there are grated almonds, sugar, cinnamon and nuts, in memory of the days of Egypt. In Eastern lands, the apples are scarce, the sauce is made of figs, dates and honey. Every member of the family partakes of this tasty dish.

The question may arise: Why, then, is the sauce so sweet and palatable when it is a reminder of the bitter tasks of Egypt, of the clay, out of which they had to make bricks for Pharaoh? This is to teach that God is mindful, that had it not been for the clay in Egypt and the hard, bitter tasks enforced upon the people of Israel, they would have become lost in their satisfied condition, but on account of the clay they remembered God and called upon Him. He heard their cry and saved them from the hands of Pharaoh. This shows that no matter how dark the clouds, how bitter the task, how heavy the sorrow, God's sunshine of love, his help, is ever near to save. The Jews believe that God never sends a sorrow. He permits sorrows, but never sends them. His clouds are tipped with sunshine.

As I have said, no lamb is found on the Passover table today; but instead of the lamb only a bone, the pure lower, unbroken joint of the front leg of the lamb is used. The letter of the law is fully observed, no bone shall be broken; it is roasted with fire. The bones of the body of Jesus were not broken on the Cross, true to prophecy. The Rabbis explain that two joints of the fore leg of a lamb, the shank bone, is to remind the Jews that "with a mighty arm and a powerful hand have I redeemed Israel and brought her armies out of Egypt." But no explanation is given by the Rabbi why the lamb is not killed, according to the first and most important command given by God to Moses.

A CHALLENGE

And now let us sum a few facts and then make a firm resolve to the Jews wherever we meet them, that Jesus Christ is their Passover

for sin if they will but accept Him. Here is a real challenge to all Christians.

Upon the Jewish Passover table is also found an egg, which is to remind of the grave. "For it is given unto all men once to die and then the Judgment." The egg also brings to notice the tomb and eternity: for looking upon this egg the Jews are reminded that we are mortal and will some day be placed in the tomb. Because there is life in the egg, they have hope of a resurrection from the tomb.

By the empty chair at the head of the Passover table is a cup filled with wine. As mentioned above no one sits in the chair; no one drinks that cup; and the question may be asked by Gentiles: Why this empty chair, and unused cup? The answer given by the Jews will be: "This is the Messiah's cup," or some say "Elijah's cup," or "the Coming One's Cup." And before the close of the Passover Feast, which lasts until midnight, the youngest child arises from the table, and going to the door, opens it. The head of the house recites, "Thou God of Abraham, Isaac and Jacob, long have we waited for thy promise. We beseech thee now to send thine anointed whom thou hast promised, the Son of David. Have mercy upon thy people Israel. Gather us according to thy Word and we shall be thy people and thou wilt delight in us as of old. Behold all things are ready and we wait."

How pathetic that my people should still be waiting, not knowing Messiah has come! After a few minutes of waiting the door is closed and the head of the house recites: "How long, O Lord, how long? Will thine anger not be turned away from thy people and wilt thou have mercy and restore us to thy favor? Behold our suffering! We are scattered among the heathen. They mock us, saying where is thy God, where is the promise of his coming? We grow faint, yet we hope. Lord, our God, may it please thee to gather thy people speedily. Restore us to thy favor, at least next year may we celebrate this feast with thee in Jerusalem, thine own habitation."

No one touches that cup of wine at the head of the table, which has been set aside for the Coming One. This has been done by Jews all over the world for ages.

At the last Passover which Jesus partook of with his disciples, he took the bread (the half loaf under the napkin dedicated to the Coming One, the portion of the broken Priest), saying: "This is my body broken for you; take, eat." Likewise, he took the cup (which is being set aside at the Jewish Paschal table even at this day, which no one touches), saying: "This is my blood of the new covenant; take, drink ye all of it, and as oft as ye eat this bread and drink this cup, ye shall show forth the Lord's death till He comes."

Read Matthew 26:19; Mark 14:12; Luke 22:7; John 13; I Corinthians 5:7.

Christians One Body

By REV. ROBERT E. SPEER, D.D.
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In the Epistle to the Romans, the twelfth chapter and the fifth verse, is this great saying: "We, who are many, are one body in Christ, and severally members one of another." It is a mere commonplace view that from the Reformation down into our own time, the dominating note in the active life and thought of the world has been the idea of the individual. It is not possible to reduce any great living movement like the Reformation to a single formula, but probably the common estimate is just, namely, that in its essence, that great movement was the recovery of its rights and responsibilities by the individual soul, reacting against the religious and political institutionalism that had come to dominate the Western world. And all the progress of our modern age in the four hundred years since has been due in a very large measure to the unsealing of these great fountains in the living relationship of the personal life with the living personal God.

But now at last we are beginning to mistrust our individualistic interpretation of life, and are laying an ever-increasing emphasis upon the complementary thought of collectivism or corporate relationships. We see this in every department of our life today. We see it in business in the rebellion against the old competitive idea, in the growth of a feeling of abhorrence with regard to it and an eager striving after a new and larger conception of brotherly good will and cooperative helpfulness. We see it in trade and industry in the triumph of the corporate conception of the union, whether of labor or of capital, over against individual independence, calling for a really sacrificial surrender on the part of many men in whose lives often we have been amazed to see this shadow and radiance of a cross. We see it increasingly in the world's political life. I think it is true, as Professor Reinsch has observed, that in the last few hundred years we look in vain for any great political leader who has set himself against the idea of nationalism. In every land today men are realizing that the conception of a political body and a national personality is just as real and essential as the conception of the individual soul standing in its own individual relationships to God. And, thank God, we see it increasingly among Christian men in their ever-deepening desire to pass beyond the days

of their divisions and to recover again the unity of our Lord's body and to exhibit before the eyes of the world today, in a form which shall convince the world of the reality of our Lord's mission, the unity of His disciples in Him, as real and visible as His unity with His Father.

The thought of our day claims special credit for this discovery of the idea of social and corporate relationships, forgetting that the idea is as old as the Lord Himself, yes, older than that—forgetting that it runs away back into the communal social life of the patriarchs, and that our Gospel, if it says any one thing more clearly and unmistakeably than another, was just a reassertion and new revelation of this idea of relationships.

It was this in the new conception that it gave men of God. In the Old Testament God's name had been Jehovah, the Eternal, the all-sufficient One, and He had given His own name to Moses as "I am," the One within Himself. The new idea was Father, the One who was not all, the One who was not sufficient in Himself; but only sufficient when He had gathered all His children about Him in the love and unity of the family life. The Lord came speaking of Himself as the Vine, and of His disciples as the branches. He spoke of Himself as the great Light, and men were to be His lamps, and as lamps He would shine in them over all the world. The two great sacraments of His new society were social sacraments. They bound men to Him and bound men to one another. "Except ye eat the flesh of the Son of Man and drink His blood, ye have no life in you." And this thought of the new order was gathered into the conception of the body, of which Christ was the Head and His disciples were the members. So that we no longer stand in the New Testament's view, each man by himself apart from every other man, but each man organically related as one member of the body to every other member, Christ Himself being the Head and every member fulfilling his own function, supplying his own part, and drawing his life from Him as the Head who gives His common life to all the body's members.

To many of us this conception of life seems rather figurative and mythical; but I think just a few illustrations will show us how practical and real these great conceptions are. We all of us realize increasingly that we are in a most vital and real sense members of one body commercially. Fifteen years ago, in the interior of Brazil in the hinterland of Bahaia, we rode through towns that fifty years ago were large and prosperous communities, and now these villages are only a memory of their former prosperity. What brought that blight away there in Central Brazil? It was something that happened thousands of miles away, the discovery of diamonds in South Africa. That diamond-producing section of Brazil passed into eclipse because it was related in the most vital and living way to what was going on on another con-

tinent clear across the sea. There is scarcely a section of life where we are not brought face to face with this reality today. Twenty-five years ago a great upheaval shook the Chinese Empire. When men came to trace that upheaval to its actual sources, they found that in a far section of China where peanuts were largely grown, the business of producing peanut oil had been annihilated by the introduction of our superior American oil. Many men were thrown out of their means of subsistence and they saw their families famishing before their eyes; and these men rose in revolution against forces they did not understand, which were proving that there is such a thing as a corporate commercial organism of humanity. We are only just beginning to feel our way in our own country out of most intricate financial conditions as we come to grasp the conception that commercial credit is a living organic thing. We face many problems today which can only be solved as men apply to them the conception which our Lord brought into the world nineteen hundred years ago, in His notion that humanity is one great body of which He is the Life.

And the principle is obvious not only in this sphere. How clearly we see it in our international relationships. The Balkan War made itself felt in almost every village in America. A little group of Chinese students goes to study in foreign universities or gathers around the new lights in the capital of Japan—and in consequence the political destinies of four hundred million people are changed. A murder in the corner of Southeastern Europe destroys the modern world. Nothing happens in any recess of the world today that does not affect the life of the people in every nation.

And we are increasingly feeling the reality of what we speak of as the historic and corporate spirit. At Northfield there are just the same kind of trees on the hillsides as grow on other hillsides all over New England. The same water that runs by in the Connecticut River ran by above and will run by below. The air we breathe there is the same air we breathe elsewhere. And yet when one comes, he knows the moment he arrives, that he is in Northfield. There is a spirit more real than the trees, more real than the water, more real than the air we breathe. There is a reality of social atmosphere like this. Some time ago at a great anniversary celebration, thousands of men gathered on the battle field of Gettysburg, and they felt there what they could not feel on any other acres in all our land. I can remember well as a boy, forty years ago, walking from my home to the battle field of Gettysburg. The Government had not yet acquired it; there was scarcely a battle monument set; there was the field just as it had been left—barring what the husbandmen had done to it when the last gun had grown silent when the battle was done; but the two boys who were with me and I walked up and down those hills feeling that we were on

holy ground, and knowing that we stood amid great memories and impulses and ideals that we could not find on common soil. Many men are proud of what they call the spirit of their institution, the Yale spirit, the Princeton spirit. However you may think of it, such men know that the corporate spirit is no dream, no myth, but a reality.

And what is influence, to carry our illustration further, what is influence but a living vital thing? It is not dead, external, mechanical, something that you account for by the proximity of separate bodies. It is something far subtler, more vital, more organic, than that. I was back again at Phillips Academy, Andover, some years ago, and some of the older boys were talking over some moral evils that had crept into the life of the school and how they could best be got rid of, and how they had come to be at all in the life of the School. The boys knew that it was simply a subtle, resistless pervasion that had crept out to younger and more sensitive lives unawares to the old men from whose lives it was seeping out. Is there one of us who has not felt this reality of influence and shall dare not know it to be as real a power as any physical force?

Many years ago there was a boy named William Holabird who died in a typhoid epidemic at the Hill School. He was captain of the eleven and the nine. He stood at the head of his class and was the leading Christian in the school. He was as popular as any boy could be. He had been runner-up for the golf championship of the West the year before he died, on the threshold of what bid fair to be one of the richest lives of our day. Professor Meigs said that in all his experience as a schoolmaster he had not met a personality rarer and finer than "Manny" Holabird. I remember what Mr. Weed told me that a boy had told him not long after "Manny's" death. This boy said he was standing talking with a group of his friends. He was telling them an unclean story. Suddenly he was aware that the story would not go. There was the crowd facing him just as they had been a moment or two before. But something had happened. It seemed as if his mind could not think of the rest of the story and his lips could not speak. Suddenly, turning around, he found William Holabird standing beside him. He had not seen him before, but he had felt something coming upon him that made it impossible for the unclean thing to go on. A living influence had gone out. "Gee, Mr. Weed," the boy said, "I wish you could have seen Manny look at me. It cut me like a knife!" More really indeed than if it had been a steel knife, for the boy had felt the knife of a clear, pure, personal spirit cleave home to the core of his life.

We are not dealing with myths, with figures of speech, with dreams. We are dealing with the most matter of fact, actual, fundamental realities, when we take literally the great idea of Christ about His being the Head of the body, the vine, of which we are members or branches,

about ourselves as not being separate men who can stand aloof from our fellow men and say: "I live my life alone and I die my death alone." No man of us can say that, for no man lives to himself, nor does any man die to himself, but "we, who are many, are one body in Christ, and severally members one of another."

And now let us put it all very plainly in an elemental principle. We stand in relationships one to another of living responsibility, so that everything that each of us is, everything that each of us thinks, everything that each of us does, affects in the most vital and organic way the life and thought and deed of every other man. No member of the body suffers except all the members of the body suffer with it. No member of the body is honored save that all the members of the body are honored with it. That is true individually; it is true in community relationships; it is true in our relationships as men who represent separate nations. We are bound in one common inseparable life.

Now the Testament is full of applications of this principle even in the very simplest matters of ethical behaviour. In the matter of truth speaking, for example. That is the deep ground on which Paul rests his detestation of lying. There are many grounds on which one can rest that detestation. A lie is a foolish hazard. It is a mortgage which can never be paid. What God cannot do, he cannot make legitimate in any man. But Paul rests his condemnation on the high ground we are thinking of now. "Speak ye the truth, every man with his neighbor, because we are members one of another." He meant that every lie simply works out like poison in all the tissues of the body of humanity. There was a famous story fifteen or twenty years ago entitled "The Track of a Lie." It was the biography of a falsehood. The writer traced it from its birth, through its childhood, into its manhood, through all the long work that that lie did to injure the society through which it moved with its poison, the taint and rottenness which it carried with it wherever it went. It is just what every lie does today. Humanity is weaker today by every lie that has ever been let loose in it. All that is false in you and in me taints the life that is about us. Paul hated a lie because it was social crime and disease.

The New Testament applies the principle also in the matter of knowledge. Knowledge, it says, is not an individual thing by which a man solves a problem for self. Knowledge is a collective acquisition. And we never shall have it until we all come into it corporately, until we all attain unto the unity of the faith and the knowledge of the Son of God, unto the perfect man, unto the measure of the stature of the fullness of Christ. How many men on an eleven need to be ignorant of the signs to paralyze the work of the team? How many? Eleven men are helpless for any corporate action for the purpose of their real work if any one of the eleven lacks knowledge essential to them all.

It is precisely so in all life. The man whose eyes are shut to any of Christ's beauty makes it harder for the rest of us to behold the fullness of the glory that there is in the Son of God.

And it is not true of elemental morals and knowledge only. It is true also of experience. It is only as we all come that any of us shall come, as we all of us comprehend with all the saints that each man comprehends the length and the breadth and the depth and the height of the love of Christ. The Lord does lead His sheep one by one, and He would do His best for every man, and He is ever willing to have dealings with each man by himself; but how different that is from what He might do for each of us if we would all of us let Him do for all of us, if we all could enter into the depth and the height and the length and the breadth of His love, unattainable by the individual life.

The corporate principle holds in the attainment of character as well. We meet here another of Paul's great notes. "But we all, with open face beholding as in a glass the glory of the Lord, are changed into the same image from glory to glory, even as by the spirit of the Lord." So long as Brazil or Argentina or Japan or Hungary holds back from its full experience of God in Christ and its full measure of obedience to Him, every other body of men in the world is estopped in its full experience of Christ and in its full achievement of the glory of His character.

And how obviously true the New Testament application of the principle is in the matter of actual achievement and power. Until the whole body operates together, the eye doing its part, the ear doing its part, the hand its part, and feet doing their part, all the rest of the body is hindered and held back. So long as any one of us refuses to yield his will for Christ's use, the yielding by every other man of his will for Christ is impeded and weakened.

Surely we begin to see now how vital to our life Paul's thought and our Lord's thought is. It shows us, for one thing, what otherwise will always be a mystery to us, what we may speak of as the ethical character and coherence of time. It binds the past and the present and the future together in that unity, without which each of them is an unreal and imperfect thing. For society, Edmund Burke once said, is a partnership of the living with the dead, and the unborn, binding all the past to the present and to the future. There are some of us who will never forget a sermon of Henry Clay Trumbull's in Stone Hall at Northfield many years ago, from the verse in the Epistle to the Hebrews. "These all having had witness borne to them through their faith, received not the promise, God having reserved some better thing for us, that they without us should not be made perfect." He announced his theme as "Our Duty to Make the Past a Success." Not one of us should fail to realize that by no greater reality are we in-

heritors of the past than we are testators of the future which is to come after us. We are members one of another, each man of us, with all the life that goes back of him, each man of us with all the life that comes after him. By as much as we rejoice in the wealth of the inheritance that came down to us out of the clean loins of yesterday, by so much let us make sure that the clean loins of today shall give as pure an inheritance to the life that comes after ours. Whatever goes into our lives goes into the life of the future, the life that comes after ours.

And we see here what is the true ground of human friendship and relationship, that dear thing, the real, corporate brotherly oneness of men. Now it does not rest with my will to have you for my friend and your will to have me for your friend. It is not a transaction that can be broken as any other human partnerships can be severed. That is not the real ground of friendship. In Christ where men are made one body, there is the underlying ground of unity. The oneness that makes men one with each other is that they have been made one with Christ. Thus Chinese Gordon wrote in one of those wonderful letters to his sister: (I do not quote his words) "This is the thing to which I will aspire and for which I pray, that I may be brought up to that attitude in Christ towards my brother, that shall make all my brother's sufferings my sufferings, because he and I are members one of another—members, each of us, in Christ." That man has no sure foundation for his friendship who has not realized that the foundation of all human relationship is the personal Christ, in whom all our life must be grafted, if it is to be real life, and in whom all our relationships that are real must inhere and stand.

And how marvellously this idea dispels for us once and forever the delusion of secrecy in life! There is no such thing as secrecy in life. There is nothing hidden that shall not be revealed. Nay, we go further than that. There is nothing hidden that is not now revealed. No man of us ever had an evil thought and kept it to himself. No man of us ever indulged in a vicious habit from which he alone suffered. No man of us ever spoke a word in the dark or did a deed in our own room without having an influence that was scarred in forever upon every life that was related to our own. I do not say that they were aware of it; but I do say that down in their deepest life it came to them. There is no man today who, should he rise into a new experience of Christ, should he by that supernatural deliverance that comes to men now and again find himself set free from the old limited life in the midst of which he has moved, and breathing a new and clearer air—there is not a man who, having that experience, would not exert an influence that would be felt in thousands of other lives all around the world. No man, on the other hand, in college or university, went where

we ought not to have gone or did with our hands what we ought not to have done, or hung up on the secret walls of our imagery any picture that ought not to have been there, howsoever secretly it was done, but that the anguish of that, without our knowing it, worked its way down into the life of mother and father and all whom we loved best. There is no such thing as an isolated human life, as a human life that can take itself off and sin its own sins and enjoy its own joys, that can fight its own battles alone, or win its own victories alone. Every victory of yours makes me a surer conqueror; every defeat of mine makes you a surer loser in your moral conflict. We are members one of another. And no one of us triumphs but that every man shares his victory; and no man of us is subdued but that every man drinks out of the bitter cup of his defeat and anguish.

How gloriously this principle sets us free from anything like envy, jealousy, and ill will. Suppose my brother is a stronger man than I, suppose his life is yielding richer fruit than mine, is it not the one body that is triumphing? Is it not the one head on which the crown of the glory of it all is to be laid at the last?

"Let the thick curtain fall!
I better know than all
How little I have gained,
How vast the unattained!
Others shall sing the song;
Others shall right the wrong.
Finished what I begin!
All I fail of win!
What matter, I or they,
Mine or another's day—
So the right word be said
And life the sweeter made?
Ring bells, in far-off steeples!
The joy of unborn peoples!
Sound, trumpets, far-off blown!
Your triumph is my own!"

And how great a thing it is, deeper even than this, to find here at last the ground and the method and the assurance of the fulfillment of our great hopes. Many are praying and toiling to bring about the accomplishment of our Lord's great prayer. That holy desire is the highest ambition in the lives of men in every branch of the Christian Church throughout the world. But how are we ever to bring about the fulfillment of that dream? Not by any ecclesiastical rearrangement; not by any ritualistic adjustment or compromise; not, I daresay, by any new and more comprehensive credal statements; but only by our

common realization of the reality of our organic life, that "we, who are many, are one body in Christ, and severally members one of another." When at last that becomes true of us, then no power on earth or under the earth, will be able to perpetuate the schism of the body of our common Lord.

And, last of all, we are let in here to what otherwise would be too deep for us, into something at least of the understanding of the meaning of the Atonement of our Lord. We see here the secret of that outreaching of God to bring all humanity into the perfect unity of His family, to realize completely the life of God in man. We are dealing with things too deep for us; but this is the reality of Christianity. That reality is not to be found in our trying to imitate the human example of Christ; the reality is not to be found in our study of the principles of Jesus and our calling Him Master and our seeking to ascertain His doctrine. Our hurt lies far deeper than any remedies like these can reach. Our hurt lies down in the whole bias of our will, in the whole tainted fountain of our life, in the whole evil current of our blood; and the evil will never be undone for us and our sickness will never be healed until at last we realize that we are members of one great body, and feel, though it be only with the dim imitations of faith in the night, the coursing through our veins of the one great life that is Christ, and are able in some real way to say with Him to whom it has become the most literal experience of his life, "For to me to live is Christ. I am crucified with Christ; nevertheless I live; yet not I, but Christ liveth in me; and the life which I now live in the flesh I live by the faith of the Son of God, who loved me and gave Himself for me."

Would that beyond these poor literary and ethical constructions of Christianity that are being offered to us up and down the land as though they were bread for starving men, as though they were a cure for sin-sick life, we might pass today to the Gospel that is the reality and know that Christ is more than a man who walked here, that Christ is more than the word He spoke here, that Christ is more than the cross that even bore Him, that Christ is still the great living body of our life, and that today each man of us might pass out of his darkness and disobedience and sin, out of his poverty and shame and loss into the fullness of the glory and the peace and the joy and the power and the human fellowship that Christ was, that Christ is, that Christ would be—now, if we but had the hearts of little children to allow Him, in the life of every one of us. More truly even than on that Sabbath evening when He met the two men walking to Emmaus and stopped with them as the sun was going down, in their house and broke bread so that He was known of them—that more truly even than that, One is standing among us today, who lives, who is God, seeking a place in man, who

is the Father yearning after His sons with the love and desire in comparison with which our love and our desire are as naught, and that all we need to do today is not to do anything at all but just with the same openness and trust which served the men who let Him in when He was here, to open the doors of our lives to Him, and to the Head of the body of which we are members to say, "O Christ, it has been a long wait for both of us—for Thee and for me, but it is over now. Be Thou mine and I will be thine!"

The Incarnation of Jesus

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The text is the first chapter of John, the fourteenth verse. "The Word was made flesh and dwelt among us."

Jesus Christ is a world of thought, there are vast continents and oceans which have never been wholly traversed by any mind or minds. I mean that in Jesus, there are vast subjects which no mind has ever fathomed, such as His Deity and His Humanity, and His incarnation and personality, and His influence and His plan for the salvation of the world, and although the greatest minds of all ages of the world's history have all tried to master these, they all confess that there are vast regions of thought which stretch out way beyond their horizon.

They all say that their experiences are in a degree like that of Sir Isaac Newton, who in an attempt to describe his search after knowledge said he felt like a little boy walking by the sea shore occasionally picking up some pebbles, while the vast deep, unexplored and unknown rolled at his feet.

Since that has been the experience of great and wise men in all ages of the world, it would be the height of folly and presumption for me to discuss the subject. I desire simply to call your attention briefly to one phase of the subject, namely, the incarnation of Jesus Christ.

Webster defined it as the act of taking on the human body or the act of clothing with flesh. I want to speak of the incarnation as a mystery, a revelation, and a prophecy.

To be convinced that it is a mystery, you need to study the teachings of the Bible about the incarnation. The Bible always presents it in the simplest of language, makes the statement but never attempts an explanation,—never! The simplest and the fullest accounts are found in the Gospel of John and in the Epistles of Paul.

"In the beginning was the Word and the Word was with God, and the Word was made flesh and dwelt among us."

"Then they took up stones for to stone Him. Jesus said, Many good works have I shewed you from my Father; for which of those works do ye stone me? The Jews answered him, saying, For a good work we stone thee not; but for blasphemy."

How could He make himself God if He wasn't God?

You try and make yourself God and see how you'll come out, "because that thou, being a man, makest thyself God."

Now, "who being in the form of God, thought it not robbery to be equal with God. But made himself of no reputation, and took upon him the form of a servant, and was made in the likeness of men."

But what simple words those are. Who understands them? Nobody. "In the beginning was the Word and the Word was with God, and the Word was made flesh." That means that God became a man.

Who knows all about God? You don't, I don't, nobody ever has, nobody ever will. I may know some thing about God that you do not, others may know some things about God that neither you nor I know but there are things about God that neither you nor I nor anybody knows or ever will know. Therefore God is a mystery. God or a thing or an object or a being is a mystery when there is about God or that thing or object that which you do not understand. When there is a point beyond which your knowledge can't go, then that thing or object becomes a mystery, I don't care whether it is a watch, a machine, religion, science, philosophy, anything, or anybody, it is a mystery when there is about that thing or being or object that which you can't understand.

So God became a man. We will all agree that flesh means man. A fellow says, "I won't believe what I cannot understand." Then you are a fool. If you only believe what you can understand, you'll be dumbfounded to discover how little you actually know.

We take most things because they appear to be, and accept them on that tenet or that basis in the world. You can't understand how the food you ate will assimulate to your body and make brain and molecule and corpuscles and tissue and cuticle and hair. You don't need to understand it, all you have to do is to cut it up and chew it and swallow it and then forget it.

So understanding has nothing to do with it. Now there are mysteries everywhere, I don't know where on earth I can go or you and be free from mystery. And if a Christian has doubts, an unbeliever has more, and if you will not become a Christian, simply because you can't understand the mysteries in religion, then let me ask you a question. Why are you willing to live when you can't understand the mysteries of life? Then go out of here and take a dose of strychnine or something and leave the world.

What are you living for? What do you sit there and breathe for? Why are you willing to live when you can't explain the mystery of life? And yet, you will fight to the last ditch before you will give up life; yet, you can't explain it,—oh, no!

You are thrust into being without your consent,—yep! You didn't ask to come into the world, no! You came from you know not whither,

and you go out you know not whither, and after 6,000 years, who knows the mystery of life?

Some of you I am talking to now will soon pass away, perhaps. And in a moment that change will take place in you which will convert you from an intelligent, thinking, seeing, hearing being into a lifeless piece of clay. What is that? Well, that is life. Well, explain it. You can't! What is it? By having life we live, having not, we are dead.

You say you can't believe that Jesus Christ fed the multitude with a few loaves and fishes. Oh, every spring the sun's power melts the snow, warms the earth, and hundreds of millions of people are fed. And yet, out of the hundreds of millions who eat and are satisfied, how many of you understand the chemistry of the soil or understand the mysterious germ of life in a seed that reproduces and propagates and gives you something to eat?

Water has been necessary to human existence from the beginning of time, and yet, we only found out a short while ago that water is nothing but two gases that got mixed together and we call them water. Well man needed water before he knew that. Now that he knows that, he needs water just the same.

So, your knowledge of the fact that two gases uniting produces water. And if you knew all about mysteries of the Immaculate Conception and the mysteries of religion, still you need to accept Jesus Christ or go to Hell, and if you didn't know beans about it, you need to accept it or go to Hell.

Take reason. Now I am not going deep into metaphysics—the average metaphysician stirs you up and leaves you worse than when he found you.

Take reason—you don't know everything, but you may know some things. Well, what is reason? I don't know. Where did it come from? I don't know. What is reason? Reason is that faculty of your mind by which we trace the relations of causes and effects and that which led up to or produced or caused it.

Here above my head is an effect, what is the cause? Reason chases down the wire to the dynamo, the dynamo is the cause. Here is the effect above my head. So the cause must be in proportion to the effect and the effect in proportion to the cause, all the way through. Now that is the reason, but I don't know where it came from, or what it consists of.

Do you believe you have reason? Yes. Do you know where it came from? No. Do you know what it is? No. Then you can't explain reason.

Now reason has penetrated afar into the regions of sin. Reason has arranged according to nature, all the properties from the animal

and vegetable life, from the seed, the birds of the air and the fish of the sea.

Reason has also soared above the globe and it has found the magnitude and the distance of the planets. Reason tells you and me fifty-one years from tonight there will be an eclipse of the moon. But man, with all his power, wasn't able to find God,—no! As for any way whereby a sinner might be reconciled to God—oh, it never entered the mind of man until it was revealed to us in Jesus Christ.

Man, with all his wisdom, couldn't find out a way to be saved until Jesus made the revelation. Man, with his knowledge, knows not and he never will. Man, by his wisdom has never known God, and man, by wisdom, never will know God. It is a relation to Jesus Christ and to His truth.

Man may study mineralogy, but that won't tell you of the pearl of greatest price. You may study biology, but that won't tell you about the man, Christ Jesus. You may study astronomy, but that won't tell you of the Star of Bethlehem. You can study geology, but that won't tell you of the Rock of Ages. You can study all about it.

Lightning is nothing but the luster of God's eye. The thunder is simply God clapping His hands, and the gold and silver, diamonds, rubies, sapphires, pearls and emeralds are nothing but rubbish and dirt that God sweeps out of His workshop when His day's toil is over.

Man never knows God by wisdom. Take consciousness. What is consciousness? It is that power of mind by which I know of the operations of the laws of life and my life is preserved by believing and caring for myself according to my knowledge.

When I am hungry, my knowledge says, "Eat." When I am thirsty, my knowledge says, "Drink," and so I drink.

Consciousness—what is that? That is the faculty of my mind by which I know of the laws of life and their operations, and my life is preserved by caring for myself according to my knowledge. Yes—and I build a fire to warm myself. I put on clothes, use an umbrella—I do all that.

I know some things about myself that you don't know. You may know some things about myself that I do not know. But there are things about yourself and myself that neither you know nor I know, nor the doctor, nor anybody else knows.

There are multitudes of things the doctors don't know. They guess at them. They know that quinine is good for ague, and sulphur for the itch, and they know that ergot will stop the flow of blood, and chloroform and ether will put you to sleep and strychnine will kill you. And so we care for ourselves according to our knowledge, but there are things about ourselves that our knowledge doesn't know the A, B, C's of.

Am I going to refuse to eat because I can't explain it all? No! Then I will serve God according to my knowledge and what I don't know about God, the Lord will take care of.

Here are mysteries on every hand that I am compelled to believe or cease to exist. Stop right now. So you've got to believe them although you can't explain it or you will die right where you are.

If you'd have lived in the times of Homer, if you'd have asked them what held up the universe, they'd have told you it rested upon the shoulders of a huge giant named Atlas. Who held up the world while Atlas ate and slept?—When I was a kid going to school in Iowa, I had a geography and on the front page was a great, big giant bent over with a world on his back and it said, "Atlas."

The Hindu laughs at the Greek. He says this world rests on the back of an elephant, who in turn stands on the back of a turtle and whenever he moves, that causes the sun to rise and set, and the ebb and flow of the tide, and the recurrence of the seasons, spring, summer, autumn, and winter.

They believe a mystery, but the modern scientist in your day and mine who is omniscient, if you accept his testimony about himself, he swells up with great pride and says, "Mr. Sunday, they are both wrong."

He swells up with pride and sticks his thumbs in his vest pockets; he says, "This world is held in place by two forces, one called centripetal and the other centrifugal. The operation of these two laws, one trying to get to the center and the other trying to get away, from the center, produces what we call force.

What is force? That which produces motion. What is that which produces motion? Force. What is force? That which produces motion—force! So you're a wheel within a wheel. Nobody on earth ever saw, felt or measured force. You have felt the effects of force. You don't see force, you heard when my hand struck—I feel it for they burned. You saw, for you saw they moved, but you didn't see the force, you heard the effects of it.

I fire a gun. You don't see the force, you hear it when the gun goes off; you see where the bullet struck; you feel it if it hits you. That isn't force. That is just the effect of force.

A man walks up and punches you. You didn't see the force, you felt it, but not the force itself. That is enough to show any reasonable man or woman that knowledge is a good deal like a ball, where the right line of inquiry just touches at one point. We understand one point but not all of it.

We accept what we do understand, and what we don't we let alone. So here are mysteries above, me, below me, around me, within me, that I am compelled to believe. All right, must I expect to find no mysteries in religion? Must I expect to find nothing in religion I

can't understand, when I find so many things about me that I can't understand?

Religion has got to have God and man in it, and man's faith, the chain that links him to God and God's fullness up there; God's salvation through your sin and your faith in God is the tube through which flows God's salvation to wash away your sin and make you pure. Then you become as a child and you trust Him as your children trust you. They trust you for bread, for butter, for clothes, for boots, for shoes, and playthings,—oh, that is the kind of a religion the Bible presents, sir, and never, never attempts an explanation!

The Bible presents the incarnation as a mysterious fact and simply says, "The Word became flesh and dwelt among us"—leaves it to you, my friends, to hope you have sense enough to believe God.

Take the historical argument a minute. What is history? A man said to me, "History is the recorded testimonies of men, statements of what they heard and of what they saw, told to others who believe." Why do we believe? Why believe the statements of anybody?

It is a constituent part of our nature that most people speak the truth, the liar is in the minority, the prostitute is in the minority, the thief, the infidel—most people are decent and want to do right. The ones that don't want to—they are mighty few.

Is testimony worth anything? Not in the sphere of religion alone, but in jurisprudence and in history and in trade and in family life. If testimony goes, everything goes; if testimony is true, everything is true.

History certified that there was a man named Jesus, that He was born in the manger, he lived this life and set these examples, dying this death, predicted His death, rose again from the dead according to His prediction. You cannot tear the miracles out of the life of Jesus Christ and leave the historic fabric impact, when you deny the miracles of Jesus Christ. You deny Divinity and He goes with it. You cannot do it!

So it became a revelation. All right. Like the sun, it has its black spots. There are things about the sun I can't explain. There are things about religion I can't explain, and I never expect to until God wipes the smoky film from my vision.

I go out and see a farmer out on the plow-beam smoking and I say, "What are you doing?"

He said, "By gosh, Bill, I was reading the almanac and I find there are black spots up in the sun, and I am wondering why they are."

I say, "Forget 'em, plow your ground, plant your seed, let the sun alone where God put it; let the black spots alone that God made."

Men have been trying for centuries to find out what they are and if they'd have waited for an explanation, we'd all have been dead, but

we have been planting our seeds and God has been giving us food with the black spots there, so forget the black spots and go ahead.

So when I take the incarnation of Jesus and put it above the Bible, it floods the Bible with light, helps me understand a good many things I wouldn't have known beans about.

Take the miracles of the Bible. The Gospels tell you and me that Jesus walked on the sea as on the dry land. How this young Jew, Jesus, thirty years old could walk on the water is more than I could understand; more than I could believe without extra help!

I cannot walk on the water, you cannot walk on the water! You've never seen anybody that ever did or ever will walk on the water. Therefore, to accept this miracle is a hard task for the reasonable mind, but you let the incarnation of Jesus Christ come to your help and the incarnation teaches you and teaches me that God in human form walked upon the sea, thus a sufficient cause has been introduced to account for the effect.

When I introduce to you Jesus Christ as the Son of God, I do believe it and it explains to me why Jesus could walk on the sea and Peter could not. Peter was a common man like we are; he attempted to do it and he sank, my friends,—why for Jesus Christ, the water became paving stones for His feet, for Him to walk on. Therefore, the cause must be in proportion to the effect. The effect was He could walk on the water; the cause was He was the Son of God.

So, when I introduce Jesus as the Son of God, I introduce a sufficient cause. Now, a baby couldn't lift a hundred pounds, but when I put a man there, when his old back straightens, when I introduce a man, I introduce a sufficient cause to account for the effect that the weight was lifted.

Yonder is a train of cars—they are moving off. That is the effect. What is the cause? I look up to the front end, there is the locomotive. I introduce a sufficient cause to account for the effect.

In the botanical world, an interesting experiment has proven successful. It has been impossible to bring certain Oriental plants into this country; if left on the deck of the ship, they'd wither or be chilled by the cold. So the difficulty was finally solved. In the sheeted hold of the ship they were kept alive by brilliant blazes of electricity. But let nobody infer because of that that the electric light is equivalent to the sun!

If in the future, we imagine that flowers can be painted and harvests can be ripened by electric light, we will soon be sadder and we will be hungrier, too, when we are through with it.

So in believing men, they think they can put nature and humanity and culture and social services in the place of Jesus Christ. Oh, you'd better yank the sun out of the heavens and hang a tallow candle in its

place, rather than strip from Jesus Christ His Divinity or promulgate a lie and tell a man he can get to heaven by being good and trotting square, being true to his wife, paying his debts and being a man.

No, there is no substitute for the sun; there is no substitute for the Gospel of Jesus Christ. The New Testament tells you and me that Jesus spake to the troubled sea and it bided His bidding. How the angry sea of Galilee would harken to the voice of a young man is more than I could understand or believe without extra help. It wouldn't listen to you.

One of the English kings, old Canute, is said to have sat by the sea and his subjects worshipped him as a God. They said to him, "You command and the tide will obey," and they put down a stake in the sands.

He sat there on his throne and he said, "Thus far shalt thou come and no farther," but the angry waves and the incoming tide recognized not the voice of royal command and they had to drag the old fool away or he'd have been drowned.

How can I believe that the angry sea, to whom Jesus said, "Peace be still," and the angry waves cooed like a baby tugging at its mother's breast. He talks to the water and wind like you'd talk to a friend when you put your hand on his shoulder—"Now, don't get mad, don't say that, don't do that."

How man could produce that effect? I don't know. It was God that said, "Let the waters be gathered unto the heavens into one place, and let the dry land appear," and it bided his bidding on the great creation day.

God said, "Let the waters bring forth abundantly of the living creatures that hath life," and it was so. When God speaks to the angry sea of Galilee, I can and do believe by and through the incarnation of Jesus Christ, a sufficient cause has been introduced to account for the effect of the waves and the wind stilling when He commands.

So, I introduce Him. You can't explain it on any other given or suggested hypothesis than He was the Son of God. Again, you and I were taught that this young Jew, Jesus, hated by his nation, stood by the grave of Lazarus and cried, "Lazarus, come forth."

Moody says he believed that Jesus pronounced the name "Lazarus" because if he'd have simply said, "Come forth!" all of the dead would have heard his voice and wakened into life. Now, how can a young Jew produce that effect?

Mr. Bryan said it would hardly seem necessary that one should rise from the dead to convince us that the grave is not the end to every created thing. God has given a tongue that proclaims a resurrection, and if the Father deigns to touch with Divine power the cold and pulseless heart of the buried acorn and make it burst forth from its prison

walls, will He leave neglected in the earth the souls of men, made in the image of his creator? And if He stoops to give the rosebush, whose withered blossoms float upon the autumn breeze, the sweet assurance of another spring-time, will He refuse the words of hope to the sons of men, when the frosts of winter have silvered his head? If matter, mute and inanimate, though changed by the forces of nature into a multitude of forms, can never die, will the spirit of man suffer annihilation when it has paid a brief visit like a royal guest of this tenement of clay? No, I am as sure that there is another life as I am that I am alive today, that Jesus Christ is the Son of God.

The incarnation throws a flood of light on the teachings of Jesus. All the philosophers of all the ages of the world agree that Jesus was the greatest teacher the world has ever known. History says, "He spake as never man spake." The world hangs listening upon His words tonight, and the teachings of all others revolve around the teachings of Jesus like the planets revolve around the sun.

Man's duty to God and man have never been presented in such a harmonious, complete, fascinating, inspiring way as by Jesus Christ of Nazareth. Because of these things, this young Jew, thirty years old, who never attended a university nor a seminary, who never studied Plato or Aristotle or Cicero, He has surpassed them all in the admiration of the world.

Among the teachers of the world Jesus Christ stands the unapproachable giant until Renan paid this tribute:

"Repose, Thou matchless Son of God; fear no more to see the edifice of Thy labor fail through any frailty or fault of Thine, at the price of a few hours of suffering on the cross. Thou has purchased the most complete immortality; Your cross will be the standard around which we will wage our battles."

"Jesus Christ will never be surpassed."

Strauss, the great German infidel who propounded his mythical theories regarding the Gospels, who sneered at the Immaculate Conception of Jesus, sneeringly said, "Experience proves that beings are formed only by the concurrence of sex."

Strauss, the German infidel, said further than Jesus Christ, human nature cannot go. How is it possible for a mere man to produce this effect upon the human mind and heart, but if God who made the human heart and who bound the heart of man to the heart of his fellow-man, I can and do understand how God, as a teacher, reveals to the human heart its needs and surpasses all other teachers, and I can explain then why it is the Bible contains what my heart yearns for, and it does for me what all the books in the world don't do because the Bible came from God and the others from the human intelligence of mankind.

So it explains it to me and makes it easier for me to understand.

Then it explains the influence of Jesus Christ in moving men and women to mighty deeds. No one ever has been or will be equal to Jesus Christ. From the beginning of his earthly career, two thousand years down until tonight Jesus Christ has been molding the lives of men and women.

To Jesus Christ, the human heart is a good deal like a big piano, at which He sits and which He plays. First, He brings forth the solemn notes.

So the infidel butts in. He says, "Mr. Sunday, why is it that so many intelligent men and women are disbelievers in the Bible?"

He has the audacity and the effrontery to assume because he disbelieves that, he is intelligent! He is a mutt! Take it from me, he is a mutt!

He says, "Mr. Sunday, how is it that so many intelligent men and women disbelieve in the Bible?"

Exactly the contrary is true. The vital truths of the Bible are more fully accepted and thoroughly believed by the intelligent men and women at the present time than at any other period in the history of the human race.

I will say another thing, I believe if a man becomes too intelligent to believe the Bible is the Word of God and too progressive to be a Christian—that man's usefulness as a business associate, as a member of society, and as a companion for others is at an end.

There are no two sides to this question. You can't make any more fatal mistake than to harbor or accept fool notions than to think, my friends, that Jesus Christ was not the Son of God and to doubt the Bible, that to doubt it means progressiveness; it means everything in my opinion that is contrary to right, to decency, to reason and progressiveness.

God touched the heart of Saul of Tarsus, and he became the great preacher. He touched the heart of David Livingston, and he left his home and went into the jungles of Africa. He touched the heart of the Earl of Shaftesbury. That is why missionaries leave their homes, leave their bones to bleach on the sandhills, rot in the swamps, and breathe the miasmatic germs and go down under the knives of the cannibals. What for? To hold up the bleeding form of Jesus Christ. They wouldn't go away to preach Shakespeare, Aristotle, or Emerson.

Napoleon said—"Alexander, Caesar, Charlemagne, and myself founded empires. What did we rest the creations of our genius on? Upon the sword and upon force."

Jesus Christ lived thirty-three brief years. Today there are millions that would bare their breasts and shed every drop of blood for the advancement of His cause in this old world.

An infidel said to the ex-King of a Sandwich Island on a trip one time to Honolulu, "Isn't it true that you and your people were much better before these so-called and alleged missionaries came and preached to you this tommy-rot and stuff they call Christianity?"

The old king, who himself had been a convert from cannibalism to Christianity, jumped to his feet and said to the blatant, blustering infidel, "But for the coming of these missionaries and teaching me the principles of Jesus, which I have accepted, you have already done three things that would have cost you your life. You had the audacity, sir, to walk into my presence, instead of creeping on your hands and knees. You crossed my shadow and you sat down in my presence instead of remaining standing. If you'd have done either of the three before the missionaries came, you wouldn't have your head on your shoulders now. That is how much you are indebted to the missionaries!"

How am I going to believe these true reports I hear of sinners being saved, drunkards being made sober, thieves to steal no more?

When I accept the incarnation of Jesus Christ, that explains it all to me.

Then in the last place, it becomes a prophecy. It is a mystery, I don't understand it, but I am doing what I can to help—it's all that, a revelation. Yes, you will have to yield to Christ for Him to reveal it to you. And last it is a prophecy; not so much a foretelling as a telling forth. And yet, I am standing up here prophesying to this audience, I am foretelling to the sinner that he may be a Christian and go to Heaven.

So, when I am standing here preaching, I am prophesying, I am telling forth to you, and I am foretelling to you what you can be. And I am foretelling that you will go to Hell if you don't.

All right, now then! Every man or every woman that tries to live as you know you ought to live, sooner or later something will come into your life which will make you realize how far short you are of reaching your ideal. Here's a fellow who wants to be generous. He finds himself selfish, rasping, grasping—he'd make old Scrooge and Marley of Dickens look like a plugged counterfeit cent by the side of a thousand dollar government bond.

Here's a man that wants to be pure. Here's a man who wants his heart to be clean. Here's a man that wants his mouth to be filled with words of praise and comfort. He discovers to his chagrin that they are filled with obscenity and profanity and blasphemy, and in his failure to reach his ideal, he gets discouraged, and he says, "Who is going to deliver me from the power of this sin that is in my life that prevents me from being what I want to be and what I ought to be?"

Now, all right, his voice says, "Well, I'll be satisfied when I awake

in His likeness," but his sad and bitter experience proclaims in his ear, "Your satisfaction is up in Heaven; you are down here on terra firma!"

How am I going to get what I am bound to, what I ought to be? The incarnation tells forth to you and me that the only man who ever made what he ought to be and what he was, the same; the only one who ever lived on earth that reached his ideal, was Jesus Christ.

The incarnation, by this forth-telling and telling forth, tells you and me that we shall become sinless in proportion as we are united to God through our faith in Jesus Christ. And it is only through your faith in Jesus Christ that you ever will be united to God or that you ever will be free from the things that prevent you from reaching your ideal.

So, the purpose of the incarnation was to teach you and me that God has power to deliver us now, so as to make that ideal a reality while I am here in the flesh. I don't have to sing, "In the Sweet Bye and Bye." In the sweet now and now.

Here's a fellow, here's what he is. Here's what he ought to be. How is he going to get out of what he is into what he ought to be? Here's his ideal. Here he is living below his ideal and it's sin that makes him do it.

Now the question that confronts the human race is this, how am I going to get out from what I am into what I ought to be? So, here he sits.

Forth comes the Unitarian. The Unitarian walks up and says, "You wish to get out of what you are into what you ought to be?"

"Yes."

"Well, think good thoughts, keep good company, read good books, be kind and generous and philanthropic, and that will take you out of what you are and put you into what you ought to be."

I will admit and agree with you that we all believe in morality, virtue, kindness, culture, education, philanthropy, and charity, but all of that won't take you out of what you are and put you into what you ought to be.

So, here's another poor devil who says, "Here's what I am and here's what I ought to be."

Up comes the Universalist and says, "Oh, you wish to get out of what you are into what you ought to be. Don't worry, dismiss it, because we all ultimately get out of what we are. Ultimately we will all be saved."

I wish everybody would be saved. Nothing would make me happier.

Poor devil! He is still in the pit. Yet he wants to get out of what he is. So up comes Christian Science and says, there is no pit. Matter is non-existent.

They deny the cardinal doctrine, so the poor devil is still there. There are a lot of good things about Christian Science but it don't save.

So, here he is yet. Then up comes Ethical Culture. "Oh, you desire to emerge and leave what you are and step into what you should be. Well, now that is a matter of imagination, that is a matter purely of the culture of the mind, and so it is something inherent within you which you can develop by your associations and companions, and you will ultimately emerge."

But the poor devil is still there. All these "isms" and "schisms" that are trying to get poor, struggling, damned, cursed, blasphemed humanity out of what it is into what it ought to be, they have all failed.

But up comes Jesus Christ and says, "Oh, you want to get out of what you are into what you ought to be. The only power that has ever come into the world or ever will, that is able to take you out of what you are and put you into what you ought to be is faith in Me.

And that isn't all. He will take them out of what they are, put them into what they ought to be, and He will keep them in the way they ought to be.

So, for that purpose, Jesus came into the world, born of the Virgin Mary and suffered under Pontius Pilate, and He built this great cradle we call Christianity. He rocks His cradle, and He says, "I am going to make great men and great women of whom the world is not worthy."

So He rocks and rocks and forth comes the Apostle Paul, the persecutor, the murderer, the bigot, the greatest teacher, the greatest preacher, the greatest missionary. Account for the transformation of Paul from a bigot and a murderer into a preacher of Jesus Christ without the incarnation of Jesus Christ, and you make Paul a liar, for he says, "We have believed in Christ and that we might be saved by the faith of Christ and not by the deeds of the law."

And He rocks and rocks this cradle we call Christianity and forth comes Augustine, the worst of men into the wisest and best of men. He was the greatest thinker for a thousand years. He was and is the god of theology and at whose throne the theologians worship. Account for the sinful Augustine being taken out and put into the Saint Augustine, without the incarnation of Jesus Christ. You make Augustine a liar, for he said, "It was the power of Christ that took me out of what I was and put me into what I ought to be."

Down the Bowery in New York one cold stormy night went a missionary thinly clad. The door of a saloon opened and a drunken man was pitched out. He fell and his head struck the pavement, and the blood gushed from a great scalp wound.

The missionary helped him to his feet and expressed sorrow and handed him a tract. The drunkard said, if you want to help me, give me your overcoat. Although himself thinly clad, he removed his overcoat and wrapped it around the shivering, bleeding outcast, and said, "Come to the Water Street Mission and we will help you." A few nights later he staggered into the Mission, and when the invitation to accept Christ as his Savior was given he reeled to the front. He had served six terms in Sing Sing. Later he became superintendent of a Mission of his own, and was telling the story of his life of crime and dissipation.

A bright, clean-cut, neatly dressed man arose and asked for the privilege of speaking. He said, I sat and listened to this man's story and I was moved to tears. I thought of the years of service I perhaps deprived him. I refused to pardon him when he was in Sing Sing. That man was ex-Governor John A. Dix of New York. Some years later the old ex-convict died. Dr. William M. Taylor, pastor of Broadway tabernacle church, was asked if the funeral services could be held in his church, and if he would conduct them. At first he tried to beg off, saying he would be tired Monday; but finally he agreed to speak fifteen minutes. The people packed the church in a few minutes, and crowds surged to gain entrance. The services were postponed, and the people allowed to pass in and out to view his face. They piled flowers six feet high and ten feet long about the coffin. You ask me, who was sleeping under the bower of roses. It was Jerry McAuley, the ex-wharf rat and thief and ex-convict. Dr. John Hall, then pastor of the fashionable and wealthy Fifth Avenue Presbyterian church, said Jerry had more power with God to reach his class than all the New York preachers. Account for Jerry McAuley without the Incarnation of Jesus and you insult God, and dishonor the memory of a man who won thousands to the path of salvation through faith in Jesus.

All these great and good men and multitudes of others unite in saying: "He made us what we are, not we ourselves."

And I hear His enemies say, "Jesus will never be surpassed."

I hear Renan say, "His worship shall ever grow without ceasing."

I hear Strauss say, "Further than Jesus Christ, human nature can't go."

And I see a larger throng than the throng here, when the trumpet shall sound and the graves shall open and the dead shall clamber up the coral reefs which are but tombstones erected in the cemeteries of lost ships, and we surround the throne with our crowns of victory and we will wave them.

Oh, the waves of criticism may break and the lightning bolts of hate may descend and the cutting winds of sarcasm may sting and the

clouds of unbelief may obscure, but bye and bye the waves and the tempests will pass, and the mists will roll away and there will stand the cross of Jesus Christ, silhouetted against the blue background of eternity, and we will all join hands and circle around and sing:

"In the cross of Christ I glory,
Towering o'er the wrecks of time;
All the light of sacred story,
Gathers 'round His head sublime."

Gospel Activities and Triumphs Among the Bantu, Portugese, East Africa

By REV. WILLIAM C. TERRIL, D.D.

A Thrilling Story of His Work Among the Lepers

Africa through the centuries has been the continent coveted of the world. Here we have one quarter of the earth's surface, the natural resources of which tempt the nations of the world to turn longing eyes in its direction.

From the days of the Pharos until the present, the yellow oils and the golden ores of Africa have been desired and sought. The world is richer because of African fibers, gums, rubber, ivory, cocoa, oils, asbestos, coal, copper, diamonds and gold.

The fact that Africa has been divided among the European powers and that India and Japan look with covetous eyes toward its vast areas as homes for the overflowing populations of their respective countries is not without significance. These powers look toward Africa not so much for what they can do to help the African as it is for what Africa and the African can do for them and through them for the world. Even so there is no gainsaying the fact that the coming of the European powers to Africa has resulted in blessing to the African, but the blessing is a mixed one.

Africa is coveted by the great game hunters of the world as A Hunter's Paradise. This has depleted the big game of the continent and now large territories are being planned as sanctuaries for the denizens of the forest and jungle.

More than all else it is the African who is being coveted. These people were sought in the days of slavery for their worth as man power. Civilization and industrialism with an ever increasing purpose look with longing eyes toward the African. Accompanied by these forces, Communism and Sovietism covet Africa as a field for its propaganda. There is still the great non-Christian missionary power of Islam coveting Africa and the African for the false prophet. Then comes Christ with His Gospel and His Church with the claims of God to covet Africa for Himself, so that the African can take his rightful place in God's economy for the races of the world.

Tonight we confine ourselves to a small portion of this great continent known as the Colony of Mocambique or Portuguese East Africa.

This is one of the valuable possessions of Portugal in Africa with a coast line of 1,000 miles and a Bantu population of 3,600,000.

In order to know something of the triumphs of the Gospel in this section we make a journey on donkey back through the jungle pathways. The growth is so dense with large vines hanging from the branches of the trees that the tropical noonday sun is hidden from view. There is the continual hum of the myriads of jungle insects, but being day time the beasts are at rest. The journey has been pleasant and at evening time we seek the hospitality of a native village. A hut is placed at our disposal. The interesting part of the hut is revealed in the fact that the entire building is tied together with rope made from the bark of a tree. The native story-teller is busy and gathers around him a group of his people. In this primitive way history is preserved from generation to generation. Some of the stories handed from father to son go back to the Flood and the building of the tower of Babel. Then there is the preparation of the one meal a day, which is at night. The corn meal porridge, the peanut gravy and the bowl of pumpkin leaves for vegetables are being cooked over the open fires. Meal time finds the men seated around a common food bowl. Then the women have their turn and next come the children—boys in one place and girls in another. Since fingers were made before spoons, it is natural to use them and when the meal is finished the nearby tree trunk is used for the napkin.

The journey continues and we have other contacts with Africa's unreached pagans. Large groups stand by the roadside and watch the procession. Some of them had never before seen a white man and he is a source of great wonder and amusement. The women have decorated their bodies by a species of tattoo, inserting beans, peas and pieces of charcoal under the skin to form raised scars. We discover that woman's inherent desire to appear beautiful is in the jungle. The methods adopted to satisfy this desire, of course differ. The pagan native is also an adept at the manufacture of alcoholic beverages. He employs almost everything that grows in the jungle for this purpose. Many of them use a crude still made from the bark of a tree, a tube made from the bamboo tree and native pots. European farmers have discovered that the manufacture of sugar cane into beer is lucrative work and we see his more up-to-date mills grinding the cane. As we see these people degraded, ignorant, superstitious, fallen low by their own inborn evil and emphasized by the introduction of foreign sins of the white races, we wonder if there is a power that can change them. While this is being pondered there is heard the sound of dancing accompanied by native pianos and drums. War dances are no longer practised but the marriage and burial dances, dances at the new moon and the full moon, at times of sowing the crops and of reaping them,

form a large part of the native life, usually ending in drunken debauchery. Is there hope?

In the midst of our prayerful reverie a message comes that a native chief wishes an interview. It is gladly granted and he comes with some of his sons. He asks that they may be allowed to enter our school. He wants them to have the things which make for noble and high living. He informs us that he is wealthy for he owns 39 wives for whom he paid from $75.00 to $150.00 each. A place was found for these lads in the school and the result is that their hearts were reached by the power of the Gospel and some of them are today leaders in winning their people to Christ.

The power of the Gospel is working. The teaching and preaching of the principles of Jesus throughout the 800 Christian centers in that jungle area shows itself as a power in the lives of the people. Eight hundred Christian native leaders with 30,000 other Christians are living testimonies of the transforming power of the Gospel.

But another tremendous force is working. Witch-craft is far from being dead and the highpriests of this jungle paganism are alert and busy: The Witchdoctors. They must keep the people under their domination and feed their ignorance and superstitution with charms and necromancy. Their bread and butter—in other words their corn meal porridge and peanut gravy depend upon it. Permit me to describe the treatment given by the witchdoctors for head trouble. All sickness and disease are caused by evil spirits, for the law of cause and effect is unknown. A pain in the head is caused by some evil spirit inside the patient. The witchdoctor prepares a powder from various ingredients which he puts into a cow horn, sets fire to it. The patient lies on his side and the witchdoctor blows the smoke into one ear. It is believed that the evil spirit which is causing the trouble will go out through the other ear. Such treatment is worth from five to fifteen dollars.

To break down the power of witchcraft there is work of medical missions. Over 200,000 treatments a year are given in hospitals, dispensaries and clinics. The healing of diseased bodies counts for much, but the bringing of the sick of body into touch with the Physician of Souls is the real aim of the medical missionaries. In this way hundreds are won to Christ each year. The best piece of medical work, however, is the training of native nurses, who at the completion of the three years' course go out into the villages in the interior and teach their people cleanliness of body, simple hygiene for the home and more sanitary methods for the village, laying emphasis on the care of the babies so as to reduce infant mortality from the 50% or more which is usual in the jungle.

How can the African be taught to meet the rising demands for

better living which has come into his heart with the incoming of Christ? There must be schools. In them the young men and young women are taught to become industrious and to meet those rising demands for a higher standard of living. They must become citizens of God's commonwealth on earth. Blacksmithing, carpentry, masonry, agriculture, printing, bookbinding, dress making, laundry work, house keeping, cooking are all taught. There is no desire on the part of the African to compete with the white races but the highest ideal is for the natives to fit in with God's plan for them in order to establish Christian homes, Christian centers and eventually make Africa a Christian continent.

This work can best be done by the Africans themselves. America and Europe can never expect to send sufficient missionaries to Africa to win the 80,000,000 Africans still unreached. Even if missionaries sufficient could be found this would not be the best method. The saved and trained African must do that work because he is better fitted to reach his own people with the Gospel message than a foreigner. Thus the people are trained in the simple and vital truths of God's Word—to them THE BOOK.—The principal truth of the book is Christ the revealer of God's love. The message never fails, when preached in its power and simplicity by missionary and native. Crowds fill the Sunday services in God's great out-of-door temple. The morning and evening prayers daily in the 800 centers in the village chapels are filled to overflowing.

Today native ministers, preachers, pastors and teachers are carrying forward the work and shouldering the responsibility of winning their people to Christ. They need the advice, counsel and guidance of the missionary and will continue to need help for decades to come. They are giving towards the support of their own work from an average wage of ten cents a day. More than $10,000.00 were given last year by our membership towards a work budget of $22,000.00. We thank God for the progress, growth and success of the past born of the united effort of the Christian forces of America, Europe and Africa. Africa is changing from the Dark Continent to a Continent of Light. We dare not forsake her now. The African child stands at the door and pleads that he and his fellows be privileged to know Christ. Africa the coveted continent is coveted by Christ so that He may lay it at the feet of his Father God and He asks us to help Him in this heaven born task.

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